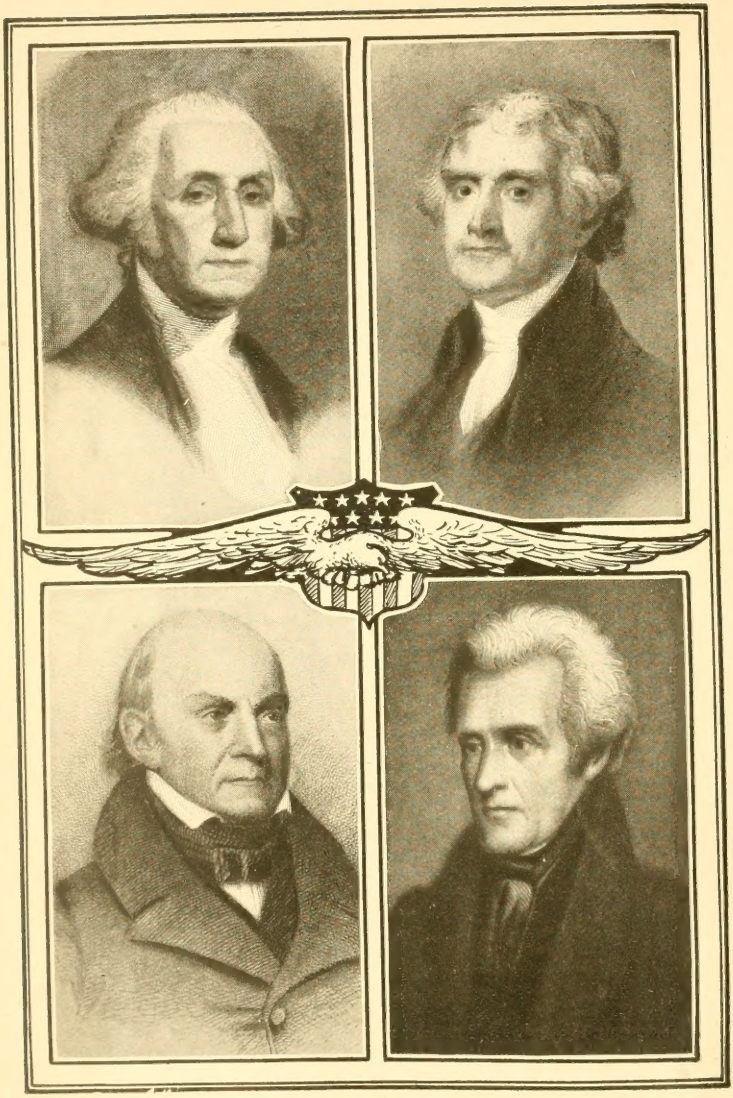

GEORGE WASHINGTON
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS
THOMAS JEFFERSON
ANDREW JACKSON

CAPITAL STORIES

ABOUT

FAMOUS AMERICANS

A BUDGET OF TALES OF

Love, Heroism and Adventure On Land and Sea

EDITED BY

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

Author of "The Hall of Fame," "Immortal Songs of Camp and Field," etc., etc.

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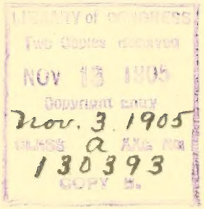

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

BIOGRAPHY, where the real personality is revealed, is ever the most entertaining and instructive of all literature. This is a book of biography at magnetic points. It is full of the warm, red blood of very live men and women.

It has been the purpose of the author to gather in this volume such stories of love, heroism, and adventurous daring, together with lighter incident, as would make the personalities of the people discussed, alive and real to the reader. More than half of those whose names are disclosed in this table of contents are yet living among us, and the rest still live in these stories of a vital personal career which make them immortal.

The author has not attempted, in compiling this volume, to make it exhaustive. Another volume might be made like it, with different names, and another, and another, so rich is American history and American life in strong and vigorous and heroic personality. But he has sought to give the reader

a rich mine of striking, virile stories of picturesque interest and variety, into which it would always be a pleasure to delve, either for entertainment, or to find golden nuggets for use.

Whatever may be the judgment of the readers as to the wisdom of the selections, in the midst of such embarrassment of resources, the author feels that the book will at least have one great merit—it will be interesting, and no one will be able to spend an hour with it without his wits being brightened, and his heart stirred by communion with genuine and attractive people.

LOUIS ALBERT BANKS.

New York City.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

THE FAREWELL TO LAFAYETTE

ONE of the most picturesque and brilliant incidents in the life of John Quincy Adams is furnished in the story of his farewell to Lafayette at the close of the great Frenchman's final visit to America during the administration of Mr. Adams as President of the United States. After an extended visit, the 7th of September, 1825, was appointed for the leave-taking of the distinguished visitor. About twelve o'clock, the officers of the general Government, civil, military, and naval, together with the authorities of Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, with multitudes of citizens and strangers, assembled in the President's house. Lafayette entered the great hall in silence, leaning on the Marshal of the District and one of the sons of the President. Mr. Adams then, with evident emotion, but with much dignity and firmness, addressed Lafayette with great eloquence and at some length, his speech closing with these words:

"At the painful moment of parting from you, we take comfort in the thought, that wherever you may be, to the last pulsation of your heart, our country will ever be present to your affections; and a cheering consolation assures us that we are not called to sorrow, most of all, that we shall see your face no more. We shall indulge the pleasing anticipation of beholding our friend again. In the meantime, speaking in the

name of the whole people of the United States, and at a loss only for language to give utterance to that feeling of attachment with which the heart of the nation beats, as beats the heart of one man — I bid you a reluctant and affectionate farewell!"

Lafayette replied with a happy speech, very tender and sympathetic. At the close he burst out with this exclamation:

"God bless you, sir, and all who surround us. God bless the American people, each of their States, and the Federal Government. Accept this patriotic farewell of an overflowing heart. Such will be its last throb when it ceases to beat."

As the last sentence of the farewell was pronounced Lafayette advanced and took President Adams in his arms, while tears poured down his venerable cheeks. Retiring a few paces, he was overcome by his feelings, and again returned, and, falling on the neck of Mr. Adams, exclaimed in broken accents, "God bless you!" It was a scene at once solemn and moving, as the sighs and tears of many who witnessed it bore testimony. Having recovered his self-possession, the General stretched out his hands, and was in a moment surrounded by the greetings of the whole assembly, who pressed upon him, each eager to seize, perhaps for the last time, that beloved hand which was opened so freely for our aid when aid was so precious, and which grasped with firm and undeviating hold the steel which so bravely helped to achieve our deliverance. The expression which now beamed from the face of this exalted man was of the finest and most touching kind. The hero was lost in the father and the friend. Dignity melted into subdued affection, and the friend of Washington seemed to linger with a mournful delight among the sons of his adopted country.

A considerable period was then occupied in conversing with various individuals, while refreshments were presented to the company. The moment of departure at length arrived; and

having once more pressed the hand of Mr. Adams, he entered the barouche, accompanied by the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, and of the Navy, and passed from the capital of the Union. An immense procession accompanied him to the banks of the Potomac, where the steamboat *Mount Vernon* awaited to convey him down the river to the frigate *Brandywine*. The whole scene—the peals of artillery, the sounds of numerous military bands, the presence of the vast concourse of people, and the occasion that assembled them, produced emotions not easily described, but which every American heart can readily conceive. As the steamboat moved off, the deepest silence was observed by the whole multitude that lined the shore. The feelings that pervaded them was that of children bidding farewell to a venerated parent.

When the boat came opposite the tomb of Washington, at Mount Vernon, it paused in its progress. Lafayette arose. The wonders which he had performed, for a man for his age, in successfully accomplishing labors enough to have tested his meridian vigor, whose animation rather resembled the spring than the winter of life, now seemed unequal to the task he was about to perform. He advanced to the effort. A silence the most impressive reigned around, till the strains of sweet and plaintive music completed the grandeur and sacred solemnity of the scene. All hearts beat in unison with the throbbings of the veteran's bosom, as he looked, for the last time, on the sepulchre which contained the ashes of the first of men!

AN ILLUSTRATION OF ADAMS' BROADMINDEDNESS

Mr. King, in his eulogy of John Quincy Adams, says:

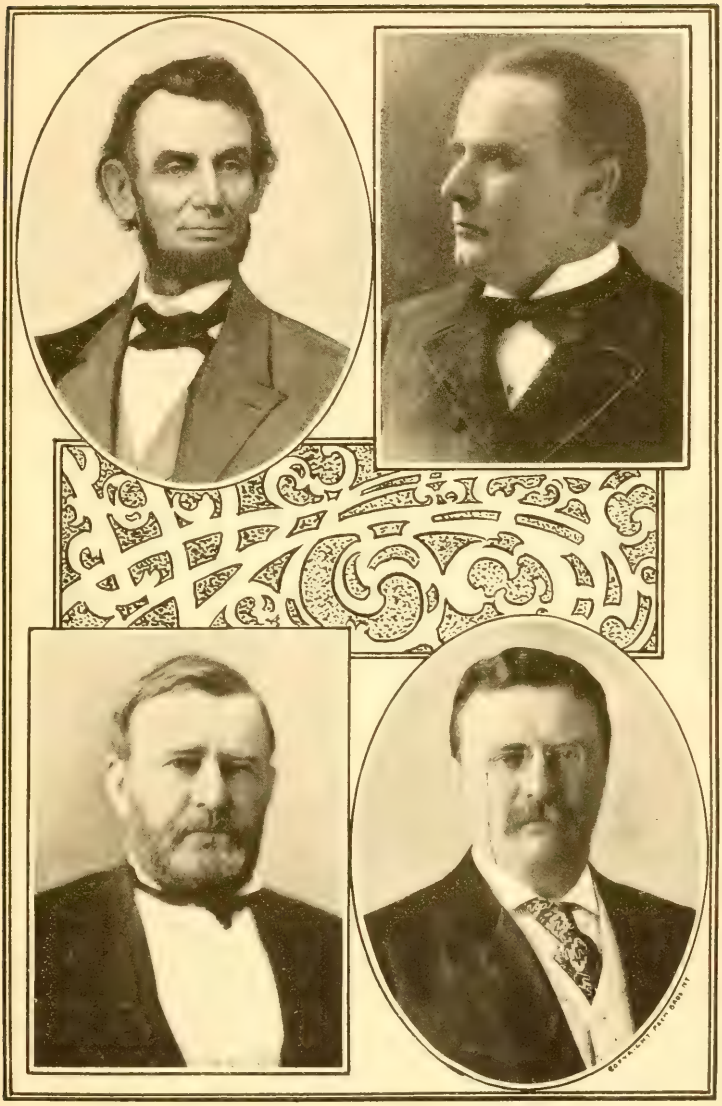
"It was in my hearing that, to a representation that a certain important and influential functionary of the General Government in New York was using the power of his office adversely to Mr. Adams' re-election, and that he ought to

desist or be removed, Mr. Adams made his reply: 'That gentleman is one of the best officers in the public service. I have had occasion to know his diligence, exactness, and punctuality. On public grounds, therefore, there is no cause of complaint against him, and upon no other will I remove him. If I cannot administer the Government on these principles, I am content to go back to Quincy!' Being in Baltimore on a certain occasion, among those introduced to him was a gentleman who accosted him thus—'Mr. President, though I differ from you in opinion, I am glad to find you in good health.' The President gave him a hearty shake of the hand, and replied,—'Sir, in our happy and free country, we can differ in opinion without being enemies.'"

ADAMS AS A CONVERSATIONALIST

A Southern gentleman who visited Adams at his home in Quincy, Massachusetts, in 1834, some years after his retirement from the Presidency, gives a bright account of the versatility of his genius, the profoundness of his erudition, and his remarkable quality as a conversationalist.

"Yesterday, accompanied by my friend T., I paid a visit to the venerable ex-President, at his residence in Quincy. A violent rain setting in as soon as we arrived, gave us from five to nine o'clock to listen to the learning of this man of books. His residence is a plain, very plain one; the room into which we were ushered (the drawing-room, I suppose), was furnished in true republican style. It is probably of ancient construction, as I perceived two beams projecting from the low ceiling, in the manner of the beams in a ship's cabin. Prints commemorative of political events, and the old family portraits, hung about the room; common straw matting covered the floor, and two candlesticks, bearing sperm candles, ornamented the mantel-piece. The personal appearance of the ex-President himself corresponds with the simplicity of his



ABRAHAM LINCOLN
ULYSSES S. GRANT
WILLIAM McKINLEY
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

furniture. He resembles rather a substantial, well-fed farmer, than one who has wielded the destinies of the mighty Confederation, and been bred in the ceremony and etiquette of an European Court. In fact, he appears to possess none of that sternness of character which you would suppose to belong to one a large part of whose life has been spent in political warfare, or, at any rate, amidst scenes requiring a vast deal of nerve and inflexibility.

"Mrs. Adams is described in a word—a lady. She has all the warmth of heart and ease of manner that mark the character of the Southern ladies, and from which it would be no easy matter to distinguish her.

"The ex-President was the chief talker. He spoke with infinite ease, drawing upon his vast resources with the certainty of one who has his lecture before him ready written. The whole of his conversation, which steadily he maintained for nearly four hours, was a continued stream of light. Well contented was I to be a listener. His subjects were the architecture of the Middle Ages; the stained glass of that period; sculpture, embracing monuments particularly. On this subject his opinion of Mrs. Nightingale's monument in Westminster Abbey differs from all others that I have seen or heard. He places it above every other in the Abbey, and observed in relation to it, that the spectator 'saw nothing else.' Milton, Shakespeare, Shenstone, Pope, Byron, and Southey were in turn remarked upon. He gave Pope a wonderfully high character, and remarked that one of his chief beauties was the skill exhibited in varying the cesural pause—quoting from various parts of his author to illustrate his remarks more fully. He said very little on the politics of the country. He spoke at considerable length of Sheridan and Burke, both of whom he had heard, and could describe with the most graphic effect. He also spoke of Junius, and placed him far above the best of his contemporaries. He spoke of him as a bad man;

but maintained as a writer that he had never been equalled. The conversation never flagged for a moment; and on the whole, I shall remember my visit to Quincy, as amongst the most instructive and pleasant I ever passed."

ADAMS' BREAD-CRUST

Edward Everett tells this interesting incident of Adams in the National House of Representatives, where he spent the last seventeen years of his life:

"My seat was, for two years, by his side, and it would have scarcely more surprised me to miss one of the marble columns of the Hall from its pedestal than to see his chair empty. * * * I shall, perhaps, be pardoned for introducing here a slight personal recollection, which serves, in some degree, to illustrate his habits. The sessions of the last two days of (I think) the twenty-third Congress, were prolonged, the one for nineteen, and the other for seventeen hours. At the close of the last day's session, he remained in the hall of the House the last seated member of the body. One after another, the members had gone home; many of them for hours. The hall—brilliantly lighted up, and gaily attended, as was, and perhaps is still, the custom at the beginning of the last evening of a session—had become cold, dark, and cheerless. Of the members who remained, to prevent the public business from dying for want of a quorum, most but himself were sinking from exhaustion, although they had probably taken their meals at the usual hours, in the course of the day. After the adjournment, I went up to Mr. Adams' seat, to join company with him, homeward; and as I knew he came to the House at eight o'clock in the morning, and it was then past midnight, I expressed a hope that he had taken some refreshment in the course of the day. He said he had not left his seat; but holding up a bit of hard bread in his fingers, gave me to understand in what way he had sustained nature."

THE WONDERFUL VITALITY OF THE "OLD MAN ELOQUENT"

It was generally supposed that the remote cause of the death of John Quincy Adams was a severe injury he received by a fall in the House of Representatives in June, 1840. The accident is thus described by an eye-witness:

"It had been a very warm day, and the debates had partaken of extraordinary excitement, when, a few moments before sunset, the House adjourned, and most of the members had sought relief from an oppressive atmosphere, in the arbors and recesses of the adjoining Congressional gardens.

"At that time I held a subordinate clerkship in the House, which usually confined me, the larger portion of the day not devoted to debate, to one of the committee rooms; whilst the balance of the day I occupied as a reporter.

"Mr. Adams was always the first man in the House, and the last man out of it; and, as I usually detained myself an hour or more after adjournment, in writing up my notes, I often came in contact with him. He was pleased to call at my desk very often before he went home, and indulged in some incidental, unimportant conversation. On the day referred to, just as the sun was setting, and was throwing his last rays through the murky hall, I looked up, and saw Mr. Adams approaching. He had almost reached my desk, and had uplifted his hand in friendly salutation, when he pitched headlong, some six or eight feet, and struck his head against the sharp corner of an iron rail that defended one of the entrance aisles leading to the circle within the bar, inflicting a heavy contusion on his forehead, and rendering him insensible. I instantly leaped from my seat, took the prostrate sufferer in my arms, and found that he was in a state of utter stupor and insensibility. Looking around for aid, I had the good fortune to find that Colonel James Monroe, of the New York delegation, had just returned to his desk to procure a paper he had forgotten, when, giving the alarm, he flew to the rescue, manifesting the

deepest solicitude for the welfare of the venerable statesman. Follansbee, the doorkeeper, with two or more of his pages, came in next; and after we had applied a plentiful supply of cold water to the sufferer, he returned to consciousness, and requested that he might be taken to his residence. In less than five minutes, Mr. Moses H. Grinnell, Mr. George H. Profit, Mr. Ogden Hoffman, and Colonel Christopher Williams, of Tennessee, were called in, a carriage was procured, and Mr. Adams was being conveyed to his residence in President Square, when, it being ascertained that his shoulder was dislocated, the carriage was stopped at the door of the private hotel of Colonel Monroe, in Pennsylvania Avenue, between Eleventh and Twelfth Streets; the suffering, but not complaining statesman, was taken out, and surgical aid instantly put in requisition. Doctor Sewall was sent for; when it was ascertained that the left shoulder-joint was out of the socket; and, though Mr. Adams must have suffered intensely, he complained not—did not utter a groan or a murmur.

"More than an hour elapsed before the dislocated limb could be adjusted; and to effect which, his arm endured, in a concentrated and continued wrench or pull, many minutes at a time, the united strength of Messrs. Grinnell, Monroe, Profit, and Hoffman. Still Mr. Adams uttered not a murmur, though the great drops of sweat that rolled down his furrowed cheeks, or stood upon his brow, told but too well the physical agony he endured. As soon as his arm was adjusted, he insisted on being carried home, and his wish was granted.

"The next morning I was at the capitol at a very early hour, attending to some writing. I thought of, and lamented the accident that had befallen Mr. Adams, and had already commenced writing an account of it to a correspondent. At that instant I withdrew my eyes from the paper on which I was writing, and saw Mr. Adams standing a foot or two from me, carefully examining the carpeting. 'Sir,' said he,

'I am looking for that place in the matting that last night tripped me. If it be not fastened down, it may kill some one.' And then he continued his search for the trick-string matting."

DYING AT HIS POST

The death of John Quincy Adams was as fitting as it was memorable. On the morning of November 21, 1846, he rose at his usual very early hour, and engaged in his accustomed occupations with his pen. An extraordinary alacrity pervaded his movements, and the cheerful step with which he ascended the steps of the Capitol was remarked by his attendants. He occupied a portion of the forenoon in composing a few stanzas of poetry, at the request of a friend, and had signed his name twice for members who desired to obtain his autograph.

Mr. Chase had introduced a resolution of thanks to Generals Twiggs, Worth, Quitman, Pillow, Shields, Pearce, Cadwalader, and Smith, for their services in the Mexican War, and awarding them gold medals. Mr. Adams was in his seat, and voted on the two questions preliminary to ordering its engrossment, with an uncommonly emphatic tone of voice. About half past one o'clock, P.M., as the Speaker had risen to put another question to the House, the proceedings were suddenly interrupted by cries of "Stop! stop! Mr. Adams!" There was a quick movement towards the chair of Mr. Adams, by two or three members, and in a moment he was surrounded by a large number of Representatives, eagerly inquiring—"What's the matter?" "Has he fainted?" "Is he dead?" John Quincy Adams, while faithful at his post, and apparently about to rise to address the Speaker, had sunk into a state of unconsciousness! He had been struck a second time with paralysis. The scene was one of intense excitement. Pallor, anxiety, alarm, were depicted on every countenance. "Take him out." "Bring water," exclaimed several voices. He had been prevented from falling to the floor by a Member

from Ohio, whose seat was near his—Mr. Fisher—who received him in his arms. Immediately Mr. Grinnell, one of his colleagues from Massachusetts was by his side, keeping off anxious friends, and bathing his face with ice-water.

He was immediately lifted into the area in front of the Clerk's table. The Speaker instantly suggested that some gentleman move an adjournment, which, being promptly done, the House adjourned. A sofa was brought, and Mr. Adams, in a state of perfect helplessness though not of entire insensibility, was gently laid upon it. He was removed into the Speaker's apartment, where he lingered for two days—Congress, in the meantime, assembling in respectful silence, and immediately adjourning from day to day. Silence reigned through the halls of the Capitol, save the cautious tread and whispered inquiry of anxious questioners. The soul of a sage, a patriot, a Christian, was preparing to depart from the world! —no sound was heard to ruffle its sweet serenity—a calmness and peace fitting the momentous occasion prevailed around!

The elements of life and death continued their uncertain balance, until seven o'clock on the evening of November 23, when the spirit of John Quincy Adams bade adieu to earth forever, and winged its flight to God. Only once after receiving the deathstroke did he awake to consciousness, and uttered his last words: "This is the last of earth. I am content."

JANE ADDAMS

"THE YELLOW KID"

OF peasant life in Russia, Jane Addams tells this story:

"I went with a friend to a peasant home to call on an old lady who was famous among her neighbors because she could read. The common belief was that she had been taught to read by Tolstoi. It seems that, years before, Tolstoi had given her a few lessons in reading, but she had forgotten most

of the little she had learned. However, she was fond of telling her friends marvelous stories about people in other lands, of whom she said she had read in books. One of these stories was that Americans were black. So when we were presented, one of her friends asked:

"'Why, these ladies are not black, and they came from America. How is this? You told us Americans were black.'

"The old lady was disconcerted for a minute, and then explained: 'Why, there are two kinds of people in America, and I told you about only one kind. There are black people and yellow people, and these ladies are the yellow kind.'"

RUSSELL A. ALGER

THE TOP PRICE FOR A COW

GENERAL RUSSELL A. ALGER, former Secretary of War, is said to have paid the record price for a cow—and that a dead one. He was an orphan in Richfield, Ohio, without a cent and with but one suit of clothes. He wanted to attend school, and went to a doctor who lived in a neighboring village to ask for a chance to work for his board. The doctor did not need the services of a boy, but was so much impressed by young Alger's earnestness that he took him into his family and sent him to school. He did no work except to care for the doctor's horse and cow. The years sped on, and Russell A. Alger became a millionaire, while his benefactor was reduced to straitened circumstances. One by one the doctor's children died, and he and his aged wife were left alone. But the old man kept his pride, and when General Alger assisted him he was forced to do so in roundabout ways. A dozen years or so ago, the General paid the doctor a visit, determining to aid him.

"Why, Alger, you don't owe me anything," said the old man, "and I won't take anything."

"But I owe my education to you."

"Bosh! You owe that to yourself."

"But I caused you trouble and expense, for which I want to repay you."

"The trouble need not trouble you, and there wasn't any expense worth talking about. In fact, the only expense that you caused me, so far as I can remember, was the loss of a cow. Do you know, Alger, that, when you came to live with me, I had the best cow in these parts, and that your awkwardness completely spoiled her? Within three weeks you had made her so skittish that no one could go near her, and I had to sell her for beef."

"Then I owe you for that cow. I am going to pay you for her, and to add a little interest for the use of the money for about forty years."

After long argument the old man reluctantly consented to receive pay for his cow, and the check that General Alger drew to his order kept him in comfort for the remainder of his life.

SHARING CREDIT WITH HIS WIFE

Russell A. Alger came out of the Civil War at thirty, with the rank of a brigadier-general, and a splendid record as a fighter, but with only a few hundred dollars at his command. This sum he lost in a brick-making venture at Detroit. He then turned his attention to the lumber business, soon to discover, however, that there was no way to succeed but to go out in the woods and conduct lumbering in person. "I had some gentlemen to back me with money," said he, "and the first year I walked a hundred and fifty miles through the woods, with a pack on my back, to select the timber. My wife also proved equal to the emergency, and went with me into the woods. Our house, that winter, was a little log cabin, a hundred miles away from the railroad, and Mrs. Alger did her own cooking, rising at four o'clock in the morning to prepare

my breakfast. It was thus that I got my start, and half of the credit for it belongs to my wife."

PHILIP D. ARMOUR

THE CLERK WHO HELD HIS OWN

PHILIP D. ARMOUR, like J. P. Morgan, would never hire a clerk for less than one thousand dollars a year. One day a young man applied to Mr. Armour for a clerkship.

"Well, sir, how little do you want for your services?" he asked. "You must understand that times are hard. We are only killing eight million hogs and five million beeves a year."

The young man said: "Mr. Armour, I would not be here, if I did not know times are hard, and I'll be easy with you. I'll begin at ten dollars a week, if you will agree to increase my salary one dollar for every one hundred thousand beeves you don't kill under five million, and one dollar for every two hundred thousand hogs you don't kill under eight million."

With his shrewd eyes, Mr. Armour looked at the young man, then said, abruptly: "As a rule, I dislike precocious youngsters; they don't last. But I'll let you start in at twenty-five dollars a week, without conditions. I do it, too, with some fear that in a few years you will own the business."

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, the great American naturalist, lived his life largely in the forest wilds, and his story is full of interesting incidents and vivid experiences.

LIFE IN AN OSAGE INDIAN CAMP

Audubon gives this picture of one of his experiences among the Osage Indians. He says: "The Osages being a new race to me, I went often to their camp to study their character and

habits; but found much difficulty in becoming acquainted with them. They spoke no French and only a few words of English, and their general demeanor proved them to be a noble race. They were delighted to see me draw, and when I made a tolerable likeness of one of them, with red chalk, they cried out with astonishment, and laughed excessively.

"The bones we threw around our camp attracted many wolves, and afforded us much sport in hunting them. Here I passed six weeks pleasantly, investigating the habits of wild deer, bears, cougars, racoons, and turkeys, and many other animals, and I drew more or less by the side of our great camp-fire every day; and no one can have an idea what a good fire is who has never seen a camp-fire in the woods of America. Imagine four or five ash-trees, three feet in diameter and sixty feet long, cut and piled up, with all their limbs and branches, ten feet high, and then a fire kindled on the top with brush and dry leaves; and then under the smoke the party lies down and goes to sleep.

"Here our bread gave out; and after using the breast of wild turkeys for bread, and bear's grease for butter, and eating opossum and bear's meat until our stomachs revolted, it was decided that a Kentuckian named Pope, our clerk, and a good woodsman, should go with me to the nearest settlement and try and bring some Indian meal. On the way we saw a herd of deer, and turned aside to shoot one; and having done so, and marked the place, we continued our journey. We walked until dusk, and no river appeared. Just then I noticed an Indian trail, which we supposed led to the river; and after following it a short distance, entered the camp we had left in the morning. My partner, finding that we had no wheaten loaves in our hands, and no bags of meal on our backs, said we were boobies; the boatmen laughed, the Indians joined the chorus, and we ate some cold racoon, and stumbled into our buffalo robes, and were soon enjoying our sleep."

A QUEER FISH

As Audubon rambled one day beside his favorite river, he observed a man landing from a boat, with what appeared a bundle of dried clover on his back. No sooner had the exclamation "What an odd-looking fellow! an original, surely!" crossed his mind, than he perceived the stranger approach him in haste, and with astonishment, heard him inquire for the house of Mr. Audubon. With the cordial hospitality which characterized him, Audubon instantly replied, "Why, I am the man, and will gladly lead you to my dwelling."

The traveler thus happily relieved from all perplexity as to his entrée, actually clapped his hands with delight. He then took from his pocket a letter of introduction, which he presented. Its contents were:

"MY DEAR AUDUBON:

"I send you an odd fish, which may prove to be undescribed; if so, I hope you will let me have an account in your next letter. Believe me always your friend, B."

With an amusing simplicity worthy of this Cincinnatus of science, Audubon unhesitatingly asked the bearer, "where the odd fish was?"

Perplexity was now his, when, with perfect good humor and self-possession, Monsieur de Thouville, in whose presence he was, replied, "I am that odd fish, I presume, Mr. Audubon."

A ROMANTIC HONEYMOON

On one of Audubon's journeys through the wild forests in company with his son, they found themselves lost on a stormy night. The rain fell in torrents, the thunder roared, and lightning flamed. They dared not stop, and they knew no refuge. Suddenly they caught the glimmer of a light apparently not far off. At the same moment the barking of dogs fell gratefully on their ears in the solitude. They exchanged a salute,

and no sooner had they done so than a pine torch glared across the gloom. Without any ceremony of questioning, the negro boy by whom it was borne enjoined the travelers to follow him. The door of a dwelling was soon reached, when a tall fine-looking young fellow desired them to enter. Spite the humble dimensions of the cabin no more inviting refuge could be imagined. It had evidently only been recently constructed by the inmates, a young couple, who with the amiable simplicity of wood-doves, had sought this humble shelter in which to tell all the happy tale of love. It was built of logs of the tulip tree, neatly carved, and slabs of wood, white as snow, formed the floor. A large spinning-wheel, with rolls of cotton, occupied one corner, and sundry garments, its produce, testified the ingenious industry of the young matron. A small cupboard contained a stock of bright new crockery, in dishes, plates, and pans. The table and other few pieces of furniture shone bright as polished walnut could be. The only bed it contained was of domestic manufacture. A fine rifle ornamented the mantel-shelf. The ready activity and cheerful unremitting attention shown by the young wife towards the strangers proved the sincerity of her pleasure in sharing her husband's expressions of hospitality.

The wanderers, seated by the fire, had fresh clothes, warm and dry, presented to them in return for their drenched garments. The blaze of the wood logs illumined the cottage, and the sight of poultry told of good cheer, when the host expressed his regret "that the travelers had not arrived three weeks earlier; for," said he, "it was our wedding day. My father gave us a good house-warming, and you might have fared better; but if you can eat bacon, with eggs and a broiled chicken, you shall have that. I have no whisky; but my father has some excellent cider. I'll go for a keg of it—it's only three miles, so I'll be back before Eliza has cooked your supper." In a minute, through the pouring of the rain, which fell

in torrents, the galloping of his horse was heard. Meantime, the negroes ground some coffee, and bread was baked by the fair young wife. The cloth was set, and all arranged, when the clattering of hoofs told the husband's return. He entered, bearing a two-gallon keg of cider. His eyes beamed with benevolent pleasure at the adventure, while, seated by the fire, he filled a bowl with the sparkling juice. Supper over, part of the bedding was arranged for the guests. Sweetly they slept till the return of morning, when, after a hearty breakfast, they pursued their way, now with a brighter atmosphere and more buoyant hopes. The young woodsman headed the party on horseback till beyond the difficulties of the road, when, after a friendly farewell, he returned to his dear Eliza and his delicious honeymoon.

AUDUBON'S FAVORITE BIRD

Above all the birds of the forest Audubon loved the wood-thrush. It was associated to him with a black, desolate night in the depths of the wood when the loneliness entered into his soul. He was weary, hungry and sad, and had, above all, the anticipation of the destruction of his treasured drawings on which he had spent so much time, and had risked even life itself. All night long the storm beat upon him. He dared not sleep, even if that had been possible. The water came rushing through the tent, forcing its miserable inhabitant to stand erect and give protection to his treasures, the meanwhile, shivering as in an ague, and tormented with mosquitoes. With a martyr's patience, he waited the return of the day! How did his memory return to the peaceful, happy days of his early youth, the delights of his home, and the embraces of his family, questioning if ever again he should behold them. Then as the first beams of morning spread over the dusky mass of foliage, the musical notes of the wood-thrush—that joyful herald of the day, broke gratefully upon his ear, as if to re-

assure his doubting spirit. Fervently as he listened did he bless that Being who created this companion to console his solitude, cheer his depression, and sustain his faith under all situations. His fears vanished at the inspiring strain of the songster, and were replaced by buoyant hopes. The heavens gradually cleared. The gladdening rays of the sun, rising from the distant horizon, dissipated the gray mist spread over the face of nature, and increased in intensity, till the majestic orb shone in complete effulgence on the sight, as the clear, fresh notes of the thrush were heard, echoed by all the choristers of the wood.

THE ROMANCE OF A RUNAWAY SLAVE

Audubon was one day creeping his way through the heart of a great Southern swamp, laden with the double burden of his weighty gun, and a rich booty of rich ibises, directing his course towards home. Unexpectedly he came upon the banks of a miry pool. As he could not ascertain the depth of the water, owing to its muddiness, he thought it best, while wading through it, to dispense with his burden, which he flung to the opposite margin. Then drawing his knife, as a defense against alligators, he plunged into the pool, followed by his faithful dog, Plato.

Soon he had reason to think that alligators were not the only enemies to be feared. Scarcely had he reached the shore when his dog exhibited unmistakable signs of terror at some discovery he was the first to make. Audubon, supposing his fear to proceed from the scent of some bear or wolf, put his hand on his gun, when he was enlightened as to the cause of alarm by a loud voice, which commanded him to "stand still, or die." Astonished and indignant at so singular and peremptory a mandate, in such a place, he determined to resist it, no matter from whom it proceeded; and instantly cocked his gun, though unable to perceive the hidden challenger.

Presently a stout negro emerged from his lurking-place, where he had crouched in the brushwood, and repeated his command in a still more threatening tone.

Audubon perceiving, however, the worthlessness of the gun which his enemy was about to aim at his breast, forbore to use his own, and only gently tapped his trusty Plato. He had no reason to regret the forbearance, for the negro, instead of endeavoring to take advantage of it, seemed entirely disarmed by such generosity. In answer to Audubon's inquiries, his simple story was soon told, and the energetic demonstrations of the poor runaway were seemingly fully accounted for by other than guilty motives. In constant apprehension of pursuit, his dread of capture caused him at the least signal of alarm, he said, to stand on the defensive. "Master," he continued, "my tale is short and sorrowful. My camp is close by. You cannot reach home to-night. If you will follow me, depend upon my honor that you shall be safe until the morning, when, if you please, I will carry your birds for you to the Great Road." As he spoke, the benevolence of his intelligent eyes, with the attraction of his voice and manner, so assured Audubon—never unnecessarily suspicious—that he assented, with a slight emphasis, however, on the phrase that he would follow him.

The negro, observing it, in order to put his companion at ease, then threw away the flint and priming of his gun. His knife he presented to Audubon, who, desirous of showing equal generosity, refused it. On they went through the woods together, Audubon not failing to observe that the course they pursued was directly contrary to his homeward road. After traveling some distance, the negro leading the way, with the accuracy of a redskin, over tangled swamps and stagnant streams, Audubon was startled by a loud shriek from his companion. Involuntarily he again leveled his gun. "No harm, master," said the negro in answer, "I only give notice to my

wife and children of my approach." The signal was answered in gentler tones from female lips, when an expression of delight, which disclosed his ivory teeth, lightened across the negro's countenance. "Master," he said, with a winning simplicity, "my wife, though black, is as beautiful to me as the President's wife is to him. She is my queen, and our young ones are our princes. But you shall see them, for here they all are, thank God." They soon reached the very heart of a cane brake, and here the poor fugitives had formed their camp, the few possessions of which were neatly and carefully disposed. The kindly demeanor of the negro, together with the amiable expression of his affection for his family, had now completely won Audubon's confidence. Convinced of his host's good intentions, and the sincerity of his hospitality, he did not hesitate to remain beneath his roof. While he received every attention which could ensure his comfort, the children caressed his dog, and after partaking heartily of a savory repast, he eagerly listened to the painful recital of the negro's trials.

The master to whom he and his family had at first belonged, had been obliged, in consequence of some heavy losses he had sustained, to offer them for sale. The negro was purchased by a planter—his wife became the possession of another, a hundred miles distant, and the children were hurried to different places. The loving heart of the slave was overwhelmed with grief at the calamity of this great loss. For the time, entirely prostrated by the misfortune, he sorrowed in the deepest dejection, without energy or hope. At length the powers of resistance awakened. He resolved to act boldly, and without delay. One stormy night, when the fury of the hurricane favored him by causing every one to seek the shelter of his dwelling, he effected his escape, his intimate knowledge of the neighboring swamps and brakes facilitating his design. A few nights afterwards he had again the joy of embracing his beloved wife—the next day they wandered together.

Through his caution and unwearied assiduity he succeeded in obtaining one after another the children, till at length all the cherished objects of his affection were gathered, like a tender brood beneath the sheltering wing of a bird, under his care. But with the joy of this renewed protection was mingled a painful sense of responsibility, wandering in dreary wilds, where scarcely subsistence for one, much less for five human beings could be found. He was tormented, moreover, by dread of seizure, for he well knew that since his disappearance the forest had been daily ransacked by armed pursuers. Yet, driven by extreme privation, he was compelled to brave discovery in search of a precarious provision of wild fruits and game. On one of these excursions, as was said, he had been surprised by Audubon. After thus relating to him their secret, both, with tears in their eyes, implored his exertions on behalf of them and their children, who, sweetly slumbering, appealed by their helplessness and innocence for protection.

Most cordially Audubon promised them all the assistance in his power. On the following day, accompanied by the runaway and his family, he departed, leaving the ibises hung around the walls of the hut, and many a notch in the trees as a memento of his presence. They then bent their way towards the dwelling of the negro's first master. On arriving there, they were received with the most generous kindness. At the request of Audubon, according to the desire of the fugitives, they were repurchased from their late masters, and admitted again into the benevolent family, where they were regarded as a part of it, and gratefully remembered the good fortune which had brought Audubon to them as a guest.

AUDUBON AND THE EAGLE

In 1833 Audubon came into possession of a splendid specimen of the golden eagle. He relates this interesting story concerning it:

"I placed the cage so as to afford me a good view of the captive, and I must acknowledge that as I watched his looks of proud disdain, I did not feel towards him so generously as I ought to have done. At times, I was half inclined to restore him his freedom, that he might return to his native mountains; nay, I several times thought how pleasant it would be to see him spread out his broad wings, and sail towards the rocks of his wild haunts; but then, someone seemed to whisper that I ought to take a portrait of this magnificent bird, and therefore I abandoned the more generous design of setting him at liberty.

"I occupied myself a whole day in watching his movements; on the next I came to a determination as to the position in which I might best represent him; and on the third, thought of how I could take away his life with the least pain to him.

"I consulted several persons on the subject, and among others, my most worthy and generous friend, Dr. George Parkman, who kindly visited my family every day. He spoke of suffocating him by means of burning charcoal, of killing him by electricity, etc., and we both concluded that the first method would be, probably, the easiest for ourselves, and the least painful to him. Accordingly the bird was removed in his prison to a very small room and closely covered with blankets—a pan of lighted charcoal was introduced, the windows and doors fastened, and the blankets tucked in beneath the cage. I waited, expecting every moment to hear him fall down from his perch; but after listening for *hours,* I opened the door, raised the blankets, and peeped under them amidst a mass of suffocating fumes. There stood the eagle on his perch, with his bright, unflinching eye turned towards me, and as lively and vigorous as ever! Instantly reclosing every aperture, I resumed my station at the door, and towards midnight, not having heard the least noise, I again took a peep at my victim.

He was still uninjured, although the air of the closet was insupportable to my son and myself, and that of the adjoining apartment began to feel unpleasant. I persevered, however, for ten hours in all, when, finding that the charcoal fumes would not produce the desired effect, I retired to rest, wearied and disappointed. Early next morning, I tried the charcoal anew, adding to it a quantity of sulphur, but we were nearly driven from our house in a few hours by the stifling vapors, while the noble bird continued to stand erect, and look defiance at us whenever we approached his post of martyrdom. His fierce demeanor precluded all internal application, and at last I was compelled to resort to a method, always used as a last expedient, and a most effectual one. I thrust a long, pointed piece of steel through his heart, when my proud prisoner instantly fell dead, without even ruffling a feather.

"I sat up nearly the whole of another night to outline him, and worked so constantly at the drawing, that it nearly cost me my life. I was suddenly seized with a spasmodic affection, that much alarmed my family, and completely prostrated me for some days."

THE TURTLER'S STORY

During one of Audubon's most interesting tours as a naturalist among the Everglades of Florida, he spent much time with a very interesting man who was a turtler, and made his living by searching for turtles and their eggs. This man related to the naturalist this extraordinarily interesting adventure:

"In the calm of a fine moonlight night as I was admiring the beauty of the heavens, and the broad glare of light that flamed from the trembling surface of the water around, I chanced to be paddling along a sandy shore which I thought well fitted for my repose, being covered with tall grass, and as the sun was not many degrees above the horizon, I felt

anxious to pitch my mosquito bar or net, and spend the night in the wilderness. The bellowing notes of thousands of bull-frogs in a neighboring swamp might lull me to rest, and I looked upon the flocks of blackbirds that were assembling, as sure companions in this secluded retreat. I proceeded up a little stream to insure the safety of my canoe from any sudden storm, when, as I gladly advanced, a beautiful yawl came unexpectedly in view. Surprised at such a sight in a part of the country then scarcely known, I felt a sudden check in the circulation of my blood. My paddle dropped from my hands, and fearfully indeed, as I picked it up, did I look towards the unknown boat. On reaching it, I saw its sides marked with stains of blood, and looking with anxiety over the gunwale, I perceived to my horror two human bodies covered with gore. Pirates or hostile Indians I was persuaded had perpetrated the foul deed, and my alarm naturally increased; my heart fluttered, stopped, and heaved with unusual tremors, and I looked towards the setting sun in consternation and despair.

"How long my reveries lasted I cannot tell; I can only recollect that I was roused from them by the distant groans of one apparently in mortal agony. I felt as if refreshed by the cold perspiration that oozed from every pore, and I reflected that though alone, I was well armed, and might hope for the protection of the Almighty! Humanity whispered to me that, if not surprised and disabled, I might render assistance to some sufferer, or even be the means of saving a useful life. Buoyed up by this thought I urged my canoe on shore, and seizing it by the bow pulled it at one spring high among the grass. The groans of the unfortunate persons fell heavy on my ear, as I cocked and reprimed my gun, determined to shoot the first who should rise from the grass. As I cautiously proceeded, a hand was raised over the reeds, and waved in a most supplicatory manner. I leveled my gun about a foot below it, when the next moment the head and breast of a man

were convulsively raised, and a faint, hoarse voice asked of me mercy and help! A death-like silence followed his fall to the ground. I surveyed every object around, with eyes intent, and ears impressible by the slightest sound, for my situation at that moment I thought as critical as any I had ever been in. The croaking of the frogs, and the last blackbirds alighting on their roosts were the only sounds or sights. I now proceeded towards the object of my mingled alarm and consternation. Alas! the poor being who lay prostrate at my feet was so weakened by loss by blood that I had nothing to fear from him.

"My first impulse was to run back to the water, and having done so, I returned with my cap filled to the brim. I felt at his heart, washed his face and breast, and rubbed his temples with the contents of a phial which I kept about me as an antidote for bites of snakes. His features, seamed by the ravages of time, looked frightful and disgusting; but he had been a powerful man, as his broad chest plainly showed. He groaned in the most appalling manner as his breath struggled through the mass of blood that seemed to fill his throat. His dress plainly disclosed his occupation: a large pistol he had thrust in his bosom, a naked cutlass lay near him on the ground, a red silk hankerchief was bound over his projecting brows, and over a pair of loose trousers he wore fisherman's boots. He was, in short, a pirate. My exertions were not in vain, for as I continued to bathe his temples he revived, his pulse regained some strength, and I began to hope he might survive the deep wound he had received. Darkness, deep darkness now enveloped us. I spoke of making a fire. "Ah! for mercy's sake," he exclaimed, "don't." Knowing that under existing circumstances it was expedient for me to do so, I left him, went to his boat, and brought the rudder, the benches, and the oars, which, with my hatchet, I soon splintered. I then struck a light and presently stood in the glare of a blazing

fire. The pirate seemed struggling between terror and gratitude for my assistance; he desired me several times to put out the flames, but after a draught of strong spirits became more composed. I tried to staunch the blood that flowed from the deep gashes in his shoulders and side. I expressed my regret that I had no food about me, but when I spoke of eating he sullenly moved his head.

"My situation was one of the most extraordinary I had ever been placed it. I naturally turned my talk towards religious subjects, but, alas, the dying man hardly believed in the existence of a God. 'Friend,' said he, 'for friend you seem to be; I never studied the ways of Him of whom you talk. I am an outlaw, perhaps you will say a wretch—I have been for many years a pirate. The instructions of my parents were of no avail to me, for I always believed I was born to be a most cruel man. I now lie here about to die amidst these woods, because, long ago, I refused to listen to their many admonitions. Do not shudder when I tell you these now useless hands murdered the mother whom they had embraced. I feel I have deserved the pangs of the wretched death that hovers over me, and I am thankful that only one of my kind will witness my last gaspings.'

"A feeble hope that I might save his life, and perhaps assist in procuring his pardon, induced me to speak to him on the subject. 'It is all in vain, friend—I have no objection to die—I am glad that the villains who wounded me were not my conquerors. I want no pardon from anyone — give me some water, and let me die alone.'

"With the hope that I might learn from his conversation something that might lead to the capture of his guilty associates; I returned from the creek with another capful of water, nearly the whole of which I managed to introduce into his parched mouth, and begged him for the sake of his future peace, to disclose his history to me. 'It is impossible,' said he,

'there will be no time, the beatings of my heart tell me so. Long before day these sinewy limbs will be motionless. Nay, there will hardly be a drop of blood in my body. My wounds are mortal, and I must and will die without what you call confession.'

"The moon rose in the East. The majesty of her placid beauty impressed me with reverence. I pointed towards her, and asked the pirate if he could not recognize the hand of God there.

" 'Friend, I see what you are driving at,' was his answer, 'you, like the rest of our enemies, feel the desire of murdering us all. Well—be it so—to die is, after all, nothing more than a jest, and were it not for the pain, no one, in my opinion, need care a jot about it. But as you have really befriended me I will tell you all that is proper.'

"Hoping his mind might take a useful turn, I again bathed his temples, and washed his lips with spirits. His sunken eyes seemed to dart fire at mine—a heavy and deep sigh swelled his chest and struggled through his blood-choked throat, as he asked me to raise him a little. I did so, when he addressed me as follows:

" 'First tell me how many bodies you found in the boat, and what sort of dresses they had on.' I mentioned their number and described their apparel. 'That's right,' said he, they are the bodies of the scoundrels who followed me in that infernal Yankee barge. Bold rascals they were. For when they found the water too shallow for their craft, they took to it and waded after me. All my companions had been shot, and to lighten my own boat I flung them overboard; but as I lost time in this, the two ruffians caught hold of my gunwale, and struck on my head and body in such a way that I was scarcely able to move The other villain carried off our schooner and one of our boats, and perhaps ere now have hung all my companions whom they did not kill at the time. I

always hated the Yankees, and only regret that I did not kill more of them. I sailed from Matanzas—I have often been in concert with others. I have money without counting, but it is buried where it will never be found, and it would be useless to tell you of it.' His throat filled with blood, his voice failed, the cold hand of death was on his brow, feebly and hurriedly he muttered, 'I am a dying man, farewell!'

"Alas! it is painful to me, death in any shape; in this it was horrible, for there was no hope. The rattling in his throat announced the moment of his dissolution, and already did the body fall on my arms with a weight which was insupportable. I laid him on the ground. A mass of dark blood poured from his mouth. Then came a frightful groan, the last breathing of that foul spirit, and all that now lay at my feet in that wild desert was a mangled mass of clay!

"The remainder of that night was passed in no enviable mood, but my feelings cannot be described. At dawn I dug a hole with the paddle of my canoe, rolled the body into it, and covered it. On reaching the boat, I found several buzzards feeding on the bodies, which I in vain attempted to drag to the shore. I therefore covered them with mud and reeds, and launching my canoe, paddled from the cove with a secret joy at my escape, shadowed with the gloom of a mingled dread and abhorrence."

IRVING BACHELLER

A LAME EXCUSE

AFTER finishing *Vergilius* last summer, Irving Bacheller went down to a certain little rural village in Pennsylvania to rest. His doctor had recommended horseback riding, and finding it difficult to hire a suitable mount, he finally bought a horse from an elderly man who wore the regulation long drab coat and broad-brimmed hat of the old-fashioned Quaker.

It was a likely-looking nag, and Bacheller felt much pleased over the transaction. Mounting, he rode off, but before he had gone a mile the animal developed a decided case of lameness Bacheller turned back, and shortly he met the Quaker plodding along the road. The rider drew up and started to speak, when the man held up both hands and said:

"No, no; thee must not ask me to take back the horse."

"Oh, I wasn't going to," returned Bacheller softly. "All that I want is that you lend me your hat and coat till I can sell him to some one else."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

HIS SOURCE OF SUPPLY

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, the humorist, is the father of a lively boy who may yet follow in the footsteps of his parent. Not long ago Mr. Bangs wrote some paragraphs for a certain weekly, two or three of which were based more or less on sayings of this son, much to the hopeful's delight. The result was that he developed a very favorable opinion of his own importance to his father's literary labors. A neighbor calling one day about this time found the youngster swinging on the front gate.

"Hallo," said the visitor; "is your father at home?"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Where is he?"

"In the library, writing down the funny things I say."

PHINEAS T. BARNUM

THIS collection of interesting stories of one of the most unique personalities America has produced is taken from Mr. Barnum's own *Recollections*. His vigorous style of doing things is well exemplified in the narratives selected.

RIGID ECONOMY

Barnum tells an interesting story of the time when he had bought a great museum on credit, and was saving money to pay for it. He says:

"At the very outset, I was determined to deserve success. My plan of economy included the intention to support my family in New York on $600 a year, and my treasure of a wife not only gladly assented, but was willing to reduce the sum to $400, if necessary. Some six months after I had bought the museum, Mr. Olmsted happened in at my ticket-office at noon, and found me eating a frugal dinner of cold corned beef and bread, which I had brought from home.

" 'Is this the way you eat your dinner?' he asked.

" 'I have not eaten a warm dinner, except on Sunday,' I replied, 'since I bought the museum, and never intend to, on a week day, till I am out of debt.'

" 'Ah!' said he, clapping me on the shoulder, 'you are safe, and will pay for the museum before the year is out.'

"And he was right, for within twelve months I was in full possession of the property as my own, and it was entirely paid for from the profits of the business."

A SUCCESSFUL ADVERTISER

Speaking of advertising methods, Mr. Barnum says:

"I thoroughly understand the art of advertising, not merely by means of printers' ink, which I have always used freely, and to which I confess myself so much indebted for my success, but my turning every possible circumstance to my account. It was my monomania to make the museum a town wonder, and town talk. I often seized upon an opportunity by instinct, even before I had a very definite conception as to how it should be used, and it seemed, somehow, to mature itself and serve my purpose. As an illustration, one morning a stout, hearty-looking man, came into my ticket-office, and

begged some money. I asked why he did not work and earn his living? He replied that he could get nothing to do, and that he would be glad of any job at a dollar a day. I handed him a quarter of a dollar, told him to go and get his breakfast, and return, and I would employ him at light labor at a dollar and a half a day. When he returned, I gave him five common bricks.

" 'Now,' said I 'go and lay a brick on the sidewalk at the corner of Broadway and Ann Street; another close by the Museum; a third diagonally across the way at the corner of Broadway and Vesey Street, by the Astor House; put down the fourth on the sidewalk in front of St Paul's Church, opposite; then, with the fifth brick in hand, take up a rapid march from one point to the other, making the circuit, exchanging your brick at every point, and say nothing to anyone.'

" 'What is the object of this?' inquired the man.

" 'No matter,' I replied; 'all you need to know is that it brings you fifteen cents wages per hour. It is a bit of my fun, and to assist me properly you must seem to be as deaf as a post; wear a serious countenance; answer no questions; pay no attention to anyone; but attend faithfully to the work, and at the end of every hour by St. Paul's clock show this ticket at the Museum door; enter, walking solemnly through every hall in the building; pass out, and resume your work.'

"With the remark that it was 'all one to him, so long as he could earn his living,' the man placed his bricks and began his round. Half an hour afterwards, at least five hundred people were watching his mysterious movements. He had assumed a military step and bearing, and looking as sober as a judge, he made no response whatever to the constant inquiries as to the object of his singular conduct. At the end of the first hour, the sidewalks in the vicinity were packed with people all anxious to solve the mystery. The man, as directed, then went into the Museum, devoting fifteen minutes to a

solemn survey of the halls, and afterwards returning to his round. This was repeated every hour till sundown, and whenever the man went into the Museum a dozen or more persons would buy tickets and follow him, hoping to gratify their curiosity in regard to the purpose of his movements. This was continued for several days—the curious people who followed the man into the Museum considerably more than paying his wages—till finally the policeman, to whom I had imparted my object, complained that the obstruction of the sidewalk by crowds had become so serious that I must call in my 'brick man.' This trivial incident excited considerable talk and amusement; it advertised me; and it materially advanced my purpose of making a lively corner near the Museum."

HOW HE GOT THE BEST OF CLARK

Barnum recounts a pasage at arms with a noted editor of his day. "On one occasion, Mr. Louis Gaylord Clark, the editor of the *Knickerbocker,* came to view my Museum, and introduced himself to me. As I was quite anxious that my establishment should receive a first-rate notice at his hands, I took pains to show him everything of interest, except the Niagara Falls, which I feared would prejudice him against my entire show. But as we passed the room, the pump was at work warning me that the great cataract was in full operation, and Clark, to my dismay, insisted upon seeing it.

" 'Well, Barnum, I declare, this is quite a new idea; I never saw the like before.'

" 'No?' I faintly inquired, with something like reviving hope.

" 'No,' said Clark, 'and I hope, with all my heart, I never shall again.'

"But the *Knickerbocker* spoke kindly of me, and refrained from all allusions to 'the cataract of Niagara with real water.' Some months after, Clark came in breathless one day and asked

me if I had the club with which Captain Cook was killed? As I had a lot of Indian war clubs in the collection of Aboriginal Curiosities, and owing Clark something on the Old Niagara Falls account, I told him that I had the veritable club, with documents which placed its identity beyond question, and I showed him the warlike weapon.

"'Poor Cook! Poor Cook!' said Clark, musingly. 'Well, Mr. Barnum,' he continued, with great gravity, at the same time extending his hand and giving mine a hearty shake, 'I am really very much obliged to you for your kindness. I had an irrepressible desire to see the club that killed Captain Cook, and I felt quite confident you would accommodate me. I have been in half a dozen smaller museums, and as they all had it, I was sure a large establishment like yours would not be without it.'

"A few weeks afterwards, I wrote to Clark that if he would come to my office I was anxious to consult him on a matter of great importance. He came, and I said:

"'Now, I don't want any of your nonsense, but I want your sober advice.'

"He assured me that he would serve me in any way in his power, and I proceeded to tell him about a wonderful fish from the Nile, offered to me for exhibition at $100 a week, the owner of which was willing to forfeit $5,000, if, within six weeks, this fish did not pass through a transformation, in which the tail would disapppear and the fish would then have legs.

"'Is it possible!' asked the astonished Clark.

"I assured him that there was no doubt of it.

"Thereupon he advised me to engage the wonder at any price; that it would startle the naturalists, wake up the whole scientific world, draw in the masses, and make $20,000 for the Museum. I told him that I thought well of the speculation, only I did not like the name of the fish.

"'That makes no difference whatever,' said Clark; 'what is the name of the fish?'

"'Tadpole,' I replied with becoming gravity, 'but it is vulgarly called 'pollywog.'"

"'Sold, by thunder!' exclaimed Clark, and he left."

THE FAMOUS DOCTOR VALENTINE

"Dr. Valentine will be remembered by many as the man who gave imitations and delineations of eccentric characters. He was quite a card at the Museum when I first purchased that establishment, and before I introduced dramatic representations into the 'Lecture Room.' His representations were usually given as follows: A small table was placed in about the centre of the stage; a curtain reaching to the floor covered the front and two ends of the table; under this table, on little shelves and hooks, were placed caps, hats, coats, wigs, moustaches, curls, cravats, and shirt collars, and all sorts of gear for changing the appearance of the upper portion of the person. Dr. Valentine would seat himself in a chair behind the table, and addressing his audience, would state his intention to represent different peculiar characters, male and female, including the Yankee tin peddler; 'Tabitha Twist,' a maiden lady; 'Sam Slick, Jr.,' the precocious author; 'Solomon Jenkins,' a crusty old bachelor, with a song; the down-east school-teacher with his refractory pupils, with many other characters; and he simply asked the indulgence of the audience for a few seconds between each imitation, to enable him to stoop down behind the table and 'dress' each character appropriately.

"The Doctor himself was a most eccentric character. He was very nervous, and was always fretting lest his audience should be composed of persons who would not appreciate his 'imitations.' During one of his engagements the Lecture Room performances consisted of negro minstrelsy and Dr.

Valentine's imitations. As the minstrels gave the entire first half of the entertainment, the Doctor would post himself at the entrance to the Museum to study the character of the visitors from their appearance. He fancied that he was a great reader of character in this way, and as most of my visitors were from the country, the Doctor, after closely perusing their faces, would decide that they were not the kind of persons who would appreciate his efforts, and this made extremely nervous. When this idea was once in his head, it took complete possession of the poor Doctor, and worked him up into a nervous excitement which it was often painful to behold. Every country-looking face was a dagger to the Doctor, for he had a perfect horror of exhibiting to an unappreciative audience. When so much excited that he could stand at the door no longer, the disgusted Doctor would come into my office and pour out his lamentations in this wise:

"'There, Barnum, I never saw such a stupid lot of country bumpkins in my life. I shan't be able to get a smile out of them. I had rather be horsewhipped than attempt to satisfy an audience who have not got the brains to appreciate me. Sir, mine is a highly intellectual entertainment, and none but refined and educated persons can comprehend it.'

"'Oh, I think you will make them laugh some, Doctor,' I replied.

"'Laugh, sir, laugh! Why, sir, they have no laugh in them, sir; and if they had, your devilish nigger minstrels would get it all out of them before I commence.'

"'Don't get excited, Doctor,' I said, 'you will please the people.'

"'Impossible, sir! I was a fool to ever permit my entertainment to be mixed up with that of nigger singers.'

"'But you could not give an entire entertainment satisfactorily to the public; they want more variety.'

"'Then you should have got something more refined, sir.

Why, one of those idiotic nigger breakdowns excites your audience so they don't want to hear a word from me. At all events, I ought to commence the entertainment, and let the niggers finish up. I tell you, Mr. Barnum, I won't stand it! I would rather go to the poorhouse. I won't stay here over a fortnight longer! It is killing me!'

"In this excited state the Doctor would go upon the stage, dressed very neatly in a suit of black. Addressing a few pleasant words to the audience, he would then take a seat behind his little table, and with a broad smile covering his countenance, he would ask the audience to excuse him a few seconds, and he would appear as 'Tabitha Twist,' a literary spinster of fifty-five. On these occasions I was usually behind the scenes, standing at one of the wings opposite the Doctor's table, where I could see and hear all that occurred 'behind the curtain.' The moment the Doctor was down behind the table, a wonderful change came over that smiling countenance.

" 'Hang this ignorant, stupid audience! They would not laugh to save the city of New York!' said the Doctor, while he rapidly slipped on a lady's cap and a pair of long curls. Then, while arranging a lace handkerchief around his shoulders, he would grate his teeth and curse the Museum, its manager, the audience, and everybody else. The instant the handkerchief was pinned, the broad smile would come upon his face, and up would go his head and shoulders, showing to the audience a rollicking specimen of a good-natured old maid.

" 'How do you do, ladies and gentlemen? You all know me, Tabitha Twist, the happiest maiden in the village; always laughing. Now. I'll sing you one of my prettiest songs.'

"The mock maiden would then sing a lively, funny ditty, followed by a faint applause, and down would bob the head behind the table to prepare for a presentation of 'Sam Slick, Jr.'

" 'Hang such a set of fools' (off goes the cap, followed by

the curls). 'They think it's a country Sunday School' (taking off his lace handkerchief). 'I expect they will hiss me next, the donkeys' (on goes a light wig of long, flowing hair). 'I wish the old Museum was sunk in the Atlantic' (puts on a Yankee round-jacket, and broad-brimmed hat). 'I never will be caught in this stupid place again, 'up jump head and shoulders of the Yankee, and Slim Slick, Jr. sings out a merry——

" 'Ha! Ha! Why, folks, how de dew. Darn glad to see yew, by hokey; I came down here to have lots of fun, for you know I always believe we must laugh and grow fat.'

"After five minutes of similar rollicking nonsense, down would bob the head again, and the cursing, swearing, tearing, and teeth-grating would commence, and continue till the next character appeared to the audience bedecked with smiles and good humor."

TOM THUMB AT COURT

Barnum gives many interesting stories of his visits to royalty with General Tom Thumb. The following is both interesting and amusing:

"On our third visit to Buckingham Palace, Leopold, King of the Belgians was also present. He was highly pleased, and asked a multitude of questions. Queen Victoria desired the General to sing a song, and asked him what song he preferred to sing.

" 'Yankee Doodle,' was the prompt reply.

"This answer was as unexpected to me as it was to the royal party. When the merriment it occasioned somewhat subsided, the Queen good-humoredly remarked, 'That is pretty song, General. Sing it if you please.' The General complied, and soon afterwards we retired. I ought to add, that after each of our three visits to Buckingham Palace, a very handsome present was sent to me, of course by the Queen's com-

mand. This, however, was the smallest part of the advantage derived from these interviews, as will be at once apparent to all who consider the force of Court example in England.

"The British public were now fairly excited. Not to have seen General Tom Thumb was decidedly unfashionable, and from March 20th until July 20th, the levees of the little General at Egyptian Hall were continually crowded, the receipts averaging during the whole period about five hundred dollars per day, and sometimes going considerably beyond that sum. At the fashionable hour, between fifty and sixty carriages of the nobility have been counted at one time standing in front of our exhibition rooms in Piccadilly.

"Portraits of the little General were published in all the pictorial papers of the time. Polkas and quadrilles were named after him, and songs were sung in his praise. He was an almost constant theme for the London *Punch,* which served up the General and myself so daintily that it no doubt added vastly to our receipts.

"Besides his three public performances per day, the little General attended from three to four private parties per week, for which we were paid eight to ten guineas each. Frequently we would visit two parties in the same evening, and the demand in that line was much greater than the supply. The Queen Dowager Adelaide requested the General's attendance at Marlborough House one afternoon. He went in his court dress, consisting of a richly embroidered brown silk-velvet coat and short breeches, white satin vest with fancy-colored embroidery, white silk stockings and pumps, wig, bag-wig, cocked hat, and a dress sword.

"'Why, General,' said the Queen Dowager, 'I think you look very smart to-day.'

"'I guess I do,' said the General complacently.

"'A large party of the nobility were present. The old Duke of Cambridge offered the little General a pinch of snuff,

which he declined. The General sang his songs, performed his dances, and cracked his jokes, to the great amusement and delight of the distinguished circle of visitors.

"'Dear little General,' said the kind-hearted Queen, taking him upon her lap, 'I see you have got no watch. Will you permit me to present you with a watch and chain?'

"'I would like them very much,' replied the General, his eyes glistening with joy as he spoke.

"'I will have them made expressly for you,' responded the Queen Dowager; and at the same moment she called a friend and desired him to see that the proper order was executed. A few weeks thereafter we were called again to Marlborough House. A number of the children of the nobility were present, as well as some of their parents. After passing a few compliments with the General, Queen Adelaide presented him with a beautiful little gold watch, placing the chain around his neck with her own hands. The little fellow was delighted, and scarcely knew how sufficiently to express his thanks. The good Queen gave him some excellent advice in regard to his morals, which he strictly promised to obey.

"After giving his performances, we withdrew from the royal presence, and the elegant little watch presented by the hands of Her Majesty the Queen Dowager was not only duly heralded, but was also placed upon a pedestal in the hall of exhibition, together with the presents from Queen Victoria, and covered with a glass vase. These presents, to which were soon added an elegant gold snuff-box mounted with turquoise, presented by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, and many other costly gifts of the nobility and gentry, added greatly to the attractions of the exhibitions. The Duke of Wellington called frequently to see the little General at his public levees. The first time he called, the General was personating Napoleon Bonaparte, marching up and down the platform, apparently taking snuff in deep meditation. He was

dressed in the well-known uniform of the Emperor. I introduced him to the 'Iron Duke,' who inquired the subject of his mediations. 'I was thinking of the loss of the battle of Waterloo,' was the little General's immediate reply. This display of wit was chronicled throughout the country, and was of itself worth thousands of pounds to the exhibition.

THE GENERAL'S EXTRA TRAIN

"I remember once making an extraordinary effort to reach a branch-line station, where I meant to leave my teams and take the rail for Rugby. I had a time-table, and knew at what hour exactly I could hit the train; but unfortunately the axle to my carriage broke, and as an hour was lost in repairing it, I lost exactly an hour in reaching the station. The train had long been gone, and I must be in Rugby, where we had advertised a performance. I stormed around till I found the superintendent, and told him 'I must instantly have an extra train to Rugby.'

"'Extra train!' said he, with surprise and a half sneer, 'extra train! why you can't have an extra train to Rugby for less than sixty pounds.'

"'Is that all?' I asked; 'well, get up your train immediately and here are your sixty pounds. What in the world are sixty pounds to me, when I wish to go to Rugby, or elsewhere, in a hurry!'

"The astonished superintendent took the money, hustled about, and the train was soon ready. He was greatly puzzled to know what distinguished person—he thought he must be dealing with some prince, or, at least, a duke—was willing to give so much money to save a few hours time, and he hesitatingly asked whom he had the honor of serving.

"'General Tom Thumb.'

"We reached Rugby in time to give our performance, as announced, and our receipts were £160, which quite covered

the expense of our extra train and left a handsome margin for profit."

THE WELCOME TO JENNY LIND

Barnum gives this entertaining account of the welcome to Jenny Lind on her famous tour of America:

"A few minutes before twelve o'clock on Sunday morning the *Atlantic* hove in sight, and immediately afterwards, through the kindness of my friend Doane, I was on board the ship, and had taken Jenny Lind by the hand.

"After a few moments' conversation, she asked me when and where I had heard her sing.

"'I never had the pleasure of seeing you before in my life,' I replied.

"'How is it possible that you dared risk so much money on a person whom you never heard sing?' she asked in surprise.

"'I risked it on your reputation, which in musical matters I would much rather trust than my own judgment,' I replied.

"I may as well state, that although I relied prominently upon Jenny Lind's reputation as a great musical *artiste,* I also took largely into my estimate of her success with all classes of the American public, her character for extraordinary benevolence and generosity. Without this peculiarity in her disposition, I never would have dared make the engagement which I did, as I felt sure that there were multitudes of individuals in America who would be prompted to attend her concerts by this feeling alone.

"Thousands of persons covered the shipping and piers, and other thousands had congregated on the wharf at Canal Street, to see her. The wildest enthusiasm prevailed as the steamer approached the dock. So great was the rush on a sloop near the steamer's berth that one man, in his zeal to obtain a good view, accidentally tumbled overboard, amid the shouts of those near him. Miss Lind witnessel this incident, and was much

alarmed. He was, however, soon rescued, after taking to himself a cold duck instead of securing a view of the Nightingale. A bower of green trees, decorated with beautiful flags, was discovered on the wharf, together with two triumphal arches, on one of which was inscribed, 'Welcome, Jenny Lind!' The second was surmounted by the American eagle, and bore the inscription, 'Welcome to America!' These decorations were not produced by magic, and I do not know that I can reasonably find fault with those who suspected I had a hand in their erection. My private carriage was in waiting, and Jenny Lind was escorted to it by Captain West. The rest of the musical party entered the carriage, and mounting the box at the driver's side, I directed him to the Irving House. I took that seat as a legitimate advertisement, and my presence on the outside of the carriage aided those who filled the windows and sidewalks along the whole route, in coming to the conclusion that Jenny Lind had arrived.

"A reference to the journals of that day will show, that never before had there been such enthusiasm in the city of New York, or indeed in America. Within ten minutes after our arrival at the Irving House, not less than twenty thousand persons had congregated around the entrance in Broadway, nor was the number diminished before nine o'clock in the evening. At her request, I dined with her that afternoon, and when, according to European custom, she prepared to pledge me in a glass of wine, she was somewhat surprised at my saying, 'Miss Lind, I do not think you can ask any other favor on earth which I would not gladly grant; but I am a teetotaler, and must beg to be permitted to drink your health and happiness in a glass of cold water.'

"At twelve o'clock that night she was serenaded by the New York Musical Fund Society, numbering, on that occasion, two hundred musicians. They were escorted to the Irving House by about three hundred firemen, in their red shirts, bear-

ing torches. There was a far greater throng in the streets than there was even during the day. The calls for Jenny Lind were so vehement that I led her through a window to the balcony. The loud cheers from the crowds lasted for several minutes, before the serenade was permitted to proceed again."

A LEGENDARY BARGAIN

The amusing incident related below occurred during Barnum's tour with Jenny Lind. Mr. Barnum tells the story:

"The party were on board a Mississippi steamer. The time on board the steamer was whiled away in reading, viewing the scenery of the Mississippi and other diversions. One day we had a pleasant musical festival in the ladies' saloon for the gratification of the passengers, at which Jenny volunteered to sing without ceremony. It seemed to us she never sang so sweetly before. I also did my best to amuse my fellow-passengers with anecdotes and the exhibition of sundry legerdemain tricks, which I had been obliged to learn and use in the South years before and under far different circumstances than those which attended the performance now. Among other tricks, I caused a quarter of a dollar to disappear so mysteriously from beneath a card, that the Mulatto barber on board came to the conclusion that I was in league with the devil.

"The next morning I seated myself for the operation of shaving, and the colored gentleman ventured to dip into the mystery. 'Beg pardon, Mr. Barnum, but I have heard a great deal about you, and I saw more than I wanted to see last night. Is it true that you have sold yourself to the devil, so that you can do what you've a mind to?'

"'Oh, yes,' was my reply, 'that is the bargain between us.'

"'How long did you agree for?' was the question next in order.

"'Only nine years,' said I. 'I have had three of them already. Before the other six are out, I shall find a way to

nonplus the old gentleman, and I told him so to his face.'

"At this avowal, a larger space of white than usual was seen in the darky's eyes, and he inquired, 'Is it by this bargain that you get so much money?'

"'Certainly. No matter who has money, nor where he keeps it, in his box or till, or anywhere about him, I have only to speak the words, and it comes.'

"The shaving was completed in silence, but thought had been busy in the barber's mind, and he embraced the speediest opportunity to transfer his bag of coin to the iron safe, in charge of the clerk.

"The movement did not escape me, and immediately a joke was afoot. I had barely time to make two or three details of arrangements with the clerk, and resume my seat in the cabin, ere the barber sought a second interview, bent on testing the alleged powers of Beelzebub's colleague.

"'Beg pardon, Mr. Barnum, but where is my money? Can you get it?'

"'I do not want your money,' was the quiet answer. 'It is safe.'

"'Yes, I know it is safe—ha! ha!—it is in the iron safe in the clerk's office—safe enough from you!'

"'It is not in the iron safe!' said I. This was said so quietly, yet positively, that the colored gentleman ran to the office, and inquired if all was safe. 'All right,' said the clerk. 'Open, and let me see,' replied the barber. The safe was unlocked, and lo! the money was gone!

"In mystified terror the loser applied to me for relief. 'You will find the bag in your drawer,' said I, and there it was found!' Of course, I had a confederate, but the mystification of the mulatto was immense."

Barnum's Museum was twice burned, and on its famous site the New York *Herald* Building stood for many years, afterward torn down to make way for the St. Paul "sky scraper."

HENRY WARD BEECHER

HOW HE CAPTURED RICHMOND

MAJOR POND had booked Henry Ward Beecher for a lecture in Richmond, Va., for Jan. 23, 1877. Mr. Bond tells the story:

"As we went aboard the sleeper at Baltimore a telegram was put into my hands which read as follows:

"'RICHMOND, VA., Jan. 22 1877.

"'To J. B. POND, Baltimore, Md.

"'No use coming. Beecher will not be allowed to speak in Richmond. No tickets sold. 'W. T. POWELL.'

"I at once replied: 'Have started. Mr. Beecher will be on hand to keep his contract.' I did not mention the incident to Mr. Beecher.

"Just before our arrival in Richmond the following morning Mr. Powell came to me on the train and told me that the feeling against Mr. Beecher was so bitter that it would not do for him to attempt to speak; that not a ticket had been sold, and he dared not advertise.

"Mr. Beecher and I went direct to the Exchange Hotel, and as we registered our names I saw at once that there was a general disposition, from the hotel clerk down to the negro porter and the bell boy, to guy us.

"We went down to breakfast, and the waiter and head waiter who seated us were disgustingly uncivil. Mr. Beecher made no remarks. We ate our breakfast, and as we passed out of the dining-room into a long hall we met a pretty little golden-haired child. Mr. Beecher, in his characteristic manner, stopped and began talking to and caressing the child, taking some candy from his pocket (he never was without bait for children), offered it, and was just getting into the little girl's favor when the mother came along and snatched her away, as though she were rescuing her from a fierce beast of prey.

"Mr. Beecher walked quietly to his room. I left instructions at the hotel office that no one was to knock at his door. Mr. Powell called and assured me that it would be all Mr. Beecher's life was worth to attempt to speak in Richmond. I told him that I would let him off that night with his contract if he would rent me the theatre. He consented, and I at once got out some bills and dodgers and advertised Mr. Beecher to speak that evening. The Legislature was in session, and passed an informal vote that none of them would go near the theatre. The Tobacco Board did the same.

"Evening arrived, and I could get no one to attend the door, so I did it myself. Mr. Powell applied for an extra force of a dozen police, which was of no account, as they were wholly in sympathy with the crowd.

"The Rev. Dr. Grey, the principal Presbyterian minister, and the head of a leading institution of learning in Richmond, wrote the chief of police that though he distinctly wished it to be understood that he did not indorse or favor Mr. Beecher's speaking in Richmond, he sincerely hoped that the threat to egg Mr. Beecher would not be carried into effect. As each member of the Legislature and the Tobacco Board knew that none of the other members would attend the lecture, each embraced the opportunity to go; and there, to their surprise, they all met. It was a crowd of men who made the best of the joke they had played upon themselves. They were hilarious and disrespectful.

"The time came for me to go after Mr. Beecher. I had no door-tender, but the theatre was full of men, and my pockets were stuffed with dollars, so I left the door to take care of itself. I found him ready. While in the carriage on our way from the hotel to the theatre not a word passed between us, and during the day neither of us had spoken of the situation. When we arrived at the stage door of the theatre the dozen policemen were keeping the crowd back. As we alighted

from the carriage at the door, a general yell went up. We met Mr. Powell on the stage. He called me to one side and said:

"'Don't you introduce Mr. Beecher. The gallery is full of eggs. You will have trouble.'

"I stepped into the waiting-room. Mr. Beecher said: 'Go ahead; I am ready.' And together we went out and took seats on the stage.

"As we sat down, the vast crowd of men and the few ladies in the gallery commenced to applaud, and some turbulent characters gave a regular rebel yell. I rose at last and introduced Mr. Beecher, merely saying that there was no act of my life that gave me such pleasure as introducing so great and good a man as Henry Ward Beecher. I sat down, and they went at it again. We speak of a man's rising to an emergency. He stood up there, in his old way, and let them yell until they got tired. He was to lecture on *Hard Times,* and his first words were that there was a law of God, a common and natural lay, that brains and money controlled the universe. He said, 'This law cannot be changed even by the big Virginia Legislature, which opens with prayer and closes with a benediction.' As the legislators were all there in a body, the laugh went around. It was not five minutes before the house was clapping. Mr. Beecher talked two hours and a half to them, and of all the speeches that I ever heard that was the best one. He said, first, he would eulogize Virginia and the bravery of the men of the South, and then he would tell them just what they did that was wrong. In his peroration he eulogized Virginia as a commonwealth; she who had bred her sons for Presidents; how great she was, etc., etc.; and got them all perfectly wrought up, and then he continued: 'But what a change when she came to breeding her sons for the *market!*' Then he would draw the terrible picture of slavery and its effects, and they had to sit quietly and take it all.

"After the lecture we left the theatre quickly, got into a carriage and went down to the hotel. When in his room, in a large chair in front of a blazing fire, he threw himself back, and laughingly said:

" 'Don't you think we have captured Richmond?'

"He had no more than spoken when the door opened and a crowd of men came rushing in. My first impression was that it was a mob, as it did not seem that there had been time for them to come from the theatre; but I was mistaken.

"The foremost was a tall man with a slouch hat. (They were all in slouch hats.) He said:

" 'Mr. Beecher, this is our 'Leftenant'-Governor. We have come to thank you for that great speech. This is our member for So-and-So, and this is Judge Harris,' and so on, introducing a score or more of prominent Virginians, who stepped forward and grasped his hand.

" 'Mr. Beecher, we want you to stay and speak for us tomorrow evening. We want our women to hear you,' etc.

"Mr. Beecher was in his most happy humor. He shook the Virginians warmly by the hand. He told them that he was announced for Washington the following evening, and his time was all booked for the season. They offered to raise $500 if he would remain over. The following morning at seven o'clock many Virginians were at the station to see him off. All the morning papers contained extensive synopses of the lecture and favorable notices.

"After that first appearance Mr. Beecher spoke twice in Richmond to the choicest audiences that the old capital could turn out. I consider this the greatest lecture I ever knew Mr. Beecher to give."

THE CAPTURE OF MANCHESTER

Mr. Beecher gives this description of one of the most wonderful experiences of his life when he captured a hostile

audience in Manchester, England, during the Civil War. He says:

"When the day came on which I was to make my first speech, I struck out the notes of my speech in the morning; and then came up a kind of horror—I don't know whether I can do anything with an English audience—I have never had any experience with an English audience. My American ways, which are all well enough with Americans, may utterly fail here, and a failure in the cause of my country now and here is horrible beyond conception to me! I think I never went through such a struggle of darkness and suffering in all my life as I did that afternoon. It was about the going down of the sun that God brought me to that state in which I said, 'Thy will be done. I am willing to be annihilated, I am willing to fail if the Lord wants me to.' I gave it all up into the hands of God, and rose up in a state of peace and of serenity simply unspeakable, and when the coach came to take me down to Manchester Hall I felt no disturbance nor dreamed of anything but success.

"We reached the hall. The crowd was already beginning to be tumultuous, and I recollect thinking to myself as I stood there looking at them, 'I will control you! I came here for victory and will have it, by the help of God!' Well, I was introduced, and I must confess that things that I had done and suffered in my own country, according to what the chairman who introduced me said, amazed me. The speaker was very English on the subject, and I learned that I belonged to an heroic band, and all that sort of thing, with abolitionism mixed in, and so on. By the way, I think it was there that I was introduced as the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher Stowe. But as soon as I began to speak the great audience began to show its teeth, and I had not gone on fifteen minutes before an unparalleled scene of confusion and interruption occurred. No American that has not seen an English mob can form any

conception of one. I have seen all sorts of camp-meetings and experienced all kinds of public speaking on the stump; I have seen the most disturbed meetings in New York City, and they were all of them as twilight to midnight compared with an English hostile audience. For in England the meeting does not belong to the parties that call it, but to whoever chooses to go, and if they can take it out of your hands it is considered fair play. This meeting had a very large multitude of men in it who came there for the purpose of destroying the meeting and carrying it the other way when it came to the vote.

"I took the measure of the audience and said to myself, 'About one-fourth of this audience are opposed to me, and about one-fourth will be rather in sympathy, and my business now is not to appeal to that portion that is opposed to me nor to those that are already on my side, but to bring over the middle section.' How to do this was a problem. The question was, who could hold out longest. There were five or six storm centres, boiling and whirling at the same time; here some one pounding on a group with his umbrella and shouting, 'Sit down there;' over yonder a row between two or three combatants; somewhere else a group all yelling together at the top of their voices. It was like talking to a storm at sea. But there were the newspaper reporters just in front, and I said to them, 'Now, gentlemen, be kind enough to take down what I say. It will be in sections, but I will have it connected by-and-bye.' I threw my notes away, and entered on a discussion of the value of freedom as opposed to slavery in the manufacturing interests, arguing that freedom everywhere increases a man's necessities, and what he needs he buys, and that it was, therefore, to the interest of the manufacturing community to stand by the side of labor through the country. I never was more self-possessed, and never in a more perfect good temper, and I never was more determined that my hearers should feel the curb before I got through with them. The

uproar would come in on this side and on that, and they would put insulting questions and make all sorts of calls to me, and I would wait until the noise had subsided, and then get in about five minutes of talk. The reporters would get that down, and then up would come another noise. Occasionally I would see things that amused me, and would laugh outright, and the crowd would stop to see what I was laughing at. Then I would sail in again with a sentence or two. A good many times the crowd threw up questions which I caught at and answered back. I may as well put in here one thing that amused me hugely. There were baize doors that opened both ways into side-alleys, and there was a huge, burly Englishman standing right in front of one of those doors and roaring like a bull of Bashan; one of the policemen swung his elbow around and hit him in the belly and knocked him through the doorway, so that the last part of the bawl was outside in the alleyway; it struck me so ludicrously to think how the fellow must have looked when he found himself 'hollering' outside that I could not refrain from laughing outright. The audience immediately stopped its uproars, wondering what I was laughing at, and that gave me another chance and I caught it. So we kept on for about an hour and a half before they got so far calmed down that I could go on peaceably with my speech. They liked the pluck. Englishmen like a man that can stand on his feet and give and take; and so for the last hour I had pretty clear sailing. The next morning every great paper in England had the whole speech down. I think it was the design of the men there to break me down on that first speech, by fair means or foul, feeling that if they could do that it would be trumpeted all over the land. I said to them then and there, 'Gentlemen, you may break me down now, but I have registered a vow that I will never return home until I have been heard in every county and principal town in the Kingdom of Great Britain. I am not going to be broken down nor put down. I am going

to be heard, and my country shall be vindicated.' Nobody knows better than I did what it is to feel that every interest that touches the heart of a Christian man and a patriotic man and a lover of liberty is being assailed wantonly, to stand between one nation and your own, and to feel that you are in a situation in which your country rises or falls with you. And God was behind it all; I felt it, and I knew it, and when I got through and the vote was called off you would have thought it was a tropical thunderstorm that swept through that hall as the ayes were thundered, while the noes were an insignificant and contemptible minority. It had all gone on our side, and such enthusiasm I never saw. I think it was there that when I started to go down into the rooms below to get an exit, that a big, burly Englishman in the gallery wanted to shake hands with me, and I could not reach him, and he called out, 'Shake my umbrella!' and he reached it over; I shook it, and as I did so, he shouted, 'By jock! nobody shall touch that umbrella again.'"

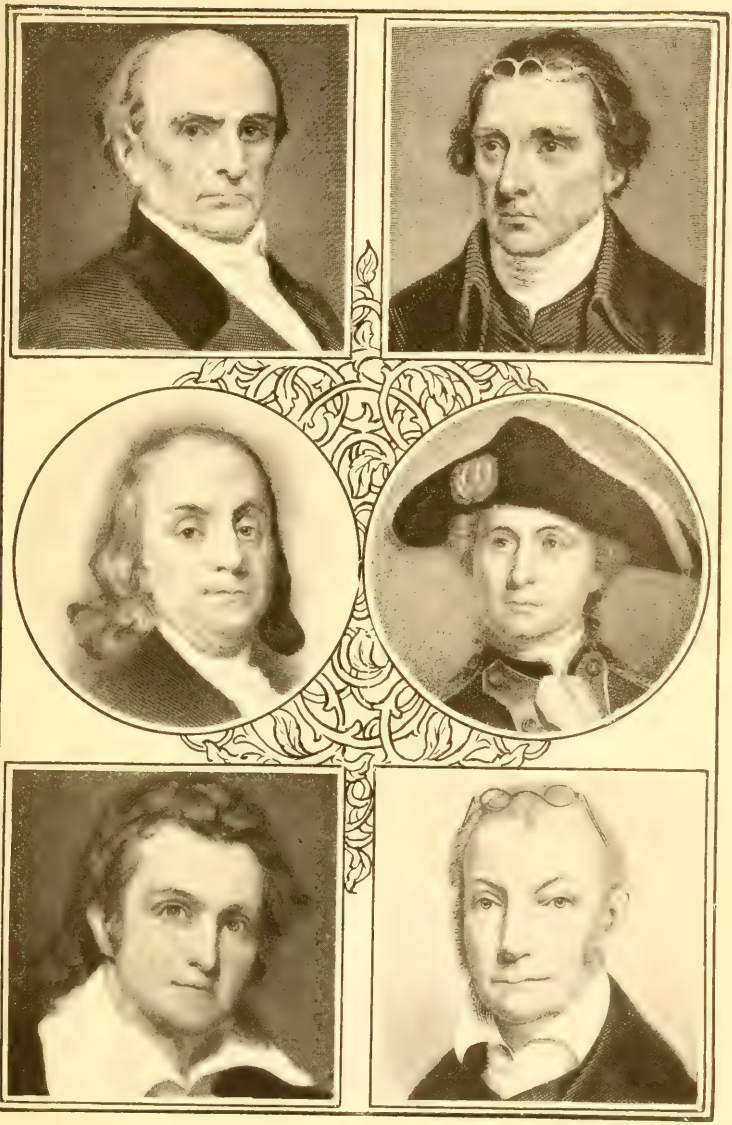
HENRY BERGH

AS DON QUIXOTE

THIS collection of stories concerning Henry Bergh, the famous protector of animals from cruelty, was published some years since in *McClure's Magazine* by Clara Morris. She gives an amusing account of her first meeting with Mr. Bergh:

One day when I had been so long married that not more than two or three repetitions of my last name were required to attract my surprised attention, my Cockney parlor-maid, whose face flushed and whose tongue thickened curiously every afternoon, brought to me a card that startled me into reading aloud the name of "Mr. Henry Bergh."

"'Eavens!" cried the flushed Abigail. "I 'ope our 'Enery



DANIEL WEBSTER

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

PATRICK HENRY

JOHN PAUL JONES

AARON BURR

hasn't done nothink to the 'osses! But 'e's an' 'ard man, 's our 'Enery, ma'am." And with a manner flatly contradicting her expressed hope delightedly anticipating an immediate arrest, she proceeded to "show the gentleman up."

Advancing to greet my caller, I stopped short. I held the card of Henry Bergh, but I saw the tall, gaunt form, the grave dignity of bearing, the hollow cheeks, the austere mouth, the piled-up brow—full two stories high—and the gentle eyes, sad to melancholy, of Cervante's Don Quixote! I heard my own voice say low, "An incarnation."

He paused in his grave obeisance, sensitive as mirror to a breath, and said, inquiringly, "I remind you of some one, then?"

And, my jesting devil being ever at my elbow, I swiftly answered, "Yes, you remind me of a friend, dear and valued, a certain country gentleman from *la Mancha.*"

At first he listened blankly, but at the word *la Mancha* pained recognition sprang into his eyes, and a slow, dull color crept into the hollow of his cheeks. Terrified by what I had done, I rushed on: "But you are a Don Quixote whose courage and enthusiasm are not wasted upon windmills. You have the happiness of really defending the oppressed and avenging the cruelly wronged, instead of only dreaming of it." And, absolute sincerity being easily recognized, he took my offered hand, and we were at peace.

"Ah," he said, "you take a kinder and more gracious view of my resemblance to the absurd old Don than do the caricaturists of our papers."

And I laughed back: "My good sir, do you really imagine the millennium has begun, that you expect a jest without malice, sarcasm without venom, the light, swift stroke of a keen rapier from the fist that only knows how to wield a bludgeon?"

From the last word he shrank uncomfortably, saying: "He

wished the 'bludgeon' of the caricaturist were the only one in active use in the city;" but when he gravely and carefully explained to me that "he was not a millennialist, could not, in fact, comprehend that peculiar form of belief," I understood that a sense of the ludicrous would never endanger his life through excessive laughter.

I was a hero-worshiper from away back, and to my mind this man, who was making such a fine fight for the helpless, was a hero. Therefore I was filled with a sort of reverent curiosity, and both eyes and ears were set wide open for the catching of any scrap of information anent the "why" and "how" of that fight; and behold, the first item I obtained was, that Mr. Bergh would talk of almost anything under heaven —admitting a strong preference for the theatre—save and except Mr. Bergh.

That being the case, I carefully hoarded every casual remark, every stately compliment, every critical comment, every small confidence, every expressed hope of his, while my eager eyes were photographing features, poses, gestures, expressions, even half expressions. And now adding to these memories two or three anecdotes from one who knew and loved him well, I have my sole material for building up that trusted, honored, ridiculed, hated, and abused bundle of contradictions known as Henry Bergh.

To begin with, he was by birth and breeding a gentleman, and that rare creature, an exceptionally tall man who, calmly unconscious of his height, moves with natural ease. A well-dressed man, too, showing a quiet, unostentatious taste in color and ornament, but such careful attention to good fitting and the small details of costume as made him seem especially well dressed. In his manner of grave and gentle dignity he could not have been excelled by any Spanish Don—the most courtly of men. His voice was gentle and low; his face, Quixote's face, long, pale, often immovable as a graven

image, the piled-up brow crossed by a sort of dividing line; his eyes light, clear, blue, and sad, while his brows had a trick of slowly lifting, now and then, that gave an expressible weariness to the face. Refined, intellectual, and cold, that was what he looked; and to myself I said, how deceptive must be the human face, for we are apt to associate self-sacrifice, generous devotion to another's welfare, with a certain warmth of heart, even of manner and expression, just as we associate a round, smiling face with good-humor, and more or less unconsciously we are given to the habit of judging others by ourselves.

HOW BERGH GOT THE MONEY TO START THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

In a hospital in New York City a man lay near to death—a Frenchman he was, whose business had been for many years that of a trapper and fur trader. Living among and dealing with the Indians, he had seen such cruelties practiced upon animals that memory was a horror to him. Either he had no family, or he had drifted away from it, for he was quite alone in his keen watch of approaching death.

To lighten the heavy hours he looked at the pictures in magazine or paper, and noting the many so-called "comics" that Mr. Bergh was both subject and object of, he remarked one day to an attendant that "a white man with a pencil could be meaner than an Indian with a tomhawk," which led the attendant to speak of Mr. Bergh and his crusade at length to his interested listener, closing with a sigh and the remark that rumor said his work was greatly hampered by lack of funds.

A night of thought, and then a note went forth from the hospital asking if Mr. Bergh would call upon a patient there, by name M. Bonnard. Surprised, but ever courteous, he went. The sick man described the horrors he had seen, and then expressed his joy that some one had risen up to show the

world that animals had some rights that demanded recognition and respect.

"You are cool and wise and determined. You will go far!" he cried.

And Mr. Bergh quite frankly answered "he could not go much farther without help."

"But," excitedly replied the trader, "I shall help you! I have not chased the dollar all these years without catching him—now and then. *Mon ami*, I am a lonely man. What is mine, is mine alone, to do with as I please, and raise outcry from no one. Only promise me that if you ever have the power to reach so far, you will extend your protection to the tormented wild things of the forest and plain, and what I have shall be at your service." And Mr. Bergh, thinking of some modest little sum from this lonely hospital patient, thanked him cordially, more for his words of appreciation and encouragement than for the possibly future gift, which would probably come too late to be of much service to the Society, and went his worried, anxious way.

A few days passed, then, dazed and dazzled, he sat staring at a scrap of paper that held the trader's gift to him. M. Bonnard was dead, but he had kept his word, and had helped the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to the extent of nearly $115,000, or every cent he owned—a noble gift to a noble cause, with a touch of poetic justice about it, for from animals it came and to animals it returned.

WHEN THE JOKE WAS ON BERGH

Mr. Bergh's sense of the ludicrous was conspicuous by its absence. If you have to dissect a joke to explain it, it is apt to bleed to death in the operation, and dead things are never funny. I never saw Mr. Bergh recognize a joke, and he was too honest to pretend to see the point he was blind to; but after careful search I have found a man who will swear that

Mr. Bergh did see a joke once, one directed against himself, and malicious though it was, he laughed right heartily.

A certain driver working for a wholesale firm in Vesey Street, gave much trouble by extravagantly overloading his horse. At last, finding himself so persistently watched, he began to behave better, and the *espionage* was lightened, when lo, Mr. Bergh coming down town met this man with a load of boxes so high that heads were turning all along the line of pedestrians to stare at it. Instantly the long arm was raised and the familiar "Stop! You're overloaded!" was heard.

"Why do you take advantage of my supposed absence to pile such a weight as that behind a horse?" asked Mr. Bergh sternly.

"It ain't too much for him!" growled the driver.

"Not too much?" cried Mr. Bergh. "Why, that load is almost two stories high! Lighten it at once!" And somewhat to his surprise, without the usual blasphemous offers to fight before yielding, the man turned slowly, the boxes swaying dangerously at their giddy height, and, with the following crowd, drew up in front of the firm's building. Now, had Mr. Bergh been a closely observant man, he would have suspected such ready obedience, and would, too, have noted the malicious sparkle in the fellow's eye and the pucker of his tobacco-stained lips, but he noted nothing save the frightful height of the load. So the crowd looking on, hoping for a scrimmage, saw the man drop the restraining ropes and remove box after box. He paused, but Mr. Bergh, after a critical walk about the outfit, motioned him to go on and still further lessen the load. With a grin the man obeyed. The sidewalk was nearly covered with great cases, when Mr. Bergh called a halt, saying, "That will do; the horse can move that load with safety."

"He can that," replied the grinning driver. "He can move it without strainin' hissel' inside or out, for every box is impty!"

Every soul in the crowd broke into laughter. As the Irishman climbed to his place, the guardian of animals looked at the empty boxes and then at the sturdy horse, saw the joke, and joined right heartily in the laugh against himself.

But he that laughs last laughs best, and the fun was not yet over; for Mr. Irishman, gathering up his reins, gave his cluck and loud "Git-up there!" all in vain. The horse turned his head, and giving Mr. Bergh one long, steady look, switched his tail, and stood stock still. The refusal to move that trifling load was utterly ludicrous, and some one yelled, "Look at the horse standin' in wid Bergh!" while another shouted, "Well, what kind of a beast would he be if he didn't like to back up a friend?" and amid peals of laughter, Mr. Bergh himself took the animal's bridle and gave him a lead to start him, while the driver was pelted with hoots and jests till clear out of sight.

TAKING THE COW'S PART

But it was in a certain incident occurring on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street one morning, that Mr. Bergh's conduct was most like the conduct of the gentle and dignified Don from *la Mancha*, whom he so resembled in face and figure. Gloved, caned, perfectly gotten up, with flowering buttonhole and all, he was walking briskly to his office, when from behind him he heard such frantic mooing from a cow as told plainly of suffering and wild excitement, and now and again the weaker sound of the half bleat, half bawl, of a very young calf.

He stopped, faced about, and saw a thick-set, sturdy man who, with the aid of a rope, resounding blows, and many oaths, dragged a struggling, protesting cow down the avenue, while, hunger-crazed and thirsty, a weak-kneed little calf stumbled along trying to keep up with the frantic mother. Nor was the cow's misery merely maternal excitement—she was suffering cruelly. She was fevered, overweighted, her bag and udder

so swollen, so distended that the milk dripped and trickled to the pavement as she moved, a condition, according to those who understand cattle, of excruciating pain. Hence Mr. Bergh to the rescue.

He halted the man and asked "Why he did not allow the cow relief?"

The man glowered stupidly, then sullenly repeated, "Relafe? Relafe? Relafe from what? I've druv' no finer cow thin that these five years!"

"You know she suffers," went on Mr. Bergh, "and so does that calf—it's weak with hunger."

The sulky drover was all the time keeping the small creature away from the tempting milk. "Hungry, is it?" he grunted. "Well, what of it? Sure, it's nothin' but a calf—it's no good!"

"Well, the cow's some good, isn't she?" went on the interfering gentleman. "Why don't you ease her pain? Just look at those dripping udders! It's shameful. Let the calf go to her!"

But fairly dancing with rage the man refused, crying out that that condition would bring him a better bargain in selling the animal. Then Mr. Bergh declared officially, "This calf is going to—to—" Perhaps he did not know the technical term, or perhaps its sound was offensive—at all events, what he said was, "This calf is going to breakfast right here and now! Tie the cow to this hydrant! You won't? Do you wish, then, to be arrested?" and he showed his badge, and taking at the same moment the rope from the ugly, but now stupefied man, he himself led the cow to the corner and tied her with his own neatly gloved hands; and as the frantic moos had brought the neighbors to their windows, there were many laughing lookers-on at the unusual picture of an elegant and stately gentleman standing guard over a red cow with brass buttons on her horns, while her spotted baby calf began the

milk-storage business with such reckless haste that the white fluid drizzled from either side of its soft, pink mouth, and the mother meantime, not to waste the blessed opportunity, hastily but tenderly made its toilet. And though to the human eye she licked the hairs mostly the wrong way, the two most interested seemed to be satisfied with the result.

And there the tall man stood in patient, dignified waiting, while the enraged owner, with a few sympathizing male and female compatriots, made the air blue about them—stood, until at last baby-bossy let go and faced about, when two long, contented sighs, and the calmed glances of two pairs of big soft eyes told their protector his work was done and to their complete satisfaction.

NO PERSONAL LOVE FOR ANIMALS

Then Mr. Bergh, making a second call, came upon me at the close of a romp with my two small canine idols. That he did not notice their extreme rarity and beauty surprised me somewhat; but when the largest—a three-pounder in weight—sprang upon the sofa, and laid a small, inquiring paw upon his knee, the man's whole body shrank away, and unmistakable repulsion showed in every feature.

Swiftly recalling that this man was striving earnestly to establish drinking places through the city for the heat-tortured dogs of the streets, I thought, "Oh, maybe, like many other men, he simply dislikes toys." So catching the little beast up in my arms, I said, "You don't like him. Is it, then, because he is so small?"

"No, no," he nervously replied, "it's not that, not its size at all, but I—I don't like dogs, Miss Morris!"

Dumb with amazement, I stared a moment, then grabbed the other monster from her cushion, and carrying both to the next room, left them there, saying to myself the while, "Riddle me this, and guess him if you can." And let me say right here,

that one who knew Mr. Bergh years to my days, who saw his sacrifices, saw his sufferings born in heroic defense of horses, tells me that never in his life did he see Mr. Bergh lay his hand upon a horse in caress, however slight—never saw him come to closer touch than by the taking hold of a bridle.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

UNDER SUSPICION

DURING his trip to the Philippines, Albert J. Beveridge, United States Senator from Indiana, stopped at the Japanese port of Nagasaki. Mr. Beveridge is only thirty-five years old, and so youthful-looking that he might easily pass for a collegian of twenty-five. He went ashore at Nagasaki for a few hours. Nobody knew him, not even the Americans, as his coming had not been heralded. He walked about the town at his leisure and then visited the United States Consul. That official had been victimized a few weeks before by a young American visitor, who claimed to be a son of Senator Boise Penrose of Pennsylvania, and borrowed twenty dollars. The Consul had just learned that Senator Penrose had no son.

"Good morning, Consul," exclaimed Mr. Beveridge, handing out his card. "I am Senator Beveridge of Indiana, and I have just dropped in to——"

"Look here, young man!" interrupted the Consul, "I am up to your little game, and you can't get a cent here; do you understand?"

The Senator, first astonished and then indignant, began to protest; but the ludicrous side of the matter appealed to him so strongly that he picked up his hat and went away laughing.

"Ha!" exclaimed the Consul, "they can't fool me more than once. I suppose the next thing will be some round-faced beggar trying to palm himself off on me as President McKinley."

At the foot of the stairs, as luck would have it, an American officer recognized Mr. Beveridge. When the situation was explained, the officer took the Senator back to the Consulate, and everything was made right over an elaborate dinner.

MARY A. BICKERDYKE

"MOTHER" BICKERDYKE was pre-eminently the heroine of the Sanitary Commission during the Civil War in America. She gave herself body and soul to care for the sick and wounded private soldiers. Mrs. Livermore (to whom I am indebted for these stories, having selected them from a vast wealth of resources recorded in her *My Story of the War*), relates the following:

"To them she was strength and sweetness; and for them she exercised sound, practical sense, a ready wit, and a rare intelligence, that made her a power in the hospital, or on the field. There was no peril she would not dare for a sick and wounded man, no official red tape of formality for which she cared more than for a common tow-string, if it interfered with her in her work of relief. To their honor, be it said, the 'boys' reciprocated her affection most heartily. 'That homely figure, clad in calico, wrapped in a shawl, and surmounted with a 'Shaker' bonnet, is more to this army than the Madonna to a Catholic!' said an officer, pointing to Mother Bickerdyke, as she emerged from the Sanitary Commission headquarters, in Memphis, laden with an assortment of supplies. Every soldier saluted her as she passed; and those who were at leisure relieved her of her burden, and bore it to its destination. To the entire army of the West she was emphatically 'Mother Bickerdyke.' Nor have the soldiers forgotten her in her poverty and old age. They remember her to-day in many a tender letter, and send her many a small donation to eke out her scanty and irregular income."

MOTHER BICKERDYKE'S CURE FOR THIEVES

After the battle of Belmont, Mother Bickerdyke was appointed matron of the large post hospital at Cairo, which was filled with the wounded. She found time, however, to work for, and to visit daily, every other hospital in the town. The surgeon who appointed her was skilful and competent, but given to drunkenness, and he had little sympathy with his patients. He had filled all the positions in the hospitals with surgeons and officers of his sort, and bacchanalian carousals in the "doctor's room" were of frequent occurrence. In twenty-four hours Mother Bickerdyke and he were at sword's points. She denounced him to his face; and, when the garments and delicacies sent her for the use of the sick and wounded disappeared mysteriously, she charged their theft upon him and his subordinates.

He ordered her out of his hospital, and threatened to put her out if she did not hasten her departure. She replied that "she should stay as long as the men needed her—that if he put her out of one door she would come in at another; and if he barred all the doors against her, she would come in at the windows, and that the patients would help her in. When anybody left it would be he, and not she," she assured him, "as she had already lodged complaints against him at headquarters." "Conscience makes cowards of us all;" and he did not proceed to expel her, as he might have done, and probably would, if his cause had been just.

But though she was let alone, this was not the case with her supplies for the sick and wounded—they were stolen continually. She caught a wardmaster dressed in the shirt, slippers, and socks that had been sent her, and, seizing him by the collar, in his own ward, she disrobed him *sans ceremonie* before the patients. Leaving him nude save his pantaloons, she uttered this parting injunction: "Now, you rascal, let's see what you'll steal next!" To ascertain who were the thieves

of the food she prepared, she resorted to a somewhat dangerous *ruse*. Purchasing a quantity of tartar emetic at a drug store, she mixed it with some stewed peaches that she had openly cooked in the kitchen, telling Tom, the cook, that "she wanted to leave them on the kitchen table overnight to cool." Then she went to her own room to await results.

She did not wait long. Soon the sounds of suffering from the terribly sick thieves reached her ears, when, like a Nemesis, she stalked in among them. There they were, cooks, table-waiters, stewards, ward-masters,—all save some of the surgeons,—suffering terribly from the emetic, but more from the apprehension that they were poisoned. "Peaches don't seem to agree with you, eh?" she said, looking on the pale, retching, groaning fellows with a sardonic smile. "Well, let me tell you that you will have a worse time than this if you keep on stealing! You may eat something seasoned with ratsbane one of these nights."

SEARCHING THE BATTLEFIELD AT MIDNIGHT

After the battle of Donelson it was believed that all the wounded had been removed from the field, and the relief parties discontinued their work. Looking from his tent at midnight, an officer observed a faint light flitting hither and thither on the abandoned battlefield, and, after puzzling over it for some time, sent his servant to ascertain the cause. It was Mother Bickerdyke, with a lantern, still groping among the dead. Stooping down, and turning their cold faces towards her, she scrutinized them searchingly, uneasy lest some might be left to die uncared for. She could not rest while she thought any were overlooked who were yet living.

"AUTHORITY FROM THE LORD GOD ALMIGHTY"

Three days after the battle of Shiloh, she was on the ground carrying system, order, and relief wherever she went. One

of the surgeons went to the rear with a wounded man, and found her wrapped in the gray overcoat of a rebel officer, for she had disposed of her blanket shawl to some poor fellow who needed it. She was wearing a soft slouch hat, having lost her inevitable Shaker bonnet. Her kettles had been set up, the fire kindled underneath, and she was dispensing hot soup, tea, crackers, panado, whiskey and water, and other refreshments to the shivering, fainting, wounded men.

"Where did you get these articles?" he inquired; "and under whose authority are you at work?"

She paid no heed to his interrogatories, and, indeed, did not hear them, so completely absorbed was she in her work of compassion. Watching her with admiration for her skill, administrative ability, and intelligence,—for she not only fed the wounded men, but temporarily dressed their wounds in some cases,—he approached her again:—

"Madam, you seem to combine in yourself a sick-diet kitchen and a medical staff May I inquire under whose authority you are working?"

Without pausing in her work, she answered him, "I have received my authority from the Lord God Almighty; have you anything that ranks higher than that?" The truth was, she held no position whatever at that time. She was only a "volunteer nurse," having received no appointment, and being attached to no corps of relief.

MOTHER BICKERDYKE'S NIGHTGOWNS

The ladies of the city and country were continually sending Mrs. Bickerdyke boxes of clothing for her own use. In her life of hard work, her clothes were soon worn out; and as she never had time to bestow on herself, she was greatly in need of such kindnesses. Reserving for herself a few articles of which she had imperative need, she would take the remainder of her garments in her ambulance to the Southern

women in the neighboring country, and peddled them for honey, fruit, milk, eggs, and butter, of which she never could have too much.

Among the articles sent her at one time were two very elegant long night-dresses, embroidered, and trimmed with ruffles and lace. They were the gift of very dear friends; and she had some scruples about bartering them away as she did other garments. Returning with the "plunder" she had received in exchange for her superfluous clothing, she crossed a railroad track, on which stood a train of box cars. Stopping the ambulance, she began to explore them, according to her usual custom. Inside of one were two wounded soldiers going home on furlough. Their unhealed wounds were undressed, and full of vermin; they were weak for lack of food, were depressed and discouraged, and in all respects were in a very sorry plight.

"Humph!" said Mother Bickerdyke; "now I see what them furbelowed nightgowns were sent down here for. The Lord meant I should put 'em to a good use, after all."

The wounds of the poor fellows were washed and cleansed. Tearing off bandages from the bottom of the night-dresses, she properly dressed and bandaged them. Socks, and drawers, and handkerchiefs were found in the ambulance; but she was entirely destitute of shirts. A happy thought came to her.

"Here, boys," she said; "put on the upper half of these nightgowns; they're just the thing. My sakes! but that is lucky!"

But to this the men decidedly objected. "They would wear the dirty, tattered shirts, that had not been changed in two months, rather than go home in a woman's nightgown!"

"Oh, pshaw, boys! don't be fools!" persisted practical Mother Bickerdyke. "Nightgowns, or nightshirts; what's the odds? These will be softer to your wounds; and Heaven knows they're enough sight cleaner. Put 'em on, and wear 'em

home. If anybody says anything, tell them you've jerked 'em from the secesh, and the folks will think a heap sight more of you for it."

The men were persuaded, and got into the nondescript garments. In passing through Chicago, they halted for a brief rest at the Soldiers' Home, where, when their wounds were dressed, their *outer* shirts were discovered, marked in indelible ink, with Mrs. Bickerdyke's name. We offered to exchange them for genuine hospital shirts; but the men had had such sport already, that they clung to the abbreviated nightgowns, one of which is to-day preserved in a Wisconsin household as a sacred relic.

MOTHER BICKERDYKE AT A WEDDING

Late in 1862, Mrs. Bickerdyke was compelled to take a brief furlough, and went direct to Chicago to the home of Mrs. Livermore. Her hostess was not at home when she arrived, but returned that evening. "Norwegian Martha," who had presided over her kitchen for years, and who had never before seen Mother Bickerdyke, informed her of the new arrival in characteristic style.

"Another one more of them nurse woman have come with some carpet-bag," Martha said. (The nurses sent by the Commission into the service had made my house a sort of headquarters as they passed through the city, a proceeding greatly disapproved by Martha.) "This one have no afraid to do anything, and have make herself to take a bath, and have put herself to bed till supper time. She say she have very many hundred miles rode, and very many *all-shot-up*"—shot to pieces—"soldiers to take care of, and she be got awful tired, and, poor woman, she look seek (sick). But she have make me to think of my poor mother, what make herself to die in Norway with so much work too hard, before to this country I come. I like this nurse woman what have come more than

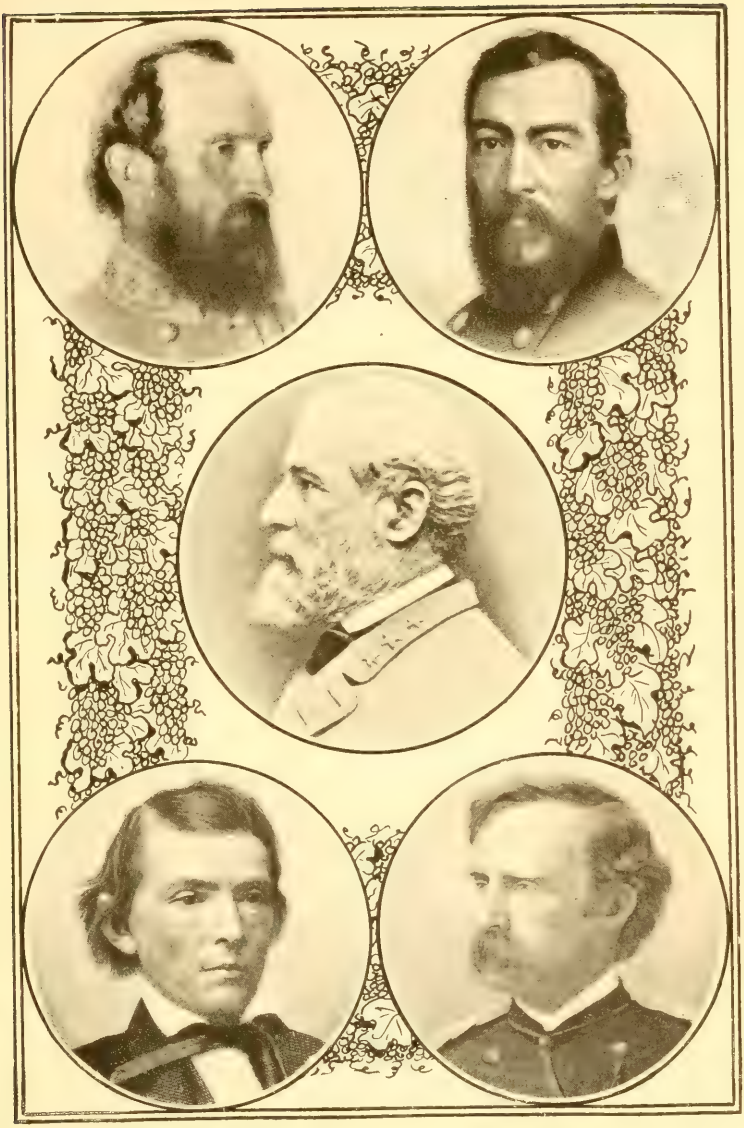
the rest that stayed away." The influence of Mother Bickerdyke's great maternal heart was felt everywhere.

Mrs. Livermore continues the story of the evening as follows:

"After tea, I accompanied my family to the wedding of a friend, which was solemnized in a church near by. Wearied as Mother Bickerdyke was, she insisted on making one of the company. She believed it would rest her to see the inside of a meeting-house; it was a sight that had not blessed her eyes for eighteen months, she said. It was an intensely tedious ceremony; for the old clergyman who officiated at the marriage added to a very long prayer, a Scripture reading and a full half-hour's exhortation to good living, with directions for accomplishing it, which he counted off, firstly, secondly, thirdly, and so on. It was a sermon, in fact. After the marriage, the newly-wedded halted for a few moments in the church parlor, to take leave of their friends, as they were to proceed directly to the train, *en route* for the distant city of their future residence. Mother Bickerdyke was introduced, at her request; for she had learned that the young husband held the rank of major in one of the Illinois regiments.

"'My dear,' said our motherly heroine in a *naive* way to the bride, 'I have enjoyed your wedding very much; it has done me as much good as a prayer-meeting. I am very much refreshed by it.' (She had slept through the interminable service.) "I am sure you will make your husband a good wife, for you have got the face of a good girl; and I hope you and he will live together a good many years. If he gets wounded in battle, and falls into my hands, I will try to take good care of him for you.'

"'Why, Mother Bickerdyke! God bless you! I am glad to see you!' burst out the bridegroom, with a mighty welcome. 'You have already taken care of me. After the battle of Donelson I was brought up on one of the boats filled with



"STONEWALL" JACKSON

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

ROBERT E. LEE

ALEXANDER H. STEVENS

GEORGE A. CUSTER

wounded men, and you took care of me, as you did of the rest, like a mother. Don't you remember a lieutenant who had a minie-ball in his leg; and the doctors wanted to amputate the leg, and he fought against their doing it, and how you helped him keep it? I am the man. Here's the old leg, good as new. I have been promoted since.' But she could not recall his case among the thousands more seriously wounded whom she had since carefully nursed."

THE SOLDIER'S BUCKET OF EGGS

With the medical authorities she was for a time at variance. The medical director at Memphis was a young man belonging to the regular army—able, industrious, skilful, and punctilious. He wished Mrs. Bickerdyke to revolve in an orbit he marked out for her—to recognize him as the head, and never to go beyond him, or outside him, for assistance or authority. Moreover, he was a Catholic, and naturally gave the preference to the excellent "Sisters of Mercy" as nurses; nor was he backward in publicly expressing his preference. He disapproved of Mrs. Bickerdyke's laundry; chiefly, it seemed, because he had not organized it. He did not approve of her contraband help, nor of her possessing so much power; nor, if the truth must be told, of Mother Bickerdyke herself. He could not see any excellence in a woman who worked with her own hands, who held no social position, who was as indifferent to the Queen's English as to his red-tape, who cared little for the Catholic, but very much for the Congregational Church, and who did what she wished, when and as she wished, without consulting him, the medical director.

Mrs. Bickerdyke cared little for what he said or thought, if he did not meddle with her; for she was no more in love with the medical director than he was with her. He inspected her hospital regularly, and never found fault with it; for its perfect management defied criticism. Once, in passing through

a ward, he espied some half-dozen eggs under a sick man's pillow. The man was recovering from a fever, and had a great craving for food, that could not be allowed him in his weak condition. Especially, he coveted boiled eggs; and, as the poor fellow was very babyish, Mrs. Bickerdyke had petted him in her motherly way, and tucked half a dozen hard boiled eggs under his pillow, telling him he should have them to eat when he was well enough. The sick man found a vast deal of comfort in fondling the eggs with his hands. I have seen men in hospitals handling half a dozen potatoes under their pillows in the same way. The medical director espied the eggs, and ordered them to the kitchen, declaring "he would have no hens' nests under the pillows." The man was just weak enough to cry miserably over his loss; and the nurse in charge hastened to report the story to Mother Bickerdyke.

If any unnecessary offense came to her boys, woe to him through whom it came. She would have "shown fight" to Secretary Stanton himself, if he had been the offender. Catching up a large pail filled with eggs, she strode into the ward, her blue eyes blazing, her cheeks glowing: "Doctor ——, will you tell me what harm it does to humor a sick man in an innocent fancy? Let this boy have the eggs where he can see them. There, John, there's a whole pail full of eggs," pushing them under the bed; "and you may keep them there until they hatch, if you've a mind to." And she strode out again. The doctor chose not to hear, and the boy's eggs were not meddled with again.

HOW SHE PACIFIED THE DOCTOR

A hospital doctor in Memphis was in a great fury with her, and threatened that "he would send her home before she was a week older."

"But I shan't go, doctor!" she answered. "I've come down

here to stay, and I mean to stay until this thing is played out. I've enlisted for the war, as the boys have, and they want me and need me, and can't get on without me; and so I shall stay, doctor, and you'll have to make up your mind to get along with me the best way you can. It's of no use for you to try to tie me up with your red tape. There's too much to be done down here to stop for that. Nor is there any sense in your getting mad because I don't play second fiddle to you; for I tell you I haven't got time for it. And, doctor, I guess you hadn't better get into a row with me, for whenever anybody does one of us two always goes to the wall, and 'tain't never me!"

The doctor had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and Mother Bickerdyke's novel method of pacification amused him when he got over his short-lived anger. He was really a very superior officer; but like many another clever man he was dominated by the inborn belief that all women were to play "second fiddle" to him. He had the good sense to appreciate blunt Mother Bickerdyke's excellence, and when mutual friends entered on the work of pacification they were successful.

Turning to her one day, in a threatening way, but half jocularly, he said, "Take care, madam; your turn to go to the wall may come yet!" "May be so!" was her brief answer; and then she went on with her work. From being at disagreement, they finally came to a perfect understanding, and by and by became the best of friends.

OUTRANKING SHERMAN

She had had a surgeon dismissed for outrageous conduct. The dismissed surgeon went to General Sherman to complain of the injustice done him. "He had been grossly belied, and foul charges had been made against him, which he could prove false," was his declaration. "Who was your accuser?" asked General Sherman; "who made the charges?" "Why—why—I suppose," said the surgeon reluctantly, "it was that spiteful

old woman, Mrs. Bickerdyke." "Oh, well, then," said Sherman, "if it was she, I can't help you. She has more power than I—she ranks me."

MOTHER BICKERDYKE'S SERMON TO THE LANDLORD

On one occasion while she was on a visit to Chicago after supplies, she made several visits to the families of soldiers whom she had left in the hospitals. She found one of these families in great distress and poverty. The husband and father had been in positions for ten months that removed him beyond reach of the paymaster; and his family were in great need of the money which he failed to receive. They were owing six months' house rent; and the landlord, a hard man, had served a writ of ejectment upon them, and was preparing to put them summarily into the street. Mother Bickerdyke paid him a visit at his office, and sought to turn him from his purpose with all the peculiar eloquence of which she was mistress. He could not be moved, but scorned her and ordered her from his premises. She rose to go, and, taking a Bible from the shelf, which was never used except to give legality to oaths, she opened to the sixteenth chapter of Luke, and, straining to her full height, with a solemn and almost terrible face, she read these words before an audience of a dozen or more men,—

"'And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom. The rich man also died and was buried, and in hell—in hell—in hell,"—increasing the emphasis each time—"'he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and saw Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.' You see what you are coming to, sir," she added, "and the time may not be far off. May God have mercy on your mean soul! Good-bye." Then the resolute woman sought another house for the soldier's family, and rested not until she had raised the money to pay the rent six months in advance.

GETTING THE BEST OF SHERMAN

When General Sherman was preparing Chattanooga as his base for the Atlantic campaign, he had issued an order forbidding the agents of sanitary stores to go over the railroad from Nashville to Chattanooga. Mother Bickerdyke got a pass from General Grant that took her anyhow, and soon stood at General Sherman's headquarters.

"Hallo! Why, how did you get down here?" asked one of the General's staff officers, as he saw her enter Sherman's headquarters.

"Came down in the cars, of course, there's no other way of getting down here that I know of," replied the matter-of-fact woman. "I want to see General Sherman."

"He is in there, writing," said the officer, pointing to an inner room; "but I guess he won't see you."

"Guess he will," and she pushed into the apartment. "Good morning, General! I want to speak to you a moment. May I come in?"

"I should think you had got in!" answered the General, barely looking up, in great annoyance. "What's up now?"

"Why, General," said the earnest matron, in a perfect torrent of words, "we can't stand this last order of yours, nohow. You'll have to change it as sure as you live. We can get along without any more nurses and agents, but the supplies we must have. The sick and wounded men need them, and you'll have to give permission to bring them down. The fact is, General, after a man is unable to carry a gun, and drops out of the lines, you don't trouble yourself about him, but turn him over to the hospitals, expecting the doctors and nurses to get him well and put him back again into the service as soon as possible. But how are we going to make bricks without straw? Tell me that if you can."

"Well, I'm busy to-day, and cannot attend to you. I will see you some other time." But though Sherman kept on

writing, and did not look up, Mother Bickerdyke saw a smile lurking in the corner of his mouth, and knew she would carry her point. So she persisted.

"No, General! Don't send me away until you've fixed this thing as it ought to be fixed. You had me assigned to your corps, and told me that you expected me to look after the nursing of the men who needed it. But I should like to know how I can do this if I don't have anything to work with? Have some sense about it now, General!"

There was a hearty laugh at this, and a little badinage ensued, which Mother Bickerdyke ended in her brusque way, with, "Well, I can't stand fooling here all day. Now, General, write an order for two cars a day to be sent down from the Sanitary Commission at Nashville, and I'll be satisfied." The order was written, and for weeks all the sanitary stores sent from Nashville to Chattanooga, and the posts along that road, were sent directly or indirectly through this mediation of Mother Bickerdyke.

THE OLD SOLDIER'S FRIENDS

Many years after the war, Mother Bickerdyke came to Massachusetts for a brief visit with her old friends. She arrived at the home of Mrs. Livermore at the close of a dismally rainy day, wet and exhausted. She had spent the day in Boston, searching for an old soldier from Illinois, who had served out three terms in the House of Correction, for drunkenness, during the last ten years. Mrs. Livermore remonstrated. She said to her: "My dear friend, why do you, at the age of seventy-three, waste yourself on such a worthless creature as that?" Turning to her hostess with a flash in her blue eyes, she answered: "Mary Livermore, I have a commission from the Lord God Almighty to do all I can for every miserable creature who comes in my way. He's always sure of two friends—God and me!"

JOSEPH C. S. BLACKBURN

LOCKJAW HIS ONLY DANGER

SENATOR JOSEPH C. S. BLACKBURN has a record of indefatigable service in the Confederate Army. He never shirked a duty and is properly proud of that fact; but once some of his friends made an unsuccessful attempt to shirk a duty for him.

In 1863, while Blackburn was a captain wearing a Confederate uniform, he was ordered to the Red River Bottoms, and all of his friends objected to that destination for popular "Young Joe," as he was then called.

One old friend of the family, who had known Joe Blackburn from his babyhood, rushed off after Doctor—afterward Governor—Blackburn, Joe's elder brother, and urged him to use his influence to have the order rescinded.

"What for?" asked the Doctor.

"Why, Doc., haven't you heard how the yaller fever's a-ragin' down there?"

"Oh, well, Yellow Jack won't hurt Joe."

The family friend then became diplomatic, and, instead of arguing any more about the yellow fever, he said: "But, Doc., there's the swamp fever carryin' off our Johnnies like flies. A man wakes up well in the morning and is dead by noon. It would be a downright shame to expose Joe to such danger."

But Doctor Blackburn still shook his head and said: "I will not interfere with Joe's orders on any such trivial grounds."

"Trivial grounds!" shouted the angry friend. "Do you call absolutely fatal diseases 'trivial grounds'?"

"Fatal diseases!" sneered Doctor Blackburn. "You ought to know as well as I do, man, that no disease could possibly prove fatal to Joe Blackburn, except lockjaw."

JAMES G. BLAINE

HELPING OUT MEMORY

THE memory of James G. Blaine for names and faces," said former Speaker David B. Henderson, "was famed in story if not in song. I had an experience with Mr. Blaine on one occasion, which it will do no harm to tell.

"In 1882 I was Secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee, and boarded at Wormley's Hotel in Washington. In those days that was a famous place for Republicans, and the register showed the names of Blaine, Conkling, Morton, Logan, Edmunds and others of that calibre.

"Mr. Blaine frequently passed and repassed me, when one morning as I came from breakfast I noticed that he eyed me closely. About half past one o'clock, as I was entering the hotel for lunch, Mr. Blaine came out. He stopped in front of me and asked: 'Are you not Colonel Henderson of Iowa?' I replied that I was Henderson, and then Blaine said:

"'I thought this morning that I ought to know you; but was not absolutely sure. I met you five years ago in Detroit when we were guests of General Alger. You made a great speech to the old soldiers that day,' and then he went on, showing a remarkable memory of me and knowledge of my entire career. I thanked him, and after he was gone entered the dining-room and sent for the head-waiter, to whom I said:

"'I want you to tell me exactly what Mr. Blaine said about me this morning.' The waiter replied earnestly:

"'Mistah Blaine didn't say nothin' ag'in' you, Kunnel Hendahson. He o'ly asked me what youah name was; an' w'en I done tole him, he said as how you was a mighty fine gen'leman, sah.'

"And thus was Mr. Blaine's marvelous memory of names and faces explained to me, at least for that time. I am something of a politician myself."

EDWIN BOOTH

A PRINCE OF "DEAD-HEADS"

THE late Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett were close personal friends of Stuart Robson. Robson often entertained his distinguished colleagues at his summer home on Long Island. On one such occasion, the trio, after dinner, took their seats on the piazza, when Booth, as usual, lapsed into silent reverie, while the others began to relate stories anent professional experiences. Finally, the conversation turned to "dead-heads." Robson had just finished an especially funny tale about one of these managerial *bete noirs* when the deep voice of Booth was heard, thus:—

"I think, gentlemen, that I can give you an anecdote about one of the tribe that is probably unique."

"Let's hear it Edwin, by all means," said Barrett.

Booth fixed his sombre eyes on the sunset, and began: "It was during the first visit that I made to the South after the close of the Civil War. We were playing in a little town in Alabama. In my mail, one morning, I found a letter which ran something like this:—

" 'DEAR SIR:—

" 'My wife and self have always been great admirers of you. We want to see you play, very much, but cannot afford to buy our tickets. Will you please send us a couple of seats? I am sure you will not refuse this request when I tell you that I am the United States soldier that shot and killed your brother, who assassinated President Lincoln.'

"I investigated, and found that the man's statement was correct."

Booth's auditors gasped as his tragic tones boomed out the unexpected sequel to the tale. There was a dead silence for a full minute. Then Robson managed to ask:—

"What did you do, Edwin?"

"I sent him the tickets," answered the actor, his eyes still fixed on the glowing western horizon.

The gruesome recital had been made without a trace of emotion, for a deepening of the gloom which marked Booth's facial expression from the day of the tragedy. Robson told the writer that the actor unquestionably realized that, if his brother had succeeded in reaching Washington alive, he would have met a terrible fate at the hands of the mob, and hence he felt grateful to the man who, with a rifle ball, averted this possibility—of the two tragic ends he chose the latter.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN

THE GREATEST WORD

PHOCIAN HOWARD says: "One day while conversing with William J. Bryan, I asked him what he considered the greatest word in the English language.

"'Contentment,' he said, before I could catch a breath. "'This world is full of discontented men. Even some of the rich are not contented. The man who has contentment has the best gold that is to be secured in life.

"'Contentment is given to every man, but most men drive it away in the mad rush to gain things that are beyond their reach. The man who can be contented with what he has is the man who finds all that life is worth living for.'

"When Bryan was nominated for President of the United States in 1896, all the money he had in the world was $106.25. Yet he was contented. If he had never been nominated, he would have been just as happy. He told me that he never expected to receive the nomination, that it was his intention, when the Convention was over, to return to Nebraska, and devote his life to his family and his farm. 'But as long as I am called to fight for the people, that will be my main object in life,' he said."

AARON BURR

THE MAGNETISM OF AARON BURR

AS A VERY small child, Rebecca Harding Davis was brought indirectly into touch with Aaron Burr, through a little, withered old woman who taught the children of the village their A B C's.

The queer, homely body was like a smothered fire, full of ideas foreign to the humdrum little town, or her poor dame's school.

"She had been," says Mrs. Davis, "the only child of one of the foremost men of the country, and when she was a girl of sixteen was made the head of his house in Philadelphia, and had for her daily guests Washington and Franklin and the lesser political leaders. Her father was one of Burr's most relentless opponents. He went to Richmond, with all the rest of the world, to the trial of the arch traitor, taking his daughter with him. They were quartered at the hotel.

"When Burr was released, before the trial began, he called upon all the leading ladies of the town, among the rest upon the daughter of his chief enemy. Every morning thereafter he sent her a basket of choice roses. She had been taught to loathe and despise Burr and Benedict Arnold and Judas Iscariot alike, as brother traitors. But the roses and the man himself soon changed her.

" 'When the trial opened,' she told me, 'the best people of the country were in that old house. Burr's adherents were ranged on one side of the court-room, his enemies on the other. My dear, every woman there sat on Burr's side!'

" 'And you——?'

"Her brilliant eyes blazed under their white lashes. 'I was on the foremost row! My father saw me and came down from his place and led me back to the hotel. He was white with anger. He locked me in my room and kept me

there while the trial lasted. Fathers did such things in those days. I could do nothing for my new friend but pray for him, and I did it for days with cries and tears. How I hated the traitors who gave evidence against him—the friends he had trusted! For I believed Aaron Burr to be an innocent man and a great hero.' She lowered her voice and glanced around cautiously. 'And, my child, there are times when I believe it still!'

"Which was treason," adds Mrs Davis, in telling the story to her friends, "for pretty Kitty had married the man whose testimony had almost sent Burr to the gallows."

JOHN BURROUGHS

THE BEGINNINGS OF A NATURALIST

REO BENNETT relates this incident of a visit to John Burroughs, the famous naturalist:

We found him swinging in a hammock; and, as we approached, he rose to meet us, with the easy grace of a man who has in his day met many people. He bade us be seated on a rug spread out on a grassy bank beside the hammock, and his dogs, fearing that their master's greeting lacked somewhat in cordiality, leaped and tumbled over us till we felt like old members of the family and made so bold as to shout, "Lie down!"

He then told us, by way of starting conversation, how he and Laddie, a beautiful collie, a dog that could go after the cows, and, unassisted, bring the whole fifty-eight of them right to the barn,—how he and Laddie were walking in the pasture one afternoon, when bull, an arrogant fellow, roared a challenge over the wall to either one of them. "Well, we fixed him, didn't we, Laddie?" And Laddie's answer with bark and tail bade me to believe that there must be a good joke on the bull between master and dog.

He told us of a humming bird that had built a nest in a small apple tree just under his window, and how he had watched her and her eggs, and how, one day, when he looked in the nest, one egg was gone, and careful inspection revealed a black, hairless mass the size of a little finger nail that proved to be a newly hatched bird, and then how the second egg hatched, and the mother with her long needle-like bill fed them, and finally, one day flew away. The story, had it been of hair-raising adventure and narrow escapes, could not have held its audience better.

Then he spoke of a certain boy, Jay Gould by name, who sat behind him in the small, red schoolhouse, when he learned the rule of three.

"John and Jay," said an old fellow who attended the same school, "were not like the other boys. They learned their lessons easier, somehow or other, and at recess, instead of joining in the games, leaned against the side of the schoolhouse and looked on. John always knew where to find the largest trout; he could show you birds' nests, and name all the flowers. He was fond of reading, and would walk five miles to borrow a book. But then he was a lazy fellow on the farm. I guess he is yet, for that matter. John Burroughs is all right, though, and Roxbury is proud of the fact that it can claim him. We celebrated 'Burroughs Day' instead of Arbor Day here last spring, in the high-schoolhouse, in honor of him."

After Mr. Burroughs left the school, he attended an academy for a short time. It was there, he says, that he saw an author for the first time.

"I distinctly remember with what emotion I gazed upon him," he said, "and followed him about in the twilight, keeping on the other side of the street. He was of little account,—a man who had failed as a lawyer, and then had written a history of Poland, which I have never heard of since that time;

but to me he was the embodiment of the august spirit of authorship, and I looked upon him with more reverence and enthusiasm than I had ever before looked upon any man. I cannot divine why I should have stood in such worshipful fear and awe of this obscure individual, but I suppose it was the instinctive tribute of a timid and imaginative youth to a power he was just beginning to see,—or to feel,—the power of letters."

He says, in the latest edition of his famous work: "My first book, *Wake Robin,* was written while I was a government clerk in Washington. It enabled me to live over again the days I had passed with the birds, and in the scenes of my youth. I wrote the book while sitting at a desk in front of an iron wall. I was the keeper of a vault in which many millions of bank-notes were stored. During my long periods of leisure, I took refuge in my pen. How my mind reacted from the iron wall in front of me, and sought solace in memories of the birds and of summer fields and woods!"

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER

"THE LATE UNPLEASANTNESS"

EVERY one is familiar with the term, "the late unpleasantness," as denoting the war between the States, but there are few who know that it was coined by none other than the late General Benjamin F. Butler. The late Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett, of Washington, used to tell the story somewhat as follows:

At a dinner given in Washington by Caleb Cushing shortly after the war, General Butler and Doctor Garnett were invited guests. Doctor Garnett was detained by his professional duties and did not come in until late. When he entered the dining-room General Butler was speaking, and, by way of contributing to the general good humor of the evening, the

Union General took occasion, in the course of his remarks to refer to the war as "the late rebellion."

Doctor Garnett, who was then one of the leading physicians of Washington, had been Surgeon-General of the Confederate army and private physician to Jefferson Davis. Unless Robert Toombs, of Georgia, might be excepted, there was never a more unreconstructed rebel than Doctor Garnett. When the ex-Confederate heard General Butler's remark he was on his feet in an instant.

"There was no rebellion, sir!" he cried. "There was no one to rebel against. We were free-born American citizens, fighting for what we thought was right. Fate was against us and we surrendered in good faith. I permit no man to say in my presence that we were rebels."

General Butler bowed. "I regret extremely having given offense to a fellow-guest," he said, smiling. "If I may be permitted by my host and by Doctor Garnett I will withdraw my epithet. Instead of the rebellion we will call it the late unpleasantness."

Doctor Garnett's keen sense of humor rose to the occasion, and he smiled, in spite of himself, at General Butler's adroitness.

JOSEPH G. CANNON

HOW "UNCLE JO" LOST THE SENATORSHIP

AFTER Joseph G. Cannon had been defeated in the contest for the Senatorship from Illinois, the crops of Washington correspondents gathered *en masse* at his hotel to interview him. There were many veiled allusions as to what had happened in the Illinois legislature, and finally one of the correspondents mustered up courage to ask him outright:—

"Now, Uncle Jo, tell us just why you were defeated?"

The other correspondents looked aghast at their colleague.

Mr. Cannon seized the inquirer by the arm, led him away from the group, and then, leaning close to his ear, whispered in a stage tone that could be heard throughout the small hotel corridor, "I didn't have votes enough."

The roar of laughter had hardly subsided when Representative Rodenberg, at one time a member of the United States Civil Service Commission and now Representative-elect to Congress, declared:—

"I'll tell you the truth, boys, Cannon got to be too much of an aristocrat for his farmer legislators."

The assertion was received with surprise by those who knew Mr. Cannon so well for his democratic manner of wearing his clothes and appearing on the floor of the house as well as in his committee room at the capitol, and the affable and hearty way which he has of meeting his friends with a slap on the back and a hearty laugh.

"It's true," urged Rodenberg, "I heard him make a speech in the caucus, and there he was shouting 'either' and 'neither' and sounding the 'ei' in that long accented way so affected, it is popularly believed out in Illinois, only by aristocrats. I knew that Cannon's race was lost."

A DEAL IN OVERCOATS

Joseph G Cannon, Speaker of the House of Representatives, is not as careful about the details of his dress as some other members of Congress. Since his elevation to his present position he has paid more attention to his apparel than he did when he was merely one of the many on the floor, but even now he forgets sometimes to the extent of leaving a few inches of waistcoat unbuttoned or a cravat crawling up to his ear instead of keeping under his chin. A few days before Congress adjourned, he appeared in a brand new suit, the fit and general style of which indicated the work of a finished and up-to-date tailor. This had the effect of reviving a story of the old

days when he did not even dream, perhaps, of occupying the seat made notable by Crisp and Reed. "Uncle Joe," as he is familiarly called, has always been economical, and firmly believes that a dollar saved is a dollar earned. One of his methods of laying up money along these lines used to be to buy ready-made clothing, and to pay not more than fifteen dollars for a suit or an overcoat. The result was sometimes too marked to be altogether acceptable to the members of his family, and ultimately his daughters worked out a plan which they thought would solve all the various problems involved. The scheme was simply to go to the clothing store where their father traded, deposit a certain sum of money with the proprietor, and instruct him to bring out his best stock when his distinguished customer called, but to say or do nothing that would give him a hint that the clothing displayed for his inspection was not his favorite fifteen-dollar grade. Then, if he chanced to select a suit worth forty-five dollars, he paid his fifteen dollars, and the remaining thirty dollars was taken from the amount deposited by his daughters. All went well until some of the neighbors were let into the secret. One day "Uncle Joe" came proudly down the street wearing a handsome new overcoat for which he had just paid fifteen dollars, but for which the storekeeper had also deducted an additional thirty-five dollars from the trust fund. A friend who had become acquainted with the *modus operandi* of the deal met him and expressed excessive admiration for the new garment.

"Yes, it's a fine coat," said Mr. Cannon. "Only cost me fifteen dollars, too."

"You don't say!" was the friend's response. "Why, I'll give you twenty-five dollars for it!"

"Uncle Joe" remembered that while at the store he had seen several coats exactly like his, which the salesman had told him were held at the same price, and not being averse to picking up ten dollars with so little effort, said, "I'll go you."

The exchange was quickly effected. While walking on towards his office, "Uncle Joe" met one of his daughters. She scolded him for exposing himself to the weather without an overcoat, and, thereupon, he told her the story of his recent deal. Then he sauntered on to the store and purchased another coat like the first for fifteen dollars.

"You don't know your business," he said to the tailor, as he related the sale of the first garment; "you're selling these coats too cheap."

"I think you'd make a better tradesman than a politician," said the tailor, in reply.

But the grizzled wielder of the nation's gavel did not see the joke until, some time later, his daughter told him the secret.

HOW "UNCLE JO" BROKE WITH THE QUAKERS

Tradition has it that Cannon's break with the Society of Friends occurred many years ago, when an influential member came to expostulate with him on his marriage with one of the world's people.

"Friend Joseph," said his venerable visitor, "thee knows what the good Book says about being unequally yoked with unbelievers. The Friends everywhere feel much distressed over thy rash step, and hope that mature thought will bring thee to a better frame of mind, and that thee will say as much at the next meeting."

To this excellent person's astonishment, Friend Joseph, instead of receiving his admonition with becoming meekness of spirit, opened a rhetorical crater long supposed extinct, and in slow and measured periods put forth some of the carnal man's most unprintable language. He concluded with the declaration: "If you mean that I am to get up in meeting and say I'm sorry I married Mary, I won't do it. I'm not sorry, and I won't say that I am!" This ended the interview, and launched the young lawyer as a full-armored worldling.

USED TO CRITICISM

One day the late Colonel Macdonald, Commissioner of Fisheries, came before the Committee to explain his estimates, and was riddled with interrogatories by the Chairman, as usual. The next morning a yellow journal published a sensational attack on the administration of the Fish Commission, and the Senate voted to have an investigation. The Commissioner, an honest man unused to this sort of treatment, became terribly alarmed lest these incidents should affect the temper of the House Committee on Appropriations. After a sleepless night he sought Cannon and made a clean breast of his fears. With no change of countenance, Cannon asked:

"When you were before our Committee, you told us what you needed for the coming year, and why you needed it, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Did we tell you you couldn't have it?"

"No."

"Then go home and take your full night's rest in comfort. We base our appropriations on our own judgement, not on newspaper attacks. Why, my good friend"—his face relaxing into a broad smile as he laid his hand on Colonel Macdonald's shoulder—"I've got to such a point that if I go through a week without being caricatured or lampooned, I really miss it. I feel as if I must have suddenly lost my grip, or done something I ought to be ashamed of."

ANDREW CARNEGIE

THE TURTLE WHO WON THE RACE

WHEN Andrew Carnegie's parents first came to America from Scotland, they went to East Liverpool, Ohio, to stay with some relatives. Their son was about fourteen years old at the time, and was an object of considerable interest to

the boys of the neighborhood. He made many friends among them, and after the family had moved to Allegheny, Pennsylvania, often returned to East Liverpool to visit some of his playmates.

On one occasion, when he was sixteen years old, he went with his cousin to visit William and Michael Fisher, who lived on a farm about half a mile from the town. The four boys spent some time in examining the pet rabbits and other objects of interest, and, at length, when they were all standing at the top of a grassy slope, William Fisher challenged Carnegie to a foot race. "Well," said Andrew, "you're a lot taller than I am, and your legs are longer, and I believe you can beat me, but I'll race you, just the same."

The two boys started, and, as Andrew had foreseen, the Fisher boy easily outran him. The little Scotchman was by no means discouraged because the chances seemed all against him, but kept running. About half way down the slope the Fisher boy stopped, considering it useless to run further. To his surprise, Carnegie continued his pace, and arrived at the bottom far ahead of him. "That's not fair," said Fisher, "because I stopped."

"Yes, I knew you'd stop," said Carnegie, in reply, "and that's the reason I kept on running. Have you ever heard the fable of the turtle and the hare?"

MR. CARNEGIE WAS BUSY WITH AFRICA

A crank of the gentler sort recently wrote to Andrew Carnegie, calling his attention to the fact that the Eskimo could not advance morally and intellectually so long as they had to expend all their energy in keeping warm and seeking food; therefore it was the clear duty of their neighbors further south to aid them in overcoming the disadvantage of their *habitat*. To this end the writer proposed that Mr. Carnegie equip a fleet of coal-laden steamers, which, during the summer

months, should cruise along the Greenland coast, leaving supplies of coal wherever needed for winter consumption. Stoves, cooking utensils, etc., were also to be given to the natives.

Mr. Carnegie dictated the following letter to his secretary:

"DEAR SIR:—Yours is received. I am considering a plan to supply the natives of Equatorial Africa with ice cream and electric fans, hence I can not entertain your excellent proposition just now."

CARNEGIE AT THE FOOT OF THE LADDER

When the Carnegies arrived in America, they settled in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Two days after their arrival there, "Andy" Carnegie secured his first position.

His father's means were so limited that the family could not exist on them; and, when "Andy" came home and said that he had secured work as a bobbin-boy in a linen factory, at one dollar and twenty cents a week, his parents felt that they could find some happiness in their new home. Young Carnegie was so proud of his achievement that he made up his mind at once that he was going to make a success of life.

His next step was to secure a position for his father in the same factory. Young Andrew quickly showed that he had a liking for machinery, and he was given charge of a stationary engine in the factory. For nearly two years he kept this position,—oily, begrimed, and wearing overalls,—and then he sought something with a higher motive, and became a messenger boy for the Atlantic and Ohio Telegraph Company, of Pittsburg.

This, in Mr. Carnegie's mind, was his best move. After long and successful years, Mr. Carnegie wrote of this change:

"My entrance into the telegraph office was a transition from darkness to light, from firing a small engine in a dirty cellar, to a clean office where there were books and papers and a chance to advance. That was paradise to me, and I bless the

stars that sent me to be a messenger in a telegraph office."

The stars may have had something to do with it, but there was a stronger power to guide the boy to better things, and that power was James Reid, the superintendent of the company. To-day, Mr. Reid is a worthy citizen of New York, and he says that he can remember distinctly the first day that Andrew Carnegie went to work.

"He was so determined," says Mr. Reid, recalling the day, "that I became interested in him at once. He seemed to have determination written on his face. His eagerness to work and learn were very noticeable. Before he had been with me a month, he asked to be taught telegraphy. When I consented, he spent all his spare time in practice, transmitting and receiving by sound, and not by tape. He was the third operator in the United States to read the Morse signals by sound."

While he was employed by Mr. Reid, his father died, and he became the breadwinner for his mother and his younger brother, Thomas. He took up the duty with a light heart, and determined, a few years later, that he would not marry as long as his mother lived. He kept his word. His mother lived to enjoy the fruits of her son's early successes. In 1886, she passed away, and Thomas Carnegie followed her soon after.

One year in the employ of the Atlantic and Ohio Telegraph Company made Andrew Carnegie an expert operator. It was soon after his fifteenth birthday that the superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company said to Mr. Reid:

"We need a telegraph operator. Do you know a good one?"

"There's a young man in my office named Carnegie," said Mr. Reid, "who shows that he wants to work. He might suit you."

It so happened that the superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad needed, particularly, a man who "wanted to work." He told Mr. Reid to send Carnegie to him.

In his new position, Andrew Carnegie further showed his "stick-to-it-iveness." He quickly mastered the details of train-dispatching, and was promoted to the headquarters of the company, and, soon after, became superintendent of the western division of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. He was then but twenty-four years old.

AN HONEST ANSWER

During his recent visit to Washington, Andrew Carnegie had occasion to send a mesenger boy with a note to the chairman of the committee charged with the inaugural ceremonies in connection with the new Carnegie Library in that city. As the distance from the hotel to the library is considerable, the boy was obliged to consume the larger part of two hours before he could return with the answer. When he had come back the millionaire asked how much the boy charged for his services. The lad stuttered badly. "Fi-fi-fi-fi-fifteen c-c-cents," was his gasping reply.

"Why didn't you make it a quarter?" asked Mr. Carnegie.

"B-b-b-b-b-because," painfully stammered the boy, "I c-c-c-c-c-could-could-couldn't s-s-ssay it."

GEORGE W. CHILDS

HOW HE BOUGHT THE "PUBLIC LEDGER"

WHEN William M. Swain was foreman of the printing department of the New York *Sun*, at a salary of fifteen dollars a week, he probably never dreamed that one day he would be able to sell the *Public Ledger*, of Philadelphia, for $1,000,000. While working for the *Sun*, Mr. Swain became sick. When he returned to work, there was a dispute over his salary, and he resigned in disgust. With A. S. Abell and Azariah H. Simmons, he went to Philadelphia, and, on March 25, 1836, the *Ledger* made its appearance. Mr. Swain

was a journalist of the aggressive type, and, although his paper was only nine by thirteen and one-half inches in size, it soon became known as "the sheet with the chronic temper." This was because of the editor's policy of "roasting" everything that didn't suit him. He came out strongly for abolition, and thrice his office was mobbed,—and once it was almost annihilated.

One day there walked into the office a natty-looking youth who desired to rent an office in the *Ledger* Building. He said his name was George W. Childs, and that he was a publisher. Young Childs was immediately impressed with the magnitude of the *Ledger* and, a few days later, he met Mr. Swain in front of the building, and said:—

"Mr. Swain, some day I would like to buy your paper."

Mr. Swain glared at the bold young man, and replied: "You'll have gray hairs before you do."

Mr. Childs kept that one idea in his head,—the ownership of the *Ledger*. He worked diligently, and his business succeeded. Sixteen years later, while looking over his bank account, he came to the conclusion that he was prepared for the great object of his life. That day was December 3, 1864. When he entered Mr. Swain's office, that gentleman had no idea of selling his property; but, half an hour later, Childs was occupying his desk, and Mr. Swain was trudging toward his bank to place a million dollars to his credit.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE

"THESE GENTLEMEN ARE VAMPIRES"

ONCE, when he was defending a suit against a large corporation, the plaintiff's counsel, a well-known New York lawyer, raked Mr. Choate's clients fore and aft in the good old-fashioned style of invective, denouncing them as "vampires, monsters that feed on the blood of the people," and so forth.

The jury was evidently impressed, and the orator, after a final broadside from his heaviest batteries, sat down in triumph. Mr. Choate had been leaning back at ease in his chair with his hands in his pockets. He rose to reply with a pleasant smile upon his handsome face.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said in quiet tones, "do you know what a vampire really is? Look at the Quaker gentleman who is the president of the defendant company—sitting there with a gray suit and a white neckcloth. Look at the seemingly inoffensive young man sitting beside him—his secretary. You thought vampires were something terrible when Brother Parsons described them; but can it be so? For these gentlemen are vampires!"

The whole court-room smiled, and the effect of the opposing lawyers' ponderous artillery was undone.

A HINT TO THE JUDGE

And with all his velvet gentleness of method, he never lacked fighting power or the ability to assert himself. He was making the closing speech in an important case before the local Supreme Court when the judge wheeled round in his chair and began to talk to a friend. The lawyer ceased speaking. The justice, noticing the silence, looked inquiringly at him.

"Your honor," said Choate, "I have just forty minutes in which to make my final argument. I shall not only need every second of that time to do it justice, but I shall also need your undivided attention."

The undivided attention was secured; but only a lawyer can fully understand how much courage was needed to deliver so dignified a rebuke to the potentate on the bench.

HIS SECOND CHOICE

The stories told of Mr. Choate are countless. He is one of those picturesque figures about whom stories cluster. Some

of them, no doubt, belong rightfully to other celebrities; but he has originated witticisms enough to fill a volume. Here is one of his best, a typical flash of his epigrammatic philosophy:

Some one asked him who he would choose to be, if he were not Joseph H. Choate.

"Mrs. Choate's second husband," was the instantaneous reply.

"A LITTLE LOWER THAN THE ANGELS"

The same fine courtesy, which is characteristic of the man, showed in the sentence with which he began a speech at a public dinner, when he glanced at the gallery above him and saw that it was full of ladies.

"Now," he said, "I understand the meaning of the scriptural phrase, 'Thou madest man a little lower than the angels.'"

RUFUS CHOATE

RUFUS CHOATE, the great lawyer, was in many respects one of the most lovable characters in American history. He was remarkable during his youth for the same sweetness of temper, and quick sense of the ludicrous, which he carried with him through life. He was easily persuaded to a particular course of conduct by his mother or sisters, and could not bear to grieve them; if he could not carry his point by good-natured pleasantry he would yield with the best grace in the world. By the same humor, he sometimes warded off reproof, even when justly merited.

TURNING REBUKE TO LAUGHTER

An older sister was once beginning to admonish him for something which he had done, which was clearly wrong. He saw it coming and was determined to break the force of it.

While she was bestowing the rebuke with the earnestness which the offence seemed to deserve, happening to raise her eyes, she saw him standing with his right hand up by the side of his head, in the attitude of a person to whom an oath is administered, and with a face of extraordinary demureness and solemnity. The sight of him in this roguish position put an end at once to the lecture and to the feeling which prompted it. The loudest of laughs ended the scene.

A MIDNIGHT JOURNEY

On one very stormy night during his residence in Danvers, he was called upon, at a late hour, to draw the will of a dying man who lived several miles distant. He went, performed the service, and returned home. But after going to bed, as he lay revolving in his mind each provision of the paper he had so rapidly prepared, there flashed across his memory an omission that might possibly cause the testator's intention to be misunderstood. He sprang from his bed and began dressing himself rapidly, to the great surprise of his wife, only answering her inquiries by saying that he had done what must be undone, and in the thick of the storm, rode again to his dying client, explained the reason of his return, and drew a codicil to the will which made everything sure. He related this in after-life in illustration of a remark, that sometimes, years after a case had been tried, he would feel a pang of reproach that he had not urged some argument which at that moment flashed across his mind. He always thought his lost cases over again, to see if he could find any argument whereby he might have gained them.

THE TURKEY CASE

Many stories are told of his ingenuity and success as a criminal lawyer. One of the most characteristic was that told of a man by the name of Jefferds, indicted for stealing a flock

of turkeys. "We had this case," says a distinguished member of the bar, "at every term of court for a year or more, and the inquiry used to be 'When are the turkeys coming on?' The proofs accumulated on the part of the government at each successive trial. The County Attorney, a man of experience and ability, fortified himself on every point, and piled proof upon proof at each successive trial, but all without success. The voice of the charmer was too powerful for his proofs, and at each trial—three or four in all, I forget which—there was one dissenting juror. The case at last became famous in the county, and in the vacations of the court the inquiry was often heard, 'When is the turkey case coming on again?' and persons would come from different parts of the county on purpose to hear that trial. Here the theatre was still larger. It was the county, the native county, of the already distinguished advocate. I heard those trials. One was in old Ipswich in December, I think—a leisure season—within four miles of the spot where the orator was born. They came up from Essex,—old Chebacco,—the old and the young men of the town. Representatives, more or less, from the whole body of the county, were present, and the court-house was crowded with delighted and astonished listeners. I remember how they all hung upon him, spellbound by his eloquence, and I verily believe these bystanders would have acquitted by a majority vote: but the jury, bound by their oaths to return a true verdict according to the evidence, would not do so; but still there was one dissenting juror; and finally the prosecuting officer, in utter despair, after the third or fourth trial, entered a *nolle prosequi*, and thus the turkeys were turned or driven out of court. I have heard that this alleged turkey-thief years afterward called on Mr. Choate at his office in Boston. Mr. Choate did not recollect him, which greatly surprised the old client, and he said, 'Why, Mr. Choate, I'm the man you plead so for in the turkey case, when they couldn't find anything

agin me.' There had been only forty-four good and true men against him (if there were four trials, and I believe there were), without including twenty-three more of the grand jury!"

"A LITTLE PATERNAL STRETCHING"

The power of presenting things in a ludicrous aspect, by an odd turn of expression or a laughable exaggeration, was exhibited at this early period no less decidedly than in later life, and was equally effective in attracting attention. A mischievous boy had proved very troublesome to a man by the name of Adams, by letting down the bars of his pasture, destroying the fences, and similar misdeeds. Adams one day caught him at his tricks, and not being in a very humane or careful mood, seized and swung him around by the hair of his head. The father of the boy prosecuted Adams, and Mr. Choate defended him. In the course of the argument, he characterized the act as "a little paternal stretching of the neck, which perchance may save this forward lad from a final and a more eventful stretching." The jury seems to have agreed with him for it promptly acquitted his client.

CHARMED BY THE MUSIC OF HIS VOICE

It was in the House of Representatives at Washington that Benjamin Hardin,—"Old Ben Hardin,"—as he was called, of Kentucky, heard Mr. Choate for the first time. I give it in the words of one who was present. "Mr. Hardin was an old stager in politics, a strong-minded, though somewhat rough individual, who was not disposed to much leniency in his criticisms of the efforts of younger members. He was, like Mr. Choate, Whig in politics; and several days, or perhaps weeks, after the speech of Mr. Choate, he made an elaborate argument on the same question, and on the same side. At the outset of his remarks he stated that it was his uniform

rule not to listen to speeches upon the same side of a question that he intended to discuss, as he wished to be conscious of feeling that no part of his argument had been anticipated by others, 'but,' said he, 'I was compelled to depart from this rule once during this debate. The member from Massachusetts rose to speak, and, in accordance with my custom, I took my hat to leave, lingering a moment just to notice the tone of his voice and the manner of his speech. But that moment was fatal to my resolution. I became charmed by the music of his voice, and was captivated by the power of his eloquence, and found myself wholly unable to move until the last word of his beautiful speech had been uttered."

LAWYER'S VACATION

He once told Judge Warren that he was going to write a book. "Ah," said the Judge, "what is it to be?"—"Well," replied Mr. Choate, "I've got as far as the title-page and a motto."—"What are they?"—"The subject is *The Lawyer's Vacation,* the motto—I've forgotten. But I shall show that the lawyer's vacation is the space between the question put to a witness and his answer!"

RUFUS CHOATE'S BOLDNESS AS A LAWYER

A distinguished lawyer often associated with him, relates this story: "In an insurance case we were for the plaintiff. A vessel had been insured for a year, with a warranty that she should not go north of the Okhotsk Sea. Within the year she was burned north of the limits of the Okhotsk Sea proper, but south of the extreme limits of some of that sea's adjacent gulfs. The defendant set up that there was no loss within the limits of the policy; and numerous witnesses had been summoned by both parties,—on our side to show that by merchants the Okhotsk Sea was considered to include the bays and gulfs; on the other side, to prove the contrary. A pro-

tracted trial was expected, and everything had been prepared. As we were walking to the court-house, he said, 'Why should we prove that we were not north of that sea?—why not let them prove that we were? What do you think of it?'—'It seems to be the right way, certainly,' said I. 'Let us do it,—open the case on that idea.' I did so, and put on the mate to prove the burning at a certain time within the year. No cross-examination followed, and we rested our case. The other side were dumbfounded. They had expected that we should be at least two days putting in our case on the other theory, and had no witnesses at hand. They fought our plan stoutly; but the Court was with us, and they were obliged to submit to a verdict in our favor. The case lasted one hour."

CHILDLIKE IN MONEY MATTERS

"I remember," says a gentleman who studied with him, "that one morning he came rushing into his office for $500, remarking, in his sportive way, 'My kingdom for $500; have I got it?' He went to his blue bank-book, looked at it, and said, "Not a dollar, not a dollar,' and was going out, either to borrow or collect, when I stopped him. The old book had been filled, and the teller had given him a new one without entering in it the amount to his credit, the month not being ended when the accounts were usually balanced. I showed him the old book, and there was a balance in his favor of $1,200. He looked surprised, and said, 'Thank God.' But if the $1,200 had disappeared, he never would have been the wiser."

ESTABLISHING A PRECEDENT

During a trial, Mr. Choate was pressing the Court to make what he thought a very equitable and necessary order in relation to taking a certain deposition. The Court, finding no

precedent for it, suggested that the matter be suspended till next day, "and then," added the Judge, "I will make the order if you shall be able to furnish me with any precedent for such a proceeding." "I will look, your Honor," replied Mr. Choate, in his most deferential manner, "and endeavor to find a precedent, if you require it; though it would seem to be a pity that the Court should lose the honor of being the first to establish so just a rule."

AN EFFECTIVE APOLOGY

In replying to a lawyer who had been addressing the Court in a loud and almost boisterous manner, Mr. Choate referred playfully to his "stentorian powers." To his surprise, however, the counsel took it in dudgeon, and as soon as possible rose to protest against the hostile assault. "He had not been aware of anything in his mode of address which would justify such an epithet; he thought it unusual and undeserved," etc., etc. Going on thus, his voice unconsciously soon rose again to its highest key, and rung through the court-house as if he were haranguing an army; when Mr. Choate half rose, and stretching out his hand with a deprecatory gesture, said, in the blandest tones, "One word, may it please the Court, only one word, if my brother will allow. I see my mistake. I beg leave to retract what I said!" The effect was irresistible. The counsel was silent; the Court and spectators convulsed with laughter.

TOO HIGH A COMPLIMENT

Rufus Choate seldom lost his self-possession. He seemed to have the surest mastery of himself in the moment of greatest excitement. He was never beside himself with passion or anxiety, and seldom disconcerted by any accident or unexpected posture of affairs,—so very seldom indeed, that the one or two cases where he was slightly so, were never forgotten by his

friends. One instance occurred in the trial of a question of salvage. It was the case of the *Missouri,* an American vessel, stranded on the coast of Sumatra, with specie on board. The master of the stranded vessel, one Dixey, and Pitman, the master of the vessel that came to her aid, agreed together to embezzle the greater part of the specie, and pretend that they had been robbed of it by the Malays. Mr. Choate was cross-examining Dixey very closely to get out of him the exact time and nature of the agreement. The witness said that Pitman proposed the scheme, and that he objected to it, among other reasons, as dangerous. To which, he said, Pitman made a suggestion intended to satisfy him. Mr. Choate insisted on knowing what that suggestion was. The witness hesitated at giving it. Mr. Choate was peremptory, and the scene became interesting. "Well," said Dixey, at last, "if you must know, he said that if any trouble came of it we could have Rufus Choate to defend us, and he would get us off if we were caught with the money in our boots." It was several minutes before the Court could go on with the business, as the Judge had to rap vigorously for order.

DELICIOUS IRONY

In the case of Shaw vs. the Boston & Worcester Railroad, which was contested with a good deal of feeling, coming to the close of his argument, he said, turning round and facing the president of the road, "My friends, the President and Directors of the Boston & Worcester Railroad, honorable and high-minded men as I know them to be, have probably considered that they should not be justified in paying to the plaintiff the large sum of money claimed in this case without the protection of a judgment in a suit at law; but I have no doubt, gentlemen, if you establish the liability, every one of them would lay his hand on his heart and say, 'Give her all that she asks, and God bless her!'"

A DROLL ARGUMENT

In an argument before a committee of the Legislature in 1860, in behalf of the petitioners for a railroad from Salem to Malden, he drew one of those pictures with which he was accustomed to amuse, but, also, much more than merely to amuse, a jury. One argument in favor of the new road was, that it would enable travelers to avoid the East Boston Ferry, and to gain in speed. In reply, the beauties of the prospect in the harbor, and the pleasure of meeting friends on the boat, were referred to, as an offset.

"The learned though somewhat fanciful gentleman," said Mr. Choate, "has eloquently set forth the delight which must be felt by all in catching an occasional glimpse of the harbor, as they cross in the boat; as if the people of Danvers, Lynn, or Saugus, would care to gaze upon the threadbare beauties of Boston Harbor. Unfortunately, too, for the gentleman's case, it so happens that these same people have compelled this company to arch their boat all over, and wall it up all round, so that nothing at all can be seen. Then the delight of meeting and shaking hands with an old friend! Conceive, gentlemen, the pastoral, touching, pathetic picture of two Salem gentlemen, who have been in the habit of seeing each other a dozen times a day for the last twenty-five years, almost rushing into each other's arms on board the ferry-boat;—what transport! We can only regret that such felicity should be so soon broken up by the necessity of running a race against time, or fighting with each other for a seat in the cars."

WINSTON CHURCHILL

LIGHT ON THE LITERARY LIFE

ON the recommendation of a Concord charitable organization, Winston Churchill, the author, recently took a man to work on his place up in New Hampshire. Mr.

Churchill struggled with the fellow for some time, but found that it was hopeless. The only things in which he gained were laziness and self-satisfaction. Finally Mr. Churchill discharged him. The man took his dismissal with a jaunty air which was rather nettling.

"You seem pleased," observed Mr. Churchill, with a touch of sarcasm.

"Oh, I ain't worrying," returned the man. "Guess I shan't starve."

"Indeed? I'm not so sure about that. Perhaps you won't mind mentioning what you expect to do."

"No objections," answered the man easily. "If the wust comes to the wust I shall take up book-writing. I've discovered that it don't require such an all-fired smart man as I used to think it did."

WILLIAM F. CODY

GOOD SECURITY

"BUFFALO BILL" was once exhibiting in Boston, and while giving a little reception at his tent at the close of the afternoon performance he was approached by a young man and his mother. After a moment of embarrassment on the lady's part she said:

"Do you consider that you give a true picture of Western life?"

"We try to, madam," answered Mr. Cody.

"The people really ride around and shoot in that terrific manner, do they?" she continued.

"Well, yes; on occasion," he replied, rather more guardedly.

"I never suspected it," went on the lady in some agitation. "Most of the money left me by my husband is invested in the West, but I now feel doubtful about allowing any more of it to go there."

"Is it secured by first-class real estate mortgage?"

"I believe so."

"Madam," said Cody with confidence, "do not give yourself the least uneasiness. In all my experience with the West, I have never yet seen a first mortgage on real estate riding a bucking bronco, shooting up the town, or doing anything except grimly drawing its twelve per cent. per annum. I wish I owned a million of 'em."

BUFFALO BILL IN PARIS

Marshall P. Wilder relates these interesting stories of association with Buffalo Bill in the French capital:

When the "Wild West" Company first went to Paris I was one of "Buffalo Bill's" guests for several weeks. The Paris shopkeepers and theatre managers had heard of the enormous success of the "Wild West" in England, and some of those who feared it might divert money which otherwise would find its way into their pockets arranged for a powerful *clacque* on the opening day—not to applaud, but to disturb the performance, and discourage Cody so that he would leave the city.

They did not know their man, so they had only their expense for their pains. Besides, even a Paris mob, which is said to be the meanest in the world, would think twice before "demonstrating" much in the face of an arena full of Indians and crack shots. The performance went on with little or no annoyance; but after it ended a great crowd burst into the ring and almost caused a riot. Suddenly another French peculiarity was manifested: a single gendarme worked his way to the centre of the crowd and fired a bullet from his pistol. In an instant the multitude dispersed. The worst of the French people respect the majesty of the law—when it is backed by firearms.

I soon duplicated, as well as I could, the Colonel's scout costume, which he always wore on the streets as an advertise-

ment. I, too, appeared in buckskin trousers, fringed leggins, an animated mushroom; but the Parisians were quick to note the resemblance and to dub me "*le petit* Buffalo Bill."

One morning the Colonel went out to be shaved and asked me to accompany him. As we both were dressed in "Wild West" costume, to which the Colonel had added a pair of pistols and a knife, a large crowd followed and lingered about the shop we entered. A Parisian shopkeeper generally has his wife with him, to act as cashier and general manager, and the barber to whom we had gone had a chic and attractive wife, regarding whom Cody and I exchanged admiring remarks in English, at the risk of the barber understanding us and becoming disagreeable.

Then Cody seated himself and asked the barber: "Do you speak English?"

"*Non, m'sieur,*" with apologetic eyebrows and shoulders.

The Colonel thrust his hands into his long brown curls, and said: "I want you to put a little oil on my hair and rub it in; *compre?*"

"*Oui, oui, m'sieur.*"

Then Bill asked: "Marsh, what is French for shave?"

My French was as limited as his, so I replied: "*Razoo,*" I guess."

"And I want you to *razoo* my face."

"*Oui, oui, m'sieur.*"

The barber shaved his customer; but he had mistaken the sign-language of Cody's first order, for he raised a pair of shears to clip the Colonel's long hair—one of his most treasured possessions and features—in fact, like Samson of Biblical fame, his hair was the secret of his strength. Just as the barber lifted a lock and poised the shears for the first snip, Bill saw the situation in a mirror. With a cow-boy yell that would have made a Comanche Indian green with envy, he sprang from the chair to save his hair.

The barber, who had been working with bated breath, appalled by the savage appearance of his customer, dropped his shears, and his knees shook, as, with chattering teeth, he begged for mercy. The wife's screams added to the confusion, the lingering crowd pressed in, and was reinforced by a gendarme, who began a rapid fire of questions in excited French. No explanations that were offered in either tongue were comprehended by the parties who spoke the other language, and as the barber seemed consumed with a desire to get rid of us we hurried away in a cab, the barber's wife following us with imprecations—and she so pretty, too!

One day while the show was in Paris, we saw a distinguished-looking man pressing against the rope stretched around Colonel Cody's tent. When he found opportunity he said, in excellent English: "Pardon me, Colonel Cody; but I should like to speak to you. I have many friends in your great country—a country for which I have a sincere admiration."

"I am very glad to see you," the Colonel replied wearily—he had heard this same speech so often!

"My name is Bartholdi," modestly replied the sculptor, whose magnificent statue, "Liberty Enlightening the World," endeared him to Americans. From the moment he made himself known to Cody he "owned the show."

ADVENTURE WITH A HIGHWAYMAN

While Cody was still a boy he was riding on the Pony Express Line. One day, as he flew around a bend in a narrow pass, he confronted a huge revolver in the grasp of a man who manifestly meant business, and whose salutation was:

"Halt! Throw up your hands!"

Most people do, and Will's hands were raised reluctantly. The highwayman advanced, saying, not unkindly:

"I don't want to hurt you, boy, but I do want them bags."

Money packages were in the saddlebags, and Will was

minded to save them if he could, so, as the outlaw reached for the booty, Will touched the pony with his foot, and the upshot was satisfactory to an unexpected degree. The plunge upset the robber, and as the pony swept over him he got a vicious blow from one hoof. Will wheeled for a revolver duel, but the foe was prostrate, stunned, and bleeding at the head. Will disarmed the fellow, and pinioned his arms behind him, and then tied up his broken head. Will surmised that the prisoner must have a horse hidden near by, and a bit of a search disclosed it. When he returned with the animal, its owner had opened his eyes and was beginning to remember a few things. Will helped him to mount, and out of pure kindness tied him on; then he straddled his own pony, and towed the dismal outfit along with him.

It was the first time that he had been behind on his run, but by way of excuse he offered to the station agent a broken-headed and dejected gentleman tied to a horse's back; and the agent with a grin, locked the excuse up for future reference.

TOO QUICK FOR THE INDIAN

One day the station boss of the Pony Express Line hailed Cody with the information:

"There's Injun sign about; so keep your eyes open."

"I'm on the watch, boss," was Will's answer, as he exchanged ponies and dashed away.

The trail ran through a grim wild. It was darkened by mountains, overhung with cliffs, and fringed with monster pines. The young rider's every sense had been sharpened by frontier dangers. Each dusky rock and tree was scanned for signs of lurking foes as he clattered down the twilight track.

One large bowlder lay in plain view far down the valley, and for a second he saw a dark object appear above it.

He kept his course until within rifle-shot, and then suddenly swerved away in an oblique line. The ambush had

failed, and a puff of smoke issued from behind the bowlder. Two braves, in gorgeous war paint, sprang up, and at the same time a score of whooping Indians rode out of timber on the other side of the valley.

Before Will the mountains sloped to a narrow pass; could he reach that he would be comparatively safe. The Indians at the bowlder were unmounted, and though they were fleet of foot, he easily left them behind. The mounted reds were those to be feared, and the chief rode a very fleet pony. As they neared the pass, Will saw that it was life against life. He drew his revolver, and the chief, for his part, fitted an arrow to his bow.

Will was a shade the quicker. His revolver cracked, and the warrior pitched dead from his saddle. His fall was a signal for a shower of arrows, one of which wounded the pony slightly; but the station was reached on time.

A STAGE DRIVER'S EXPERIENCE

While Cody was driving stage between the Mississippi and Rocky Mountains he was taken aside by the agent one day, and advised that a small fortune was going by the coach that trip, and extra vigilance was urged, as the existence of the treasure might have become known.

"I'll do the best I can," said Will; and he had scarcely driven away when he suspected the two ill-favored passengers he carried. The sudden calling away of the conductor, whereby he was left alone, was a suspicious circumstance. He properly decided that it would be wiser for him to hold up his passengers than to let them hold up him, and he proceeded to take time by the forelock. He stopped the coach, jumped down, and examined the harness as if something was wrong; then he stepped to the coach door and asked his passengers to hand him a rope that was inside. As they complied, they looked into the barrels of two cocked revolvers.

"Hands up!" said Will.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded one of the pair, as their arms were raised.

"Thought I'd come in first—that's all," was the answer.

The other was not without appreciation of humor.

"You're a cute one, youngster," said he, "but you'll find more'n your match down the road, or I miss my guess."

"I'll look after that when I get to it," said Will. "Will you oblige me by tying your friend's hands? Thank you. Now throw out your guns. That all? All right. Let me see your hands."

When both outlaws had been securely trussed up and proved to be disarmed, the journey was resumed. The remark dropped by one of the pair was evidence that they were part of the gang. Young Cody knew he must reach the relay station before the attack. If he could do that, he had a plan for farther on.

The relay station was not far away, and was safely reached. The prisoners were turned over to the stock-tenders, and then Will disposed of the treasure against future molestation. He cut open one of the cushions of the coach, taking out part of the filling, and in the cavity thus made stored everything of value, including his own watch and pocketbook; then the filling was replaced and the hole smoothed to a natural appearance.

If there were more in the gang, he looked for them at the ford where the Indians had sought to cut him off, and he was not disappointed. As he drew near the growth of willows that bordered the road, half a dozen men with menacing rifles stepped out.

"Halt, or you're a dead man!" was the conventional salutation, in this case graciously received.

"Well, what do you want?" asked Will.

"The boodle you carry. Fork it over!"

"Gentlemen," said Will, smiling, "this is a case where it takes a thief to catch a thief."

"What's that?" cried one of the outlaws, his feelings outraged by the frank description.

"Not that I'm the thief," continued Will, "but your pals were one too many for you this time."

"Did they rob you?" howled the gang in chorus, shocked by such depravity on the part of their comrades.

"If there's anything left in the coach worth having, don't hesitate to take it," offered Will, pleasantly.

"Where's your strong-box?" demanded the outlaws, loathe to believe there was no honor among thieves.

Will drew it forth and exposed its melancholy emptiness. The profanity that ensued was positively shocking.

"Where did they hold you up?" demanded the leader of the gang.

"Eight or nine miles back. You will find some straw in the road, you can have that too."

"Were there horses to meet them?"

"On foot the last I saw them."

"Then we can catch 'em, boys," shouted the leader, hopes upspringing in his breast. "Come, let's be off!"

They started for the willows on the jump, and presently returned spurring their horses.

"Give them my regards!" shouted Will, but only the thud! thud! of horse hoofs answered him. Retribution was sweeping like a hawk upon its prey.

Cody pushed along to the end of his run, and handed over his trust undisturbed. Fearing that his ruse might have been discovered he put the "extra vigilance" urged by the agent into the return trip, but the trail was deserted. He picked up the prisoners at the relay station and carried them to Fort Kearney. If their companions were to discover the trick played upon them, they would have demanded his life as a sacrifice.

HOW HE CAME TO BE BUFFALO BILL

While the Kansas Pacific Railroad was being built Cody had a contract to furnish the men with twelve buffaloes a day. One day he galloped out toward a large herd of buffaloes and met with five officers from the neighboring fort who were waiting for the buffaloes to come up. They were recent arrivals in that part of the country, and their shoulder-straps indicated that one was a captain and the others were lieutenants. They did not know Cody. They saw nothing but a good-looking young fellow, in the dress of a working man, astride a not handsome horse, which had a blind bridle and no saddle. It was not a formidable-looking hunting outfit, and the captain was disposed to be a trifle patronizing.

"Hallo!" he called out. "I see you're after the same game we are."

"Yes, sir," returned Will. "Our camp's out of fresh meat."

The officer ran a critical eye over Brigham. "Do you expect to run down a buffalo with a horse like that?" said he.

"Why," said Will, innocently, "are buffaloes pretty speedy."

"Speedy? It takes a fast horse to overhaul those animals on the open prairie."

"Does it?" said Will; and the officer did not see the twinkle in his eye. Nothing amuses a man more than to be instructed on a matter that he knows thoroughly, and concerning which his instructor knows nothing. Probably every one of the officers had yet to shoot his first buffalo.

"Come along with us," offered the captain, graciously. "We're going to kill a few for sport, and all we care for are the tongues and a chunk of the tenderloin; you can have the rest."

"Thank you," said Well. "I'll follow along."

There were eleven buffaloes in the herd, and the officers started after them as if they had a sure thing on the entire number. Will noticed that the game was pointed toward a

creek, and understanding "the nature of the beast," started for the water, to head them off.

As the herd went past him, with the military quintet five hundred yards in the rear, he gave Brigham's blind bridle a twitch, and in a few jumps the trained hunter was at the side of the rear buffalo; Lucretia Borgia spoke, and the buffalo fell dead without even a bridle signal, Brigham was promptly at the side of the next buffalo, not ten feet away, and this, too, fell at the first shot. The manœuvre was repeated until the last buffalo went down. Twelve shots had been fired; then Brigham, who never wasted his strength, stopped. The officers had not had even a shot at the game. Astonishment was written on their faces as they rode up.

"Gentlemen," said Will, courteously, as he dismounted. "Allow me to present you with eleven tongues and as much of the tenderloin as you wish."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the captain. "I never saw anything like that before. Who are you, anyway?"

"Bill Cody's my name."

"Well, Bill Cody, you know how to kill buffalo, and that horse of yours has some good running points after all."

"One or two," smiled Will.

Captain Graham—as his name proved to be—and his companions, were a trifle sore over missing even the opportunity of a shot, but they professed to be more than repaid for their disappointment by witnessing a feat they had not supposed possible in a white man—hunting buffalo without a saddle, bridle, or rein. Will explained that Brigham knew more about the business than most two-legged hunters. All the rider was expected to do was to shoot the buffalo. If the first shot failed, Brigham allowed another; if this, too, failed, Brigham lost patience, and was as likely as not to drop the matter there.

It was this episode that fastened the name of "Buffalo Bill" upon Will Cody, and learning of it, the friends of Billy

Comstock, chief of scouts of Fort Wallace, filed a protest. Comstock, they said, was Cody's superior as a buffalo hunter. So a match was arranged to determine whether it should be "Buffalo Bill" Cody or "Buffalo Bill" Comstock.

The hunting ground was fixed near Sheridan, Kansas, and quite a crowd of spectators was attracted by the news of the contest. Officers, soldiers, plainsmen, and railroad men took a day off to see the sport, and one excursion party, including many ladies, among them Louise, came up from St. Louis.

Referees were appointed to follow each man and keep a tally of the buffaloes slain. Comstock was mounted on his favorite horse, and carried a Henry rifle of large calibre. Brigham and Lucretia went with Will. The two hunters rode side by side until the first herd was sighted and the word given, when off they dashed to the attack, separating to the right and left. In this first trial Will killed thirty-eight and Comstock twenty-three. They had ridden miles, and the carcases of the dead buffaloes were strung all over the prairie. Luncheon was served at noon, and scarcely was it over when another herd was sighted, composed mainly of cows with their calves. The damage to this herd was eighteen and fourteen, in favor of Cody.

In those days the prairies were alive with buffaloes, and a third herd appeared before the rifle barrels were cooled. In order to give Brigham a share of the glory, Will pulled off saddle and bridle, and advanced bareback to the slaughter.

That closed the contest. Score, sixty-nine to forty-eight. Comstock's friends surrendered, and Cody was dubbed "Champion Buffalo Hunter of the Plains."

A BUFFALO IN CAMP

In the spring of 1869, the Fifth Cavalry, ordered to the Department of the Platte, took up the line of march for Fort McPherson, Nebraska.

It was a large command, including seventy-six wagons for stores, ambulance wagons, and pack-mules. Those chief in authority were Colonel Royal (afterwards superseded by General Carr), Major Brown, and Captain Sweetman.

The average distance covered daily was only ten miles, and when the troops reached the Solomon River there was no fresh meat in camp. Colonel Royal asked Will to look up some game.

"All right, sir," said Will. "Will you send a couple of wagons along to fetch in the meat?"

"We'll send for the game, Cody, when there's some game to send for," curtly replied the Colonel.

That settled the matter, surely, and Will rode away, a trifle ruffled in temper.

He was not long in rounding up a herd of seven buffaloes, and he headed them straight for camp. As he drew near the lines, he rode alongside his game, and brought down one after another, until only an old bull remained. This he killed in almost the centre of the camp.

The charge of the buffaloes had nearly stampeded the picketed horses, and Colonel Royal, who, with the other officers, had watched the hunt, demanded, somewhat angrily:

"What does this mean, Cody?"

"Why," said Will, "I thought, sir, I'd save you the trouble of sending after the game."

The Colonel smiled, though perhaps the other officers enjoyed the joke more than he.

ROBERT COLLYER

THE IRISHMAN HAD HIS DOUBTS

IT IS well known, Rev. Robert Collyer, of New York City, was a blacksmith in Germantown, Pennsylvania, before he became a preacher. Once, when there was little work at

hand, he asked a builder in his neighborhood for something to do. The latter replied that all he could give him would be a job carrying a hod.

"I'm your man," replied the blacksmith, promptly, and he was soon at work.

Years afterwards, while an imposing edifice was being erected in Chicago for Dr. Collyer, he was standing among the beams, watching the progress of the work, when an Irishman came along with a hod of bricks. Dr. Collyer spoke to him and he paused.

"This is har-rd work, soir," said the Irishman.

"I know that well," answered Dr. Collyer; "in my day, I've carried the hod myself."

"The Irishman stared at me an instant," said Dr. Collyer, in relating the incident, "and then went on his way mumbling something that sounded suspiciously like, 'I wouldn't 'a' believed the parson was such a liar.'"

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODIGAL

CHAIRMAN CORTELYOU, of the Republican National Committee, during the last Presidential campaign, was approached one day by a minor and unimportant New York State politician who, though formerly a Republican, at the past two Presidential elections has voted the Democratic ticket. The man explained at length that he had seen the exceeding error of his ways and was now once more ready to vote and work for the party of his first love, at the same time intimating that a congenial job at headquarters during the campaign would be acceptable.

"Mr. Blank," said Mr. Cortelyou firmly, "I'm sorry, but I shall have to disappoint you. We're glad you're back, but nowadays the wise prodigal fetches along his own calf."

GEORGE A. CUSTER

A FRIENDLY WORD

GEORGE A. CUSTER and Thomas L. Rosser were chums and classmates at West Point Military Academy. They left that institution in 1861, the one to enter the Union and the other the Confederate army. Both proved their skill and valor on a score of battlefields. The end of the war, however, found Rosser penniless, with a wife and children dependent upon him for support. There were no openings in the South, but employment must be had. He made his way to the Northwest, and secured work on the Northern Pacific Railway, then in course of construction. One day, General Custer, riding along the line of the road, noticed a section boss whose face seemed strangely familiar.

"Isn't your name Rosser?" he finally asked.

"Why, Custer, how are you?" said Rosser, looking up from his work.

Thus they met for the first time since leaving West Point. Custer called the next day on the chief engineer of the road.

"There is a man namer Rosser," said he, "under you as a construction boss."

"Yes, and one of the best I ever had. Anything wrong about him?"

"No," replied Custer, "but he was at West Point with me, and afterwards became a major-general of cavalry under the Confederacy. Can't you give him something better than the work he is doing?"

"Why, I have been looking for just such a man," said the engineer.

And so Rosser, through Custer's kindly offices, became second in command of the engineer corps. A few months later he was promoted to be chief engineer. He made good use of the opportunities his position afforded for profitable invest-

CHARLES SUMNER

JAMES G. BLAINE

ELIHU ROOT

ANDREW CARNEGIE

JOSEPH G. CANNON

ment, and to-day is accounted one of the wealthy men of his native Virginia.

HENRY G. DAVIS

HE KNEW THINGS

EX-SENATOR HENRY G. DAVIS, of West Virginia, the candidate of the Democratic party for the office of Vice-President in 1904, began his railroad career as a conductor on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. One day John M. Garrett, president of the road, and a party of friends were on Davis' train, making an inspection of what is known as the "second division;" that is, from Martinsburg to Cumberland. Garrett asked the conductor some questions about the villages and the country through which the train passed. The answers surprised the great railroad man. Davis not only told all about the villages, but also made suggestions as to how the traffic of the road could be increased by reaching into the timber and mining lands near, and how expenses could be cut down by changes in the freight schedules. He grew eloquent on the subject and showed that he had given it thorough study.

Finally Garrett said: "Is there anything you don't know about the road and the country through which it passes?"

"I don't think there is," Davis modestly replied. Garrett laughed, but a week later Davis got his first promotion, and, within a few years, he was an officer of the road. His knowledge of West Virginia's resources made him a millionaire later.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

THE FIRST SPEAKER HAD SAID ENOUGH

AT a public dinner given in Washington, at which Senator Chauncy M. Depew was present, one of the post-prandial speakers expressed himself in somewhat fulsome terms re-

garding the distinguished guest. At the termination of his speech, the Senator, in spite of hints from friends, declined to respond, and retained his seat. An awkward pause ensued.

"For goodness sake, say something," whispered Mr. Depew's neighbor.

Thereupon the Senator reluctantly rose, coughed, adjusted his cuffs, toyed with eyeglasses, and said:

"Life is worth living only for those who can, on occasions, let their convictions overcome their modesty. In the belief, therefore, that the gentleman who has just been talking to you has tried to do me justice, but has fallen short in the treatment of his subject, I beg leave to resume my chair."

DEPEW'S SUBTLE ARGUMENT

One of the first cases which Chauncey Depew had after being admitted to the bar was a civil suit involving a somewhat complicated question of inheritance.

In no way daunted, young Chauncey tackled it, looked up authorities all the way back to Julius Cæsar, and prepared an argument of a few hundred pages which seemed to him more than unanswerable. His only fear was that it might be beyond the comprehension of the Court.

When the time came the young man rose and plunged in boldly. The Judge seemed interested, and Chauncey took further courage. But at the end of an hour and a half, in the midst of the most intricate part of his plea, he was pained to see what he thought was a lack of attention on the part of the Court. It was just as he expected: the Judge was unable to appreciate the nice points of his argument.

He paused, hesitated, and then said: "Your Honor, I beg pardon, but do you follow me?"

"I have so far," answered the Judge, shifting about in his chair; "but I'll say frankly that if I thought I could find my way back I'd quit right here."

HOW PLATT STOPPED THE TRAIN

Senator Depew sometimes tells how, on at least one occasion, he was induced by a well-turned joke to render a service which the exigencies of business might otherwise have led him to deny.

The incident occurred during Mr. Depew's occupancy of the office of President of the New York Central Company. One afternoon the future Senator received a telegram from a small town near Buffalo, reading as follows:

"Kindly have Empire State Express stop here to take on Mrs. Platt and ME TOO."

Although it was entirely unusual and, in fact, opposed to the policy of the company to stop a limited express at an unimportant station, yet Mr. Depew issued a special order. Not long afterward Mr. Depew in conversation with Mr. Platt alluded to the telegram, saying with a chuckle that had the telegram come signed merely "T. C. Platt" he was afraid the Senator would have been forced to take another train.

"Just so," added Mr. Platt. "I realized that a joke would catch you where other means would fail; so I sent the telegram signed in that way, as I particularly wished to make that train."

GEORGE DEWEY

THE CAPTURE OF DEWEY

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S peace of mind has been greatly disturbed lately by "sight-seeing automobiles," each carrying thirty or forty people, which stop in front of his home three times a day, in an effort to get a glimpse of the Admiral or Mrs. Dewey. Even more annoying than the stare of forty pairs of eyes is the witticism of the guide, who shouts through the megaphone in a voice that can be heard a block away:

"The red house to your right—given by the American peo-

ple to Admiral Dewey, who destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay and came to Washington to be captured by a lone woman."

WHEN DEWEY WENT A FISHING WITH JOSEPH JEFFERSON

While Admiral Dewey was at Palm Beach Jefferson took him up to the inlet in his launch, and, as was customary, was stationed in a small skiff in a favorable spot. According to Jefferson, silence and solitude are conditions essential to successful fishing, and it was on this account that the Admiral was left alone in the skiff, the others of the party stationing themselves at a little distance.

Now it is affirmed that however successful Admiral Dewey may be in other respects, he is not much of a fisherman; but he is an apt pupil, and follows instructions to the letter.

Before leaving him the attendant had baited his hook with a live frog. "The best bait in the world," he said encouragingly. Being left to himself the Admiral's thoughts concentrated themselves upon his line and the frog, and though a man of war he is tender-hearted. There was something about the thought of the sharp, steel hook imbedded in the clammy flesh that affected his nerves like the squeaking of a car-wheel. Probably it was his gazing fixedly at the cork floating upon the surface of the water that kept his thoughts upon the frog's sufferings.

Why couldn't they have given him a piece of dead bait? Ah, was that a bite? Filled with the excitement that is born of long waiting for a certain thing to happen, Dewey momentarily forgot about the frog and waited for another movement of the line. It did not come.

An hour went by, and then, from Jefferson: "Well, what luck?"

"None at all," replied the Admiral.

"What? You haven't caught any?"

"Not so much as a bite."

Jefferson threw up his hands in amazement. For years he had known this to be the best fishing spot around Palm Beach. It was where he had made his own greatest catches. He looked about to reassure himself, and his glance lighted upon an object that caused him to burst into an uncontrolable fit of laughter.

"What's the joke?" asked the Admiral testily.

"Ha! ha! ha!" was all the actor could answer.

"What ails the man?" demanded Dewey.

"Ho! ho! ho!" Jefferson held his sides. Then he choked. Then he found his voice. "You didn't get a bite?"

"That's what I said."

"Well—ho, ho, ho! no wonder," said Jefferson between bursts of laughter. "Why—ho, ho, ho!—your bait is asleep on that log over there."

And sure enough, there was the frog, just awakened by Jefferson's laughter, blinking his great eyes at them.

Admiral Dewey made Jefferson swear a great oath that he would never tell the story, but it was too good to keep, and at the hotel that night there was considerable merriment over the matter.

THE STORY OF THE BATTLE OF MANILA

An eye-witness who was on Admiral Dewey's flagship tells the graphic story which follows of the naval victory in Manila Bay, which made the name of George Dewey immortal:

"It was just eight o'clock, a bright moonlight night, but the flagship passed Corregidor Island without a sign being given that the Spaniards were aware of its approach. Not until the flagship was a mile beyond Corregidor was a gun fired, then one heavy shot went screaming over the *Ralcigh* and the *Olympia* followed by a second, which fell further astern. The *Ralcigh,* the *Concord* and the *Boston* replied. The *Con-*

cord's shells exploding apparently exactly inside the shore battery, which fired no more. Our squadron slowed down to barely steerage way, and the men were allowed to sleep alongside their guns. Commodore Dewey had timed our arrival so that we were within five miles of the City of Manila at daybreak. We then sighted the Spanish squadron, Rear Admiral Montojo commanding, off Cavite. Here the Spaniards had a well-equipped navy yard called Cavite arsenal. Admiral Montojo's flag was flying on the 3,500 ton protected cruiser *Reina Christina.* The protected cruiser *Castilla,* of 3,200 tons, was moored ahead and astern to the port battery, and to seaward were the cruisers *Don Juan de Austria, Don Antonio de Ulloa, Isla de Cuba, Isla de Luzon, Quiros, Marquis del Onero,* and *General Lezox.* These ships and the flagships remained under way during most of the action.

"With the United States flag flying at all their mastheads, our ships moved to the attack in line ahead, with a speed of eight knots, first passing in front of Manila, where the action was begun by three batteries mounting guns powerful enough to send a shell over us at a distance of five miles. The *Concord's* guns boomed out a reply to these batteries with two shots. No more were fired, because Admiral Dewey could not engage with these batteries without sending death and destruction into the crowded city. As we neared Cavite two very powerful submarine mines were exploded ahead of the flagship. This was at six minutes past five o'clock. The Spaniards had misjudged our position. Immense volumes of water were thrown high in air by these destroyers, but no harm was done to our ships.

DASHING AHEAD IN SPITE OF TORPEDOES

"Admiral Dewey had fought with Farragut at New Orleans and Mobile Bay, where he had his first experience with torpedoes. Not knowing how many more mines there might

be ahead, he still kept on without faltering. No other mines exploded, however, and it is believed that the Spaniards had only these two in place.

"Only a few minutes later the shore battery at Cavite Point sent over the flagship a shot that nearly hit the battery at Manila, but soon the guns got a better range, and the shells began to strike near us or burst close aboard from both the batteries and the Spanish vessels. The heat was intense. Men stripped off all clothing except their trousers.

"As the *Olympia* drew nearer, all was silent on board as if the ship had been empty, except for the whirr of blowers and the throb of the engines. Suddenly a shell burst directly over us. From the boatswain's mate at the after 5-inch gun came a hoarse cry. 'Remember the *Maine!*' arose from the throats of five hundred men at the guns. The watchword reverberated through turrets and firerooms, and was caught up wherever seaman or fireman stood at his post.

"'Remember the *Maine!*' had rung out for defiance and revenge. Its utterance seemed unpremeditated, but was evidently in every man's mind, and, now that the moment had come to make adequate reply to the murder of the *Maine's* crew, every man shouted what was in his heart.

"The *Olympia* was now ready to begin the fight. Admiral Dewey, his chief of staff, Commander Lamberton, and aide and myself, with Executive Officer Lieutenant Rees and Navigator Lieutenant Calkins, who conned ship most admirably, were on the forward bridge. Captain Gridley was in the conning tower, as it was thought unsafe to risk losing all the senior officers by one shell. 'You may fire when ready, Gridley,' said the Admiral, and at nineteen minutes of six o'clock, at a distance of 5,500 yards, the starboard 8-inch gun in the forward turret roared forth a compliment to the Spanish forts. Presently similar guns from the *Baltimore* and the *Boston* sent 250-pound shells hurling toward the *Castilla* and the *Reina*

Christina for accuracy. The Spaniards seemed encouraged to fire faster, knowing exactly our distance, while we had to guess theirs. Their ship and shore guns were making things hot for us.

SHOWERS OF FRAGMENTS

"The piercing scream of shot was varied often by the bursting of time fuse shells, fragments of which would lash the water like shrapnel or cut our hull and rigging. One large shell that was coming straight at the *Olympia's* forward bridge fortunately fell within less than one hundred feet away. One fragment cut the rigging directly over the heads of Lamberton, Rees and myself. Another struck the bridge gratings in line with it. A third passed just under Dewey and gouged a hole in the deck. Incidents like these were plentiful.

"Our men naturally chafed at being exposed without returning fire from all our guns, but laughed at danger and chatted good humoredly. A few nervous fellows could not help dodging mechanically when shells would burst right over them or close aboard, or would strike the water and passed overhead, with the peculiar spluttering roar made by a tumbling rifled projectile. Still the flagship promptly steered for the very centre of the Spanish line, and, as our other ships were astern, the *Olympia* received most of the Spaniards' attention.

"Owing to our deep draught Dewey felt constrained to change his course at a distance of four thousand yards and run parallel to the Spanish column. 'Open with all guns,' he said, and the ship brought her port broadside bearing. The roar of all the flagships's 5-inch rapid firers was followed by a deep diapason of her after turret 8-inchers. Soon our other vessels were equally hard at work, and we could see that our shells were making Cavite harbor hotter for the Spaniards than they had made the approach for us.

"Protected by their shore batteries and made safe from close attack by shallow water, the Spaniards were in a strong position. They put up a gallant fight. The Spanish ships were sailing back and forth behind the *Castilla,* and their fire, too, was hot. One shot struck the *Baltimore* and passed clean through her, fortunately hitting no one. Another ripped up her main deck, disabled a six-inch gun, and exploded a box of three pounder ammunition, wounding eight men.

"The *Olympia* was struck abreast the gun in the ward room by a shell which burst outside, doing little damage. The signal halyards were cut from Lieutenant Brumby's hands on the after bridge. A shell entered the *Boston's* port quarter and burst in Ensign Dodridge's state-room, starting a hot fire, and fire was also caused by a shell which burst in the port hammock netting. Both these fires were quickly put out. Another shell passed through the *Boston's* fore mast just in front of Captain Wiles, who at the time was standing on the bridge.

"After making four runs along the Spanish line, finding the charting correct, Lieutenant Calkins, the *Olympia's* navigator, told the Commodore he believed he could take the ship nearer the enemy, with lead going to watch the depth of water. The flagship started over the course for the fifth time, running within two hundred yards of the Spanish vessels. At this range even six-pounders were effective, and the storm of shells poured upon the unfortunate Spaniards began to show marked results. Three of the enemy's vessels were seen burning and their fire slackened.

STOPPING THE BATTLE FOR BREAKFAST

"On finishing this run, Admiral Dewey decided to give the men breakfast, as they had been at the guns two hours with only one cup of coffee to sustain them. Action ceased temporarily at twenty-five minutes of eight o'clock, the other ship passing the flagship and the men cheering lustily. Our ships

remained beyond range of the enemy's guns until ten minutes of eleven o'clock, when the signal for close action went up. The *Baltimore* had the place of honor in the lead, with the flagship following and the other ships as they were in the earlier engagement.

"The *Baltimore* began firing at the Spanish ships and batteries at sixteen minutes after eleven o'clock, making a series of hits as if at target practice. The Spaniards replied very slowly, and the Admiral signalled the *Raleigh*, the *Boston* the *Concord* and the *Petrel* to go into the inner harbor and destroy all the enemy's ships. By her light draught the little *Petrel* was enabled to move within one thousand yards. Here, firing swiftly but accurately, she commanded everything still flying the Spanish flag. Other ships were also doing their whole duty, and soon not one red and yellow ensign remained aloft, except on a battery up the coast.

"The Spanish flagship and the *Castilla* had long been burning fiercely, and the last vessel to be abandoned was the *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, which lurched over and sank.

"Then the Spanish flag on the Arsenal staff was hauled down, and at half-past twelve o'clock a white flag was hoisted there. Signal was made to the *Petrel* to destroy all the vessels in the inner harbor, and Lieutenant Hughes, with an armed boat's crew, set fire to the *Don Juan de Austria*, the *Marquis del Ducro*, the *Isla de Cuba* and the *Correo*. The large transport *Manila*, and many tugboats and small craft fell into our hands.

"'Capture and destroy Spanish squadron,' were Dewey's orders. Never were instructions more effectually carried out. Within seven hours after arriving on the scene of action nothing remained to be done. The Admiral closed the day by anchoring off the city of Manila, and sending word to the Governor General that if a shot was fired from the city at the fleet he would lay Manila in ashes."

THOMAS A. EDISON

HIS FIRST CHECK

THOMAS A. EDISON not long ago told a friend the story of his first acquaintance with any big sum of money. It was when he was struggling with his earlier inventions, and he had about as clear an idea of the value of a bank check as the man in the moon. He had finally sold his patent on the gold and stock indicator to the Western Union Telegraph Company and had called at its office to close the deal. After a few preliminaries he was given a check for forty thousand dollars. He eyed it curiously and appeared to be puzzled what to do with it. Observing his perplexity, General Lefferts, then president of the Western Union, told him that, if he would go to the Bank of America in Wall Street, he could get the cash on the check.

"So I started," said Edison, "after carefully folding up the check, and went toward Wall Street. So uncertain was I in regard to that way of doing business that I thought, while on the way, that, if any man should come up to me and offer me two crisp thousand-dollar bills for that piece of paper, I would give him the check very quickly."

On his arrival at the Bank of America, he half-tremblingly shoved his check out to the cashier. The latter scrutinized it closely, gave him a piercing glance, and said something which Edison, being hard of hearing, failed to understand. That was enough. He was fully convinced that his check was not worth forty thousand dollars, and again thought, as he rushed out of the bank, that any man who would give him two thousand dollars for it could have it. He hurried back to the office of the Western Union and said he could not get any money. A clerk was sent to the bank with him to identify him.

"This man," said the clerk, "is Mr. Thomas A. Edison, to whose order the check is drawn."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Edison," said the cashier; "how would you like your money,—in what shape?"

"Oh, any way to suit the bank; it doesn't make any difference to me so long as I get the money."

Edison was given forty thousand dollars in small bills. After dividing the roll into two wads of twenty thousand dollars each, he stuffed one into each trousers' pocket, and made all speed out of Wall Street. The next day he began work on his first laboratory in New York.

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

AN EXTENDED CHAIR

WHEN President Eliot of Harvard toured on the Pacific Coast some twenty years ago, one of the Western seats of learning which he visited was the University of Washington, at Seattle.

He became much interested in Professor O. B. Johnson, a well-known figure on Puget Sound in those days, who was one of the college's leading lights, and in the course of a conversation asked the Western man what chair he held.

"Well," said Johnson, "I am professor of biology, but I also give instruction in meteorology, botany, physiology, chemistry, entomology and a few others."

"I should say that you occupied a whole settee, not a chair," rejoined Harvard's chief.

THE PRESIDENT'S GENEROSITY

In Cambridge scores of stories circulate which illustrate his almost impulsive generosity. It is well known that on one occasion a student, sick with contagious disease and shunned by those about him, was taken into the President's own house. A raw sub-freshman from a country village in Connecticut, on the evening of his first day in Cambridge, found himself in

need of a Latin grammar to prepare for the next day's examination. Quite without friends at the University, he told his need to the first man he met, and was bidden to the stranger's house. There a long search unearthed a Latin grammar, but it proved to be of too old an edition to serve the present need. By this time the stranger's perplexity and anxiety to get the book exceeded the student's own, and, after some thought, he sent the young man off with a note to a friend in a neighboring street who might be likely to have the right edition. It was weeks before the student learned that the chance stranger who had given an hour of his time and an even more precious measure of his sympathy to a lonely and troubled student was the President of the University. In a University that numbers over four thousand, the opportunity for personal touch between student and President is small; but there are scores of stories of the enlistment of the President's personal interest in some student's behalf. There was a young man who desired to study botany, but had failed to satisfy some technical preliminary requirement. The committee which stood between the student and his wish have a vivid recollection of the warmth of manner and the emphatic gesture of the President as he declared, "If that young man wants to study botany, he shall study it."

A NEW PRESIDENT

Here is an anecdote suggestive in every way of Harvard's honored President:

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes told it in a letter to his friend Motley, the historian. The letter first described how curious it was to see "a young man like Eliot, with an organizing brain, a firm will, a grave, calm, dignified presence, taking the ribbons of our classical coach-and-six, feeling the horses' mouths, putting a check on this one's capers and touching that one with a lash, turning up everywhere in every faculty (I

belong to three), on every public occasion, and taking it all as naturally as if he had been born President." Then he tells the story:

"'How is it, I should like to ask,' said one of our number the other evening, 'that this Faculty has gone on for eighty years managing its own affairs, and doing it well—how is it that we have been going on so well in the same orderly path for eighty years, and now, within three or four months, it is proposed to change all our modes of carrying on the school; it seems very extraordinary, and I should like to know how it happens?"

"'I can answer Dr.——'s question very easily,' said the bland, grave young man; 'there is a new President.'"

DAN EMMETT

THE STORY OF "DIXIE"

A NEWSPAPER man who went to talk with Dan Emmett, the author of *Dixie,* a little while before his death, relates this story:

"Are you Dan Emmett, who wrote *Dixie?*"

"Well, I have heard of the fellow; sit down," and Emmett motioned to the steps.

"Won't you tell me how the song was written?"

"Like most everything else I ever did," said Emmett, "it was written because it had to be done. One Saturday night, in 1859, as I was leaving Bryant's Theatre, where I was playing, Bryant called, 'I want a walk-'round for Monday, Dan.'

"The next day it rained and I stayed indoors. At first when I went at the song I couldn't get anything. But a line,

'I wish I was in Dixie,'

kept repeating itself in my mind, and I finally took it for my start. The rest wasn't long in coming. And that's the story of how *Dixie* was written.

"It made a hit at once, and before the end of the week everybody in New York was whistling it. Then the South took it up and claimed it for its own. I sold the copyright for five hundred dollars, which was all I ever made from it. I'll show you my first copy."

He went into the house and returned in a moment with a yellow, worn-looking manuscript in his hand.

"That's *Dixie*" he said, holding it up for inspection. "I am going to give it to some historical society in the South, one of these days, for though I was born here in Ohio, I count myself Southerner, as my father was a Virginian."

Dixie Land was, without question, the most famous of all the Southern war songs. But it was the tune, as in the case of *Yankee Doodel,* and not the words, that gave it its great power to fire the heart. It is claimed that Emmett appropriated the tune from an old negro air, which is quite probable.

Since the war *Dixie* has been as favorite a tune with bands of music throughout the North as has *Yankee Doodle.* Abraham Lincoln set the example for this. A war correspondent recalls an incident which occurred only a night or two before Mr. Lincoln was assassinated. The President had returned from Richmond, and a crowd called with a band to tender congratulations and a serenade. The great man who was so soon to be the victim of the assassin's bullet appeared in response to calls and thanked his audience for the compliment. Several members of his Cabinet surrounded him, and it was a very interesting and dramatic occasion. Just as he was closing his brief remarks, Mr. Lincoln said: "I see you have a band with you. I should like to hear it play *Dixie.* I have consulted the Attorney-General, who is here by my side, and he is of the opinion that *Dixie* belongs to us. Now play it." The band struck up the old tune, and played it heartily. As the strains of the music rang out upon the air, cheer after cheer went up from the throats of the hundreds of happy men who

had called to congratulate Mr. Lincoln upon the return of peace. It was that great soul's olive branch which he held out to the South.

Dixie, as originally written by Dan Emmett was as follows:

I wish I was in the land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away! Look away! Look away!
In Dixie Land where I was born in,
Early on a frosty mornin',
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land, I'll take my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie,
Away! Away!
Away down South in Dixie.

Old Missus marry "Will-de-weaber,"
Willium was a gay deceaber;
Look away! Look away! Look away!
But when he put his arm around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder,
Look away! Look away! Look away!

His face was as sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab er';
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Old Missus acted de foolish part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart.
Look away! Look away! Look away!

Now here's a health to de next old Missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us;

HORACE GREELEY
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
GEORGE B. McCLELLAN

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
HENRY BERGH

Look away! Look away! Look away!
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away! Look away! Look away!

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Injen batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away! Look away! Look away!

ROBLEY D. EVANS

"FIGHTING BOB'S STORY"

IN the cabin of the battleship *Iowa,* after the fight off Santiago, Admiral Evans, then Captain, told this interesting story of the battle:

"At the time 'general quarters' was sounded, the engine bell rang 'full speed ahead,' and I put the helm to starboard, and the *Iowa* crossed the bows of the *Infanta Maria Teresa,* the first ship out. As the Spanish Admiral swung to the westward, the 12-inch shells on the forward turret of the *Iowa* seemed to strike him fair in the bow, and the fight was a spectacle. As the squadron came out in column, the ships beautifully spaced as to distance, and gradually increasing their speed to thirteen knots, it was superb.

"The *Iowa* from this moment kept up a steady fire from her heavy guns, heading all the time to keep the *Infanta Maria Teresa* on her starboard bow, and hoping to ram one of the leading ships. In the meantime the *Oregon, Indiana, Brooklyn* and *Texas* were doing excellent work with their heavy guns. In a very short space of time the enemy's ships were all clear of the harbor mouth, and it became evidently impossi-

ble for the *Iowa* to ram either the first or the second ship on account of their speed.

"The range at this time was two thousand yards from the leading ship. The *Iowa's* helm was immediately put hard to starboard, and the entire starboard port side was poured into the *Infanta Maria Teresa.* The helm was then quickly shifted to port and the ship headed across the stern of the *Teresa* in an effort to head off the *Oquendo.* All the time the engines were driving at full speed ahead. A perfect torrent of shells from the enemy passed over the smoke-stacks and superstructure of the ship, but none struck her.

"The *Cristobal Colon,* being much faster than the rest of the Spanish ships, passed rapidly to the front in an effort to escape. In passing the *Iowa* the *Colon* placed two 6-inch shells fairly in our starboard bow. One passed through the cofferdam and dispensary, wrecking the latter and bursting on the berth deck, doing considerable damage. The other passed through the side of the water line with the cofferdam, where it still remains.

SHIP CROWDED TO UTMOST SPEED

"As it was now obviously imposible to ram any of the Spanish ships on account of their superior speed, the *Iowa's* helm was put to the starboard, and she ran on a course parallel with the enemy. Being then abreast of the *Almirante Oquendo,* at a distance of 1,100 yards, the *Iowa's* entire battery, including the rapid-fire guns, was opened on the *Oquendo.* The punishment was terrific. Many twelve and eight-inch shells were seen to explode inside of her, and smoke came out through her hatches. Two twelve-inch shells from the *Iowa* pierced the *Almirante Oquendo* at the same moment, one forward and the other aft. The *Oquendo* seemed to stop her engines for a moment and lost headway, but she immediately resumed her speed, and gradually drew ahead of the

Iowa and came under the terrific fire of the *Oregon* and *Texas*.

"At this moment the alarm of 'torpedo-boats' was sounded, and two torpedo-boat destroyers were discovered on the starboard quarter at a distance of four thousand yards. Fire was at once opened on them with the after battery, and a twelve-inch shell cut the stern of one destroyer squarely off. As this shell struck, a small torpedo-boat fired back at the battleship, sending a shell within a few feet of my head. I said to Executive Officer Rogers, 'That little chap has got a lot of cheek.' Rogers shouted back, 'She shoots very well.'

"Well up among the advancing cruisers, spitting shots at one and then at another, was the little *Gloucester*, shooting first at a cruiser and then at a torpedo-boat, and hitting a head wherever she saw it. The marvel was that she was not destroyed by the rain of shells.

"In the meantime, the *Viscaya* was slowly drawing abeam of the *Iowa*, and for the space of fifteen minutes it was give and take between the two ships. The *Viscaya* fired rapidly, but wildly, not one shot taking effect on the *Iowa*, while the shells from the *Iowa* were tearing great rents in the sides of the *Viscaya*. As the latter passed ahead of the *Iowa* she came under the murderous fire of the *Oregon*. At this time the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, and the *Almirante Oquendo*, leading the enemy's column, were seen to be heading for the beach and in flames. The *Texas*, *Oregon* and *Iowa* pounded them unmercifully. They ceased to reply to the fire, and in a few moments the Spanish cruisers were a mass of flames and on the rocks with their colors down, the *Teresa* flying a white flag at the fore.

THE SPANISH SHIPS ON FIRE

"The crews of the enemy's ships stripped themselves and began jumping overboard, and one of the smaller magazines began to explode. Meantime the *Brooklyn* and the *Christo-*

bal Colon were exchanging compliments in lively fashion and at apparently long range, and the *Oregon,* with her locomotive speed, was hanging well on to the *Colon,* also paying attention to the *Vizcaya.* The *Teresa* and the *Oquendo* were in flames on the beach just twenty minutes after the first shot was fired. Fifty minutes after the first shot was fired the *Vizcaya* put her helm to port with a great burst of flame from the after part of the ship and headed slowly for the rocks at Acceredos, where she found her last resting place.

"As it was apparent that the *Iowa* could not possibly catch the *Cristobal Colon* and that the *Oregon* and *Brooklyn* undoubtedly would, and as the fast *New York* was also on her trail I decided that the cause of humanity should be answered and attention given to the twelve hundred or fifteen hundred Spanish officers and men who had struck their colors to the American squadron commanded by Admiral Sampson. I therefore headed for the wreck of the *Vizcaya,* now burning furiously fore and aft. When I was in as far as the depth of water would admit, I lowered all my boats and sent them at once to the assistance of the unfortunate men who were being drowned by dozens or roasted on the decks. I soon discovered that the insurgent Cubans who were on the shore would not allow the men who were struggling in the water to reach the shore. I immediately put a stop to this, but I could not put a stop to the mutilation of many bodies by the sharks inside the reef. These creatures had become excited by the blood from the wounded mixing in the water.

"My boats' crews worked manfully and succeeded in saving many of the wounded from the burning ship. One man, who will be recommended for promotion, clambered up the side of the *Vizcaya* and saved three men from burning to death. The smaller magazines of the *Vizcaya* were exploding with magnificent cloud effects. The boats were coming alongside in a steady string and willing hands were helping the lacerated

Spanish officers and sailors on to the *Iowa's* quarterdeck. All the Spaniards were absolutely without clothes. Some had their legs torn off by fragments of shells. Others were mutilated in every conceivable way.

SUPERB EXAMPLES OF HEROISM

"The bottoms of the boats held two or three inches of blood. In many cases dead men were lying in the blood. Five poor chaps died on the way to the ship. They were afterwards buried with military honors from the *Iowa.* Some examples of heroism, or more properly devotion to discipline and duty, could never be surpassed. One man on the lost *Vizcaya* had his left arm almost shot off just below the shoulder. The fragments were hanging by a small piece of skin. But he climbed unassisted over the side and saluted as if on a visit of ceremony. Immediately after him came a strong hearty sailor, whose left leg had been shot off above the knee. He was hoisted on board the *Iowa* with a tackle, but never a whimper came from him. Gradually the mangled bodies and naked men accumulated until it would have been almost difficult to recognize the *Iowa* as a United States battleship.

"Blood was all over her usually white quarterdeck; and 272 naked men were being supplied with water and food by those who a few minutes before had been using a rapid-fire battery on them. Finally came the boats with Captain Eulate, commander of the *Vizcaya* for whom a chair was lowered over the side, as he was evidently wounded. The Captain's guard of marines was drawn up on the quarterdeck to salute him, and I stood waiting to welcome him. As the chair was placed on deck the marines presented arms. Captain Eulate slowly raised himself in the chair, saluted me with grave dignity, unbuckled his sword belt, and, holding the hilt of the sword before him, kissed it reverently, with tears in his eyes, and then surrendered it to me.

"Of course, I declined to receive his sword, and, as the crew of the *Iowa* saw this, they cheered like wild men. As I started to take Captain Eulate into the cabin to let the doctors examine his wounds, the magazines on board the *Vizcaya* exploded with a tremendous burst of flame. Captain Eulate, extending his hands, said: 'Adios, *Vizcaya*, there goes my beautiful ship, Captain;' and so we passed on to the cabin, where the doctors dressed his three wounds."

EUGENE FIELD

"ON THE CONTRARY"

EUGENE FIELD was once visiting the house of his friends, the Stoddards, in New York, of which he sang:

Their home in Fifteenth Street is all so snug, and furnished so,
That, when I once get planted there, I don't know when to go.

During the evening a certain well-known physician dropped in. He is a serious man, and a bit pompous. The talk turned on diet.

"Doctor," said Stoddard, "I've heard that you eat two eggs at breakfast every morning the year round."

"No," said the doctor emphatically, "no; on the contrary."

"'On the contrary!'" cried Stoddard. "What's the contrary of eating two eggs?"

"Laying two eggs," came in deep, solemn tones from Field.

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

A HARMLESS BEVERAGE

THIS is a story which Vice-President Fairbanks probably did not tell on the hustings last fall; but he vouches among friends for its truth. He says that three or four years ago when he and Governor Shaw, of Iowa, now Secretary of

the Treasury, were out campaigning, they finished a tour of Indiana and Ohio, and then went over into Kentucky, where they were received hospitably by a man who took them to lunch in a restaurant, as they had little time to spare. When they were seated, the host said:

"Now before lunch, gentlemen, please take something with me. What will you have?"

"I'd like a glass of lemonade, if it is handy," replied Governor Shaw.

Then beaming on the Senator from Indiana, the Kentuckian said: " Of course, Senator, you will have something with me?"

"Certainly," replied the Indiana statesman, "I'd like a glass of buttermilk."

The sable waiter was grinning broadly as he asked the host: "Colonel, what will you have?"

"Under the circumstances," answered the Colonel, mopping his brow, "I'll take a piece of pie."

CLINTON B. FISK

"PAPA WHY DON'T YOU PRAY?"

GENERAL FISK'S biographer, H. A. Hopkins, relates the following interesting incident:

At home, one night, after supper was over, General Fisk's little three-year-old daughter Mary came and knelt by him to say her evening prayer. The mother was occupied unusually, and for once her sweetest maternal duty she delegated to him. White-robed and pure as the white-robed ones above, the tiny figure bowed its head upon his knee and prayed. It was a new experience to this busy young man. He listened, with heart beating swifter, to her simple formula, and to the special plea of "God bless papa, God bless mamma," at the close. And when the child rose up her question smote him like a blow:

"Papa, why don't you pray?"

He made some hasty answer, and kissed her haunting lips good-night. Then he went down street and into the bank, and tried to labor there. But his mind would not fix itself on matters of finance. Between him and credit balances, bills of exchange, discounts, and the like came presistently that little form in white; over and over he heard again the prayer breathed softly at his knee, and echoing in his ears, with sweet and strange persistence that would not be put aside, her question repeated itself:

"Papa, why don't you pray?"

At last he yielded to the influences which he could not control, thrust business considerations quite away, and did the soberest thinking he had done for many a month. And in the midst of commercial success, facing what promised to be a widely prosperous future, he resolved hereafter to be as active for God as for Clinton Fisk, and to leaven all his business life with prayer.

Bolting his safes and turning the key of his bank door, he walked homeward. Reaching there, he sat down near his wife and said:

"Did you hear the question Mary asked me, Jeannette?"

"Yes, Clinton, I heard it," answered Mrs. Fisk.

"Well, Jenny, I've been thinking it all over, and I've made up my mind that, with God's help, we'll have all the praying there ought to be in this household hereafter. If you'll hand me the Bible, we'll begin now."

"IT HAD TO BE DONE THEN"

It was while General Fisk's command lay at Helena, after their return from the Yazoo expedition, and one evening as he sat on a bluff of the Mississippi, looking across its muddy current and still muddier bottoms, that he heard some superlative swearing not far below. It was about the worst to which

he had ever listened, and it grieved him to think, indeed at first he would not believe, that it could come from one of his own men. Walking out to the edge of the bluff, and looking over, he saw a teamster of the Thirty-third, who had been to the landing with a wagon and six mules, and, coming back up the river, had snagged on a stump and broken the wagon-pole. And, according to this teamster's profane declarations, everything conceivable and inconceivable, in the Confederacy and out of it, was in the way just at that particular time, and to blame for his mishap. He blamed everything, too, and everybody, in language exuberant with curses, till the miasmatic air seemed blue.

General Fisk walked back and sat down. By and by, soberly leading his six mules, along came the teamster. Saluting him kindly, the General said:

"John, didn't I hear some one swearing dreadfully over there a little while ago?"

"Oh, yes," the man answered, "I reckon you did."

"Who was it?" asked the General.

"That was me, sir," he replied.

"But," said General Fisk, "don't you remember the covenant made up at the Benton Barracks, between you and me and the others of the regiment, that I was to do all the swearing that was needed for the Thirty-third Missouri during the war?"

"Oh, yes," the man answered, promptly, "I remember that; but you were not there to do it, and it had to be done then."

General Fisk enjoyed the humor of this reply, as much as he had been pained by the occasion for it, and gave it over to his staff. It gained wide currency, and afterward, through all the Mississippi region, whenever a teamster was heard cursing, some one would suggest that he wait till General Fisk came along and let him have the job.

FISK'S ARMY TACTICS

On one occasion advices from the War Department, at Washington, had announced a new edition of *Casey's Army Tactics* and copies were looked for eagerly at the front. While still expected, General Fisk, one morning, received a thousand bright New Testaments from the American Bible Society. They were unpacked and put up at headquarters in a neat case, and, with their gilt-lettered backs, made quite a show. Within an hour or two in came Colonel Samuel Rice, of Iowa, and glancing casually at the volumes he said:

"So the *Tactics* have come! I am glad of it."

"Yes, Colonel," was the General's answer, "the *Tactics* have come."

"Can I make my requisition for them this morning?" Colonel Rice then quickly inquired, still giving to them no closer scrutiny.

"Certainly," he was told.

"Have you read these *Tactics*, General?" he further asked.

"Yes, Colonel," was the prompt answer; "I have studied them, and I mean to study them morning and evening till mustered out."

Colonel Rice's requisition for "forty-two *Casey's Tactics*" came soon through the adjutant-general, and General Fisk made up a package of forty-two New Testaments and sent it to Colonel Rice. The officers gathered round him to receive each a copy, and watched their Colonel while he opened the package and handed out the books.

Astonishment followed, of course. It was not the kind of joke common in army circles, but they took it kindly. For a long time Colonel Rice had been thinking soberly on religious things. He began now to study the *Tactics,* and gave himself prayerfully to the warfare therein taught. For others of that group, also, these *Tactics* had special message and blessing.

"NIGGER EQUALITY"

During reconstruction days, General Fisk in his work in the Freedman's Bureau, met with many interesting experiences.

As an extreme sample of one type with which General Fisk had to deal, we may mention an Alabama woman, a mountain refugee, who came into headquarters as if they would contaminate her, and fairly demanded her rights. She had, as she informed him, "ben two year in Injianny," and her business now was "to git transportation back to Alabam'. We uns hearn tell," she said, "that you uns was goin' to give the refugees the farms of the old secesh, and we uns wants 'em." The General told her no, that could not be done; and as he said it, and while her disappointment was getting ready to voice itself, a neatly-dressed colored woman came in, and begged a hearing. It was accorded her as politely as if she had been white and dressed in satin. She was neater and more ladylike than the Alabama refugee. Her story was infinitely more sad. Her daughter had been spirited away from Nashville, after being freed by act of Congress, and sold in Georgia. It was an unusual and unusually aggravating case, and it touched the Commissioner's great tender heart at once. Her petition for aid to bring back the stolen young woman was granted as soon as made, and the petitioner went gratefully away. Then this Alabama woman grew wrathy.

"Gineral Fisk," she asked, her sallow face yet more unlovely than before, "be you a abolitionist?"

"Yes, madam," he frankly answered, "I be."

"Wall, now, gineral," she went on, "you don't believe in nigger equality, do you? I'm sure you ain't so bad as that?"

The General's patience did not fail him, but his sense of justice asserted itself. With less suavity than usual, he replied:

"Madam, I do not think you need to have the least uneasi-

ness in the world on the question of equality, for you will have to learn a great deal more than you now know, and will have to conduct yourself in a much better manner, before you become anywhere near the equal of that good colored woman who has just left."

And with a sniff of her snuffy nose, and vigorously condemning the "nigger bureau," this lady from Alabama took her leave.

JOSEPH WINGATE FOLK

A STORY OF BEGINNINGS

HOSMER WHITFIELD has told in the *Success* magazine this interesting and impressive story of one of the most foremost figures to-day in American politics:

"Joseph Wingate Folk, whom the Democrats of Missouri elected Governor, seems to fit into the refrain of Rudyard Kipling's poem, *Once on a Time There Was a Man,* even more perfectly than Joseph Chamberlain, the Great British Liberal, whose career prompted the effusion. Next to President Roosevelt, the most extraordinary personal triumph of the whole bewildering election was won by Mr. Folk. His victory was purely individual. He was the only man on his ticket who carried his State. He carried it against the bitter enmity of the personal leaders of his own party. His career is an inspiring demonstration of the value of uncompromising, aggressive honesty to a public man. He personifies the greatest overshadowing issue of present and future politics,—wipe out corruption. Mr. Folk, as circuit attorney of St. Louis, was the man who, single-handed, in the past year has brought to bay and sent to jail the majority of the gang of boodlers, bribers, and bribe-takers, who, up to his election, had been robbing the city by the big river.

"He was thirty-five years old on October 28, 1904. He was

only in his thirty-first year when he began the crusade against corruption that has made a new chapter in American history. In these few years this young man has done more in this respect than the entire law system of the United States has elsewhere accomplished. He has practically split wide open the most infamous ring that ever thrived in an American city. Many a man who was old enough to be his father, or even his grandfather,—many a man who was a powerful politician and fearless as a financier,—was trapped by him as easily as if his game were a baby's. Men who thought that they knew every phase of municipal plundering, and who believed that they were above and beyond the law, and safe in the very core of their criminality, scattered before this youngster and left their dark records to indict them.

"It was only by chance that he was nominated for circuit attorney of St. Louis. Very little was known of him save that he was a bright young lawyer, a Democrat, and ambitious as a politician. He had come from his native place, Brownsville, Tennessee, to seek a future in a larger municipality. At Vanderbilt University he was known as a clever young man, popular and well liked, but always studious. No sooner had he been graduated than he rushed into law. He was admitted to the bar in 1890, and his life until 1900 was filled with the ups and downs that beset any fellow who throws himself on the world with but one object in view,—to succeed. But it was a sorry day for many in St. Louis when Joseph W. Folk was placed on the Democratic ticket for circuit attorney. How he got on, no one can really explain. Ask any of the bosses and they will hold up their hands in horror and say, 'God only knows.' He was understood to be ambitious. He was placed on the ticket unwittingly. The bosses thought that he could be 'used,'—that he would bow to the regulations of the ring and the demands of its leaders in order to hold his office and win promotion.

WHEN MADE CIRCUIT ATTORNEY HE SURPRISED THE MACHINE

"Like all other young lawyers, with no one but themselves to depend on, he took cases when and where he could get them during his first year in St. Louis, at one time being attorney for ticket scalpers, and he went about hunting for all the petty business that every young lawyer knows. While attorney for some street railway strikers, he became associated with Harry W. Hawes, his chief political foe. They were both in about the same boat, except that Hawes had been in St. Louis longer than Folk, was somewhat better known, and had greater local influence. Together Hawes and Folk began to dabble in petty politics. Hawes was the organizer of the Jefferson Club, which began with eighteen members and for several years only contained a few hundred, and amounted to little politically. To-day Hawes is still its president and practically its dictator, and its eight thousand members are known as the 'St. Louis Indians.' Where this name 'Indians' originated no one seems to know, it probably being a reflection of New York's Tammany. To-day the Jefferson Club is the 'machine,' and is feared, liked, hated, and served accordingly. Its influence, usually baneful, has reached from the World's Fair to the bridges over the Mississippi, that are strangling the business interests of St. Louis.

"Folk and Howes were chums. When the making of a new ticket came up, 'Ed.' Butler, then the undisputed boss,—at Hawes' request,—placed Folk on the ticket for circuit attorney. So little was Folk known that Butler had never heard of him, but Hawes, having some secret idea of his own, and thinking that Folk was an easy, waxy man to handle, obtained Butler's consent to Folk's nomination. Folk accepted, with his usual caution, and with both eyes open. It did not take Hawes and Butler long to discover with what kind of a man they had to deal.

"Folk has two short words that represent his character

better than any other two words in our language. One is 'honor,' the other is 'duty.' He placed his right foot on one, and his left foot on the other, and there he stands. There are men who laugh at this and say that he must waver, and that no man in his position can remain spotless.

"On the day that he took office, he discovered frauds in the very election that put him in power. Without a moment's delay he began to bring the illegal voters to justice. Corporations and bosses sent their henchmen to warn him not to go too far. But he was obdurate.

" 'We charge you with ingratitude,' they said.

" 'And I charge you with breaking the law,' he replied.

" 'You are prosecuting Democratic wardmen,' they said, threateningly.

" 'I am glad to know who they are,' he replied.

" 'It is not your fault that dishonest men voted for you,' they said, angrily.

" 'One who violates the law is not a Democrat, or a Republican, but a criminal,' replied the circuit attorney.

"This answer has rung through Missouri and the West and its echoes are being heard in the East. It is famous.

"Through these dishonest voters, he discovered the nest of boodle plunderers. He discovered that corporations were robbing the people to bribe politicians, and that the laws of the city were being sold without a blush. No other circuit attorney had ever dared to attack this political stronghold. He said on the stump that, if elected, he would do his duty. 'That's fine campaign oratory,' said his adherents; 'it will make the people believe that they are really going to get good government.'

"The party reckoned without its candidate. He was in deadly earnest. His air of determination was real. His words of warning were not the vote-catching platitudes and promises that are of one color before election day and of another thereafter. He went at the very men who elected him as well as

the men who opposed him in a manner that silenced the public. The task was Herculean, but he was equal to it. Finally his party and the corporations and boodlers back of it saw that their mighty temple of graft was to be shattered. Nothing could save it unless something radical were done. 'Folk must be squelched.'

"There were only two ways to suppress him. One was to murder him, the other to tempt him with a sum of money so large that he could not resist it. The first way was thought to be most expedient. Folk was threatened. Letters were written to him stating that he would be shot if he did not quit. His friends heard of these letters, and begged him to desist, but he only prosecuted with more vigor.

"His detractors tried to carry their threats into action. A shot was fired at him, but the bullet still rests in the hole that it bored in his office wall. Then they tried to buy him. 'Maybe he is only waiting to be offered a large sum,' they said. Corporations sent their oiliest talkers to win him over. He told them that they must put their requests in writing. Some dared to do so, only to incriminate themselves. It is said that he was sent a blank check signed by a 'leading' citizen with a request to fill it out for any amount, as it would be cashed at sight. At any rate, he was offered a great amount of money, a sum so large that it was thought he could not pass it by,—he was offered just two million dollars, openly and without conditions, to quit. But he quietly smiled and said, 'No!'

"This undemonstrative young man, equipped with the courage of plain honesty, and with nothing else back of him save the guidance of a good father and a good mother, and a faithful, loving wife, had, therefore, awakened a new era of civic righteousness in his State. With the adamantine impregnability of a Gibraltar, he stood his ground, defying all who opposed him. Slightly undersized, cool, collected, with no touch of the dramatic, he kept on working, not to prosecute any

individual, but to defend his State. The people rallied around him. They were made enthusiastic by his progress. They felt he must be rewarded. His salary was too small a reward, for his life was in danger, and he must be given something to show the gratitude of the people. They met and agreed to purchase a beautiful residence site, and build thereon a home and present the title deed to him. He heard of this promised token of appreciation, and nipped its bestowal in the bud. 'I shall be obliged to refuse it,' he said; 'I cannot accept anything for my work but my salary.'"

SIMEON FORD

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER

SIMEON FORD told last year in *Success* the interesting story of his development as an after-dinner speaker, and some exceedingly amusing stories of his experience:

"I have already said my final word on after-dinner speaking in an after-dinner speech on the painful subject. It was to the effect that after-dinner oratory is a curious business, severe on the guests, but worse on us; that the few orators who really enjoy speaking are men without any sense of shame; and that as for myself, I am free to say that I would rather be the humblest bank president among the guests than to sit in the fierce light that beats upon the head table and get my dinner for nothing. That about sums up the case.

ANTICIPATION OF A SPEECH FREQUENTLY SPOILS A DINNER

"When I began making speeches, 'year in and year out ago,' I took myself as seriously as must anyone who hopes to be funny. When I was invited to make an after-dinner speech, I read and re-read the invitation with prideful thrills, and then I read it to my wife and permitted her to regard me acrosss the breakfast table as admiringly as the wonder I felt myself about

to be, ought to be regarded. After-dinner speaking seemed to me to be a neat and shining short cut to assorted varieties of fame. I spent days over my speech; I muttered it in street cars and on railway trains, till my fellow-passengers were worked up to a concert pitch of suspicion of my innocent past. I made my family both jealous and bored; I alienated my friends; I proved to my enemies their own excellent judgment; and I wore myself to the sad shadow I now am, all in getting ready one line of foolishness after another.

"All for what?

"Not because I enjoyed it, certainly: the anticipation was sauce to spoil the dinner for me, utterly; besides, as I have often said, of all the many melancholy places a man is jammed into in the course of an ill-spent life, recommend to me the head table at a big dinner. The men there are so scared and mad because they will have to speak that nobody could be glummer, unless it be the men at the other tables who are mad because they haven't been asked. There is nothing enjoyable about it. The actual speaking is a pleasure to some, if it goes off well; to others it is always a terror, anyway; and, if it doesn't go off well, the skilless forger, languidly eating his first dinner in Sing Sing, finds the meal a gladsome birthday party in comparison. You might as well set before him a cake covered with pink frosting and pink candles, and expect his face to light up with smiles, as to expect the applause of a dinner table to brighten the life of a man who knows none the less that his speech has been a failure. The whole business is a precarious one. What did I see in it to justify me? I don't know, unless it was the feverish delight of looking for my picture on the first page of the paper next morning. For that I fought and bled and died for years before it began to bore me.

"Then, gradually, I came to wonder why in the world I was doing it. 'What's the use?' is a cynical question only

when it is applied to something over which you would do well to be cynical. Ask what's the use of doing any of the worthwhile things that you do, and you'll find the use quickly enough. But drape the question around any foolishness, and you will get back a hollow, echoing, rattling reply,—'*No* use!' That is the truth. There is no use in after-dinner speaking for the after-dinner speaker; he would be satisfied to eat and go away. There is nothing in it for the magnate who silently lends his respectability to the occasion; his respectability is enough for him. There's nothing in it for the jolly, lucky soul who is simply there to enjoy himself at another fellow's expense and say nothing. As Gallagher would say,—

"'There's not'in' doin' for nobody; so wot's the use?'

ONE MAY MAKE A GOOD SPEECH AND NO ONE WILL SMILE

"So much for the dark side of an evil subject! Still, if after-dinner speaking is to be accepted as a necessary evil and done at all, it might as well be done well. But the test of its having been done well is not necessarily its result. If a man sets the table in a roar he has made a good after-dinner speech; but, on the other hand, he may make a perfectly good after-dinner speech, and nobody will crack a smile. Clearly the matter depends on something besides himself, and in the case of a fairly good speaker, this something is the secret of all good after-dinner speaking; it is the secret of a man's picture being on the first page next morning, or not at all; it is the secret of his boring a company or making everybody fall on the table; it is the secret of his ultimate reputation as a wit or as a bore; and it is the simplest thing in the world. The true explanation is found in the fact that his fate lies in the hands of the man who speaks before he does.

"When they ask me where, on a dinner programme, I desire to be placed, I always want to say: 'Please lay a cover for the biggest bore there is, and put me on the programme

next.' They don't always do it, but, when they do, it is like some patent adjustable appliance for the mechanical manufacture of an oratorical success. The air is so overcharged with the dry stuff that preceded, that any old, worn-out spark of mine will light a laughing bonfire very difficult to extinguish.

"On the arrangement of a programme of toasts depends the success of an after-dinner speaker. The other fellows won't have any success, anyway. But they are very useful,—those other fellows. They form a magnificent black velvet background for the display of jewels, and it is so black and so heavy that even paste looks well when it is laid on it. They are the low lights, the middle-dark of the picture. They have to be, so let them be. Never decry a bore at a dinner. Think of the man who will sparkle afterwards, when the guests will fall on his neck with gratitude for the least little effervescence.

DON'T BLAME A BORE: YOU'LL BE GLAD WHEN HE STOPS

"Once a party of ladies and gentlemen, driving along a country road, came upon a small and very ragged and terribly dirty little boy who sat knocking a stone against his own head. He continued rhythmically battering away until the passers-by became alarmed.

"'My poor child,' exclaimed one of the ladies, 'what are you doing? Aren't you hurting your head frightfully?'

"The boy stopped, abashed, but with a good conscience.

"'Yes'm,' he explained, 'I am; but it feels so good when I stops.'

"So never blame a bore. Think how good it will feel when he stops.

"In the hands of the toastmaster, then, lies the glory or defeat of the humorous fellows who are to speak. If he finds that an uproarious speech, just received with shouts of applause is to be followed by the speech of a man who is sure to be funny, he will no more allow it than the *chef* would have

allowed terrapin to follow lobster on the *menu*. He will reach away down the programme, and pull up a man brimming with dates and heavy facts about the unearned increment, and he will set him on his feet in their light-minded midst. The man will be an instant counter-irritant; the guests, still glowing with their fun, will listen to him with patience, and rest; his own complacence in being lifted forward in the order of exercises will be unbounded; and the day will have been saved for the poor old funny man who was to come next to the other funny man, and everybody will be pleased.

THE WISE WORLD LIKE TO WEEP AS WELL AS TO LAUGH

"That is the very way that the whole literary and lecture-going and theater-going public is played upon all the time. Take the book that makes you laugh up one page and cry down the next; one lays it down with the unvarying comment,—'It is a good book.' That was, for instance, the secret of the enormous success of 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.' What else made James Whitcome Riley and Bill Nye tour the country together? Their success was half due to the fact that Nye lifted an audience away up on the top of joke after joke and left it there gasping till Riley came gracefully forward and let everybody down with a poem about the little boy who died and whose Christmas tree was left standing for years, drying up in a corner of the musty parlor. In every successful play this arrangement is observed. Golden-haired Irene dies in a plush chair and a delirous dress; the audience, with swelling throat, realizes that never again that night will she caper through the first act, gayly, lightly, fleetly joyous, or her tiny slippered feet beat out to rhythmic rag-time. She is dead, dead, dead, and the audience wonders why it came to be thus harrowed,—when, lo, the low comedian! In he trots, in the next act, in an excruciating make-up, with a lurid line of talk and a job lot of light-footed antics, and the audience leaves the house

in a tumult of appreciation. It's the way; and, since you can not make people weep at a dinner, to get contrast, the next best play is to have them bored here and there with florid doses of useful information.

THE GUESTS ALWAYS APPLAUD THE CREATOR OF LAUGHTER

"The man of humor, if he gets a desirable place on the programme, not too near the end and not after a star, has an easy time, too. Let him make light of himself, hit off the well-known weakness of some one who is popular, use a good adjective out of its usual sense, and, above all else, light on some foible or discomfort or grudge common to everybody, and his speech is a success. The guests are usually with him from the first, anyway; they want to laugh; they will always go halfway to meet a laugh; the speaker has not a single prejudice to overcome before he has them smiling. They will laugh at things which, ventured by their wives over breakfast, would meet with a cold stare or a haughty and uncomplimentary comment. They are the easiest people in the world to please, if you give them half an excuse. The permanent possession of this half excuse constitutes you, in their eyes, a humorous speaker.

"The place of the short story in an after-dinner speech is a precarious one. I have never used it in my life, and I am always amazed and delighted at the brave men who do. Somebody in the room is terribly likely to have heard the very best story you can relate. I remember once hearing a short story told at the head table that aroused such a roar of laughter that I was sure no one there had ever heard it before. This must mean, I thought, that the man has either made it up himself, or pinched the proofs of a joke paper, made up two months ahead. The story was this:

"A shepherd once advertised for an assistant shepherd, whom he wished to do all his hard work. A sailor, who had

spent all his life at sea, came ashore and saw the advertisement, and, thinking he would like a few years of land duty, applied to the shepherd for the job.

"'But you say you have been at sea all your life,' cried the shepherd, with astonishment; 'what can you know about sheep?'

"'Nothing at all,' replied the sailor, humbly, 'but I believe I can do this business, all the same.'

"The shepherd led him up to a high mountain, and pointed to the valleys and mountains and meadows for miles around. They were all thickly scattered with sheep.

"'Do you see those sheep?' said the shepherd. 'They are all mine, and the work you would have to do would be to get them all into the fold by to-morrow night. You could never do that.'

"'Yes, I could,' persisted the sailor, stolidly. So the shepherd gave in and said he would take him, and, when he had dressed him as a shepherd, he took him to the sheds and showed him a pack of magnificent collies.

"'Here,' he said, 'are the dogs that you will take with you to do the work.'

"'Dogs!' cried the sailor, 'I could never do anything with dogs. I shall leave the dogs here and drive the sheep in myself.'

"Believing him, by this time, to be quite mad, the shepherd watched him go away, and had forgotten all about him when, the next night, there was a rap at the door of his cot, and there the sailor stood.

"'What do you want now?' demanded the shepherd, angrily.

"'The sheep are all in,' announced the sailor.

"In amazement the shepherd followed the man to the fold, and there, sure enough, were all his sheep safely in.

"'Well, well!' said the shepherd, 'so they are; but how in the world did you do it?'

"'Oh,' said the sailor, indifferently, 'that's nothing! The only things that gave me any trouble at all were the little lambs, and I did have an awful time with them.'

"The shepherd looked where he pointed, and saw a dozen jack rabbits that the sailor had driven in for lambs.

"The point was one of those growing ideas that everbody sees little by little, and the appreciation was so general at last that it looked like a perfectly new story. Alas! the laughter had not fairly died away before, from my right, a melancholy-looking man with a *crepe* beard murmured:—

"'Good! Good! I've usually heard that told with little wildcats instead of jack rabbits.'"

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

A LESSON IN TIME VALUE

FRANKLIN not only understood the value of time, but he put a price upon it that made others appreciate its worth.

A customer who came one day to his little bookstore in Philadelphia, not being satisfied with the price demanded by the clerk for the book he wished to purchase, asked for the proprietor. "Mr. Franklin is very busy just now in the press-room," replied the clerk. The man, however, who had already spent an hour aimlessly turning over books, insisted on seeing him. In answer to the clerk's summons, Mr. Franklin hurried out from the newspaper establishment at the back of the store.

"What is the lowest price you can take for this book, sir?" asked the leisurely customer, holding up the volume. "One dollar and a quarter," was the prompt reply. "A dollar and a quarter! Why, your clerk asked me only a dollar just now." "True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to take a dollar than to leave my work."

The man, who seemed to be in doubt as to whether Mr. Franklin was in earnest, said jokingly: "Well, come now,

tell me the lowest price for this book." "One dollar and a half," was the grave reply. "A dollar and a half! Why, you just offered it for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes, and I could better have taken that price then than a dollar and a half now."

Without another word, the crestfallen purchaser laid the money on the counter and left the store. He had learned not only that he who squanders his own time is foolish, but that he who wastes the time of others is a thief.

HUNTING FOR AN EXCUSE

When Franklin ran away from Boston for New York, he escaped by boat.

When the sloop was becalmed one day off Block Island, the sailors amused themselves by fishing for cod, as becalmed sailors and yachtsmen do to this day off that coast. Benjamin, who still adhered to his vegetarian theory, regarded the taking of life for the sake of procuring food as murder. Fishing, in particular, was murder unprovoked; for no one could contend that these cod, which the sailors kept hauling up over the sloop's bulwarks and slapping down upon the deck, had wrought any harm to their captors. This argument, so long as the mere catching continued, seemed unanswerable; but when, by and by, the cod began to send forth a most alluring odor from the frying-pan, the tempted vegetarian, who had formerly been extremely fond of fish, found it necessary to go over his reasoning again, to see if there was not a flaw in it. He was unhappy at not being able to find one, and for some minutes there was a struggle between principle and inclination. It occurred to him, at length, that when the fish were opened he had seen smaller fish in their stomachs. "If you eat one another," said he to himself, "I don't see why we may not eat you." So he dined upon cod very heartily, and continued afterwards to eat what other people ate. After telling this

story he makes an observation which is often attributed to Talleyrand and others, but which was a familiar joke with Franklin when Talleyrand was a boy. "So convenient a thing it is," says Franklin, "to be a *reasonable* creature, since it enables one to find or make a reason for every thing one has a mind to do."

WATER DRINKER

Speaking of his experience in London as a printer, his biographer says of him:

"At this period of his life Franklin drank only water. His fellow-pressmen, nearly fifty in number, were great drinkers of beer. Nevertheless, the Water-American, as they nicknamed him, carried up and down stairs a form on each hand, while the beer-drinkers carried but one on both hands. They wondered that he, who, they supposed, derived no strength from his drink, should be stronger than themselves who drank strong beer. 'My companion at the press,' says Franklin, 'drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner; a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and another when he had done his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he supposed, to drink *strong* beer, that he might be *strong* to labor. I endeavored to convince him that the bodily strength afforded by beer could only be in proportion to the grain or flour of the barley, dissolved in the water of which it was made; that there was more flour in a pennyworth of bread, and, therefore, if he could eat that with a pint of water, it would give him more strength than a quart of beer. He drank on, however, and had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every Saturday night for that vile liquor: an expense I was free from; and thus these poor fellows keep themselves always under by being slaves to a bad habit."

FRANKLIN'S WONDERFUL KITE

It was in the June thunder-storms of 1752 that Franklin's immortal kite was flown. Parton thus tells the story.

"Who does not know the story? How he made his kite of a large silk handkerchief, fastened to the top of a perpendicular stick, a piece of sharpened iron-wire. How he stole away, upon the approach of a storm, into the commons not far from his own house, say about the corner of Race and Eighth Streets, near a spot where there was an old cowshed. How, wishing to avoid the ridicule of possible failure, he told no one what he was going to do, except his son, who accompanied him, and who was then not the small boy he is represented in a hundred pictures, but a braw lad of twenty-two, one of the beaux of Philadelphia. How the kite was raised in time for the coming gust, the string being hempen, except the part held in the hand, which was silk. How, at the termination of the hempen string a common key was fastened; and in the shed was deposited a Leyden bottle, in which to collect from the clouds, if the clouds should prove to contain it, the material requisite for an electric shock. How father and son stood for some time under the shed, presenting the spectacle, if there had been any one to behold it, of two escaped lunatics flying a kite in the rain; the young gentleman, no doubt, feeling a little foolish. How, at last, when a thunder-cloud appeared to pass directly over the kite, and yet no sign of electricity appeared, the hopes of the father, too, began to grow faint. How, when both were ready to despair of success, Franklin's heart stood still, as he suddenly observed the fibres of the hempen string to rise, as a boy's hair rises when he stands on the insulating stool. How, with eager, trembling hand, he applied his knuckle to the key and drew therefrom an unmistakable spark, and another and another, and as many as he chose. How the Leyden phial was charged, and both received the most thrilling shock ever experienced by man; a shock that

might have been figuratively styled electric, if electric it had not really been. How, the wet kite being drawn in, and the apparatus packed, the philosopher went home exulting—the happiest philosopher in Christendom.

"And this was only the beginning of triumph. The next ships that arrived from the Old World, brought him the news that the same experiment, in the mode originally suggested by him of erecting an iron rod upon an eminence, had been successfully performed in France, so that his name had suddenly become one of the most famous in Europe."

ROBERT FULTON

THE SAILING OF THE FIRST STEAMBOAT

JUSTICE JOSEPH STORY, in an address delivered before the Boston Mechanic's Institute in 1829, gave the following interesting account of the building and sailing of the first steamboat by Fulton, as he received it from the lips of that distinguished inventor and mechanic:

"'When,' said Fulton, 'I was building my first steamboat at New York, the project was viewed by the public either with indifference, or with contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet,—

"Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand."

As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard, while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered unknown near the idle groups of strangers, gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense;

the dry jest; the wise calculation of losses and expenditures; the dull, but endless, repetition of the Fulton folly. Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness, veiling its doubts, or hiding its reproaches. At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my mortification and not of my triumph. I was well aware, that in my case there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety, mixed with fear, among them. They were silent, and sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you it would be so—it is a foolish scheme—I wish we were all out of it.' I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for a half hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight maladjustment of some of the work. In a short period it was obvi-

ated. The boat was again put in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was then doubted if it could be done again; or if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value.

"Such was the history of the first experiment, as it fell, not in the very language which I used, but in its substance, from the lips of the inventor. He did not live, indeed, to enjoy the full glory of his invention. It is mournful to say that attempts were made to rob him, in the first place, of the merit of his invention, and, next, of its fruits. He fell a victim to his efforts to sustain his title to both. When already his invention had covered the waters of the Hudson, he seemed little satisfied with the results, and looked forward to far more extensive operations. 'My ultimate triumph,' he used to say, 'my ultimate triumph will be on the Mississippi. I know, indeed, that even now, it is deemed impossible by many that the difficulties of navigation can be overcome, but I am confident of success. I may not live to see it; but the Mississippi will yet be covered by steamboats; and thus an entire change be wrought in the course of the internal navigation and commerce of our country.'"

FREDERICK FUNSTON

HOW HE WON HONORS

THOMAS R. DAWLEY, Jr., related some years ago in the *Success* magazine, this striking story of a Kansas boy who, without friends or a pull of any kind, came to be a

Brigadier-General at thirty-eight. Dawley writes as follows:

"Brigadier-General Frederick Funston made his own opportunities and took the best advantage of them. He is a Kansan, and now, at the early age of thirty-eight, he finds himself the youngest officer in the regular army holding his high rank, with the prospect of becoming the Commander-in-Chief.

"His beginning was small. In the summer of 1896, he arrived in New York with limited funds, and unknown. The newspapers were teeming with accounts of the struggles of the Cuban patriots, and Funston, fired with a desire for warfare, applied to the Cuban Junta for a chance to serve in its army. He met with little encouragement. The young Kansan, learning the kind of field guns that were being sent to Cuba, applied to the New York agents for instructions in handling them. He was shown one of the guns and received a half-hour's instruction in finding the range and sighting it. He then returned to the Cuban Junta, announced himself an artilleryman, and received a promise to be sent on the next expedition.

"But there was no money in sight. The Cuban patriots were fighting without pay. The need of money appealed strongly to Funston. Having done some newspaper writing, he applied to several New York papers for a commission as a correspondent while serving in the Cuban army. He met with little encouragement until the managing editor of *Harper's Weekly* promised to consider any article and illustrations he might send. Funston, armed with a commission, departed.

"Early in the following year, I was directed to find General Gomez and his army, by *Harper's Weekly*. The editor told me that he had arranged with a little fellow from Kansas to send him information directly from the insurgents, but had received nothing from him. Consequently, when I joined Gomez, I was surprised to find only one American with him. I inquired for the 'little fellow from Kansas' who had been commissioned as a correspondent of my paper.

"'Oh, that's Funston,' said Smith; 'he turned up at Cascara. I never saw anything like it. The Cubans had a Hotchkiss fieldpiece, and were trying to hit a Spanish blockhouse. They were shooting all around it, when little Funston said, 'Let me try.' They let him try, and he hit that blockhouse the first shot, and kept on hitting it. They were so tickled that they made him a colonel, and he is somewhere with Garcia.'

"I did not meet Funston until after the breaking out of hostilities with Spain. I had been assigned by General Miles to the bureau of military intelligence, and was sent to Tampa, Florida. Funston had been appointed colonel of a Kansas regiment by the governor of his State; but, believing his knowledge of the Cubans would entitle him to a staff position, he went to Washington, and was ordered to the bureau.

"I heard some talk around army headquarters, at Tampa Bay Hotel, of a stray colonel from the West, whose regiment had been ordered to the Philippines. He was described as a country, unmilitary-looking chap, and the questions of how he had received his appointment and why he had left his regiment were discussed. He was pointed out as the man with some political pull, and no previous military training, who would outrank officers of the regulars, who had grown gray in the service.

"The next day, I observed a little man with a full beard sitting at one side of the foyer of the hotel. He was dressed in white duck trousers and a black jacket. A thin crop of hair on the top of his head showed a tendency to baldness.

"If an ordinary tramp had been washed and dressed in a cheap suit of store goods, and set down in the luxuriously appointed hotel, he could not have appeared more out of place than did that little man. Many of our army officers passed him, looking everywhere except in his direction. He not only seemed strangely out of place, but evidently felt that he was. Finally he came over to me and introduced himself:

"'My name is Funston,' he said, 'and I heard of you in Cuba.'

"I was pleased to talk with him, and we at once became friends. He had found a boarding-house on the other side of the river. After comparing notes, I concluded to try the table he recommended as being 'all right'; and during the rest of our stay in Tampa we boarded together. He was evidently as disappointed as I was, to learn that we were detailed to watch alleged Spanish spies in Tampa, when we supposed that we were going at the head of the army in Cuba as scouts, or volunteer aids. He was without a uniform, and Colonel Wagoner, who was at the head of the bureau, gave him one of his old blouses, which Funston took to a tailor to be refitted. But there was something the matter with the tailor or the blouse or Funston; he wore the garment with the Colonel's straps over his white trousers, and looked more out of place than ever.

"On the return of Lieutenant Rowan from taking a message to Garcia, a story was circulated that Funston had deserted from the Cuban army. Funston and I had agreed that there was no Cuban army, nothing more than bands of bushwhackers; and, when the story of his desertion was circulated with increased persistency, and its confirmation attributed to Lieutenant Rowan, he was greatly worried over the matter.

"The facts of the case were these: Funston had endured the hardships of a year's campaign with the Cubans; he had fought faithfully for them without pay; had successfully handled their meagre artillery; and, at the end of the year, had applied for permission to return home. The permission was not forthcoming; finally, in a spirit of disgust, he mounted his horse, rode away from the Cuban camp, and, presenting himself before a blockhouse on the Junero-Maron trocha, threw up his hands and surrendered. The Spaniards took him in, fed him, and sent him to Consul-General Lee. Mr. Lee sent him home. Funston never betrayed the Cubans.

"When he came to me in his trouble, I told him that he had only done precisely what I should have done under similar circumstances, and precisely what hundreds of Cubans had done during the insurrection. I advised him to retaliate by telling just what he did know about the Cubans. He answered that it did not pay to say anything against the Cubans, and he was right.

"Nor did the Cuban politicians want anyone in the government service who knew too much about their methods in Cuba. Funston and I were both ostracized by them, and efforts were made to have us discharged from the service. They were successful. Colonel Wagner called me into his private office and informed me that I was discharged. He very generously gave me a written statement, commending my services, and discharged me.

"I felt very much chagrined at the turn affairs had taken, for I had endeavored to give exact information concerning the Cuban army, just as I had found it in the woods of Cuba. Finding myself ignominiously cast aside, I went to Funston with the news.

"Funston was living down the prejudice against him that had been cultivated by some of the army officers, and was trying to get a position on the staff of General Wheeler. The latter appeared to favor him, but the appointment had to be made from Washington, and he could not get it.

"'Well,' he said, seeming to lose hope, 'I don't suppose there is anything for me to do but stick to the 'spy bureau!' That was what he called the exalted department of military information.

"About half an hour later I met him on the street. He was coming from Colonel Wagner's headquarters. He had a very long face. I knew some disappointment had occurred, and questioned him.

"'I have been fired from the 'spy bureau,' too,' he replied.

"He was disheartened and disgusted over his discharge. His aim had been to go to Cuba and take an active part in the campaign. He wanted to show his mettle. But it seemed that there was not the slightest chance for him to display his courage. However, he had his volunteer regiment to fall back on. He secured transportation to San Francisco and the salary due him up to the date of his discharge, and left Tampa.

" 'Perhaps it is the best thing for me, after all,' he said, as he folded his papers and put the money in his pocket. 'I'll join my regiment in the Philippines, and, perhaps, there will be something doing out there.'

"We all know the rest. We know how Funston swam the river and charged the Filipinos in their trenches, and was rewarded by promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers. This appointment expired on June 1, 1900. Funston knew that his only chance to prove his worth and gain a lasting rank was to do something definite, something that would appeal to the entire nation. What could that be but the capture of Aguinaldo? That was the thing to be done. He worked out the plan, made the opportunity, took advantage of it, and received his reward."

LYMAN J. GAGE

A CONGRESSMAN WHO WAS HARD OF HEARING

AN incident which has caused Secretary Gage to be exceedingly cautious of "deaf men" occurred recently.

Congressman John H. Ketcham, of Dover Plains, New York, is more or less hard of hearing. He holds his hand up to his ear while you are addressing him, and manages to catch your meaning fairly well. Just how much he hears is open to question, and the Secretary of the Treasury, for one, has his own suspicions that "Uncle John" is not quite so deaf as he appears. It happened this way:

Mr. Ketcham had been in Congress so long that he had used up all the patronage to which he was entitled, and couldn't get any more places for his constituents. But one day this spring he called on Mr. Gage.

"There is a man up in my town," he explained, "who must be fixed, and I want you to fix him."

"I can't do it," replied Gage (and up went Ketcham's hand to his ear), "because there are no vacancies in my department."

"Yes, that's what he wants," said Ketcham, "a place in your department."

The Secretary looked at his visitor intently, and said, in a lower tone:

"The civil service rules cover all appointments under twelve hundred or fifteen hundred dollars a year."

Mr. Ketcham removed his hand from his right ear and replied:

"That will be satisfactory. He will not expect more than twelve hundred dollars a year."

Mr. Gage was growing desperate.

"I tell you," he fairly yelled, "I can't do anything for your man. There is no use bringing him down here!"

"All right!" said the imperturbable Congressman, rising, "I'll bring him down," and out he walked, leaving the Secretary in a state of collapse.

Sure enough, a day or two later, the deaf man walked in with a constituent.

"Here is my friend that you promised to place," he said.

"Good Lord!" said Gage (and up went the other's hand), "didn't I tell you I could do nothing, absolutely nothing?"

"Hey?"

"Didn't I tell you not to bring your man here, because I had no place for him?"

"No; you said you would give him a place at about twelve hundred dollars; so I sent for him, and here he is."

The Secretary was in despair. He looked the Congressman in the face,—it was a blank. In sheer desperation he tapped a bell for an assistant, told the latter to take the constituent to Mr. B——, and, if possible, to find him a place. The Congressman shook hands all around, and departed with an expression of benevolence on his countenance.

The man got a fairly good place. The Congressman is still rather deaf. The Secretary—well, he has his own suspicions.

JOHN B. GOUGH

THE TAP ON THE SHOULDER

JOHN B. GOUGH, the famous temperance orator, tells this striking story of the beginning of his redemption from strong drink. He says:

"Some one tapped me on the shoulder, an unusual thing that, to occur to me; for no one now cared to come in contact with the wretched, shabby looking drunkard. I was a disgrace, 'a living, walking disgrace.' I could scarcely believe my own senses when I turned and met a kind look; the thing was so unusual, and so entirely unexpected, that I questioned the reality of it,—but so it was. It was the first touch of kindness which I had known for months; it went right to my heart, and, like the wing of an angel, troubled the waters in that stagnant pool of affection, and made them once more reflect a little of the light of human love. The person who touched my shoulder was an entire stranger. Regarding me very earnestly, and apparently with much interest, he said:

"'Mr. Gough, I believe?'

"'That is my name,' I replied, and was passing on.

"'You have been drinking to-day,' said the stranger, in a kind voice, which arrested my attention, and quite dispelled any anger at what I might otherwise have considered an officious interference in my affairs.

"'Yes, sir,' I replied, 'I have.'

"'Why do you not sign the pledge?' was the next query.

"I considered for a minute or two, and then informed the strange friend, who had so unexpectedly interested himself in my behalf, that I had no hope of ever again becoming a sober man; that I was without a single friend in the world who cared for me, or what became of me; that I fully expected to die very soon,—I cared not how soon, or whether I died drunk or sober; and, in fact, that I was in a condition of utter recklessness.

"The stranger regarded me with a benevolent look, took me by the arm, and asked me how I should like to be as I once was, respectable and esteemed, well clad, and sitting as I used to, in a place of worship; enabled to meet my friends as in old times, and receive from them the pleasant nod of recognition as formerly,—in fact, become a useful member of society? 'Oh,' I replied, 'I should like all these things first rate; but I have no expectation that such a thing will ever happen. Such a change cannot be possible.'

"'Only sign our pledge,' remarked my friend, 'and I will warrant that it shall be so. Sign it, and I will introduce you myself to good friends, who will feel an interest in your welfare and take a pleasure in helping you to keep your good resolutions. Only, Mr. Gough, sign the pledge, and all will be as I have said; ay, and more too?'

"Oh! how pleasantly fell these words of kindness and promise on my crushed and bruised heart. I had long been a stranger to feelings such as now awoke in my bosom. A chord had been touched which vibrated to the tone of love. Hope once more dawned; and I began to think, strange as it appeared, that such things as my friend promised me *might* come to pass. On the instant I resolved to try, at least, and said to the stranger:

"'Well, I will sign it.'

"'When?' he asked.

"'I cannot do so to-night,' I replied, 'for I *must* have some more drink presently; but I certainly will to-morrow.'

"'We have a temperance meeting to-morrow evening,' he said; 'will you sign it then?'

"'I will.'

"'That is right,' said he, grasping my hand; 'I will be there to see you?'

"'You shall,' I remarked, and we parted.

"I went on my way much touched by the kind interest which, at last, some one had taken in my welfare. I said to myself: 'If it should be the last act of my life, I will perform my promise and sign it, even though I die in the attempt; for that man has placed confidence in me, on that account I love him.'

A BATTLE FOR LIFE

Gough tells this thrilling story of his wonderful battle against appetite after he had signed the pledge. The story begins with the next morning:

"After breakfast, I proceeded to the shop where I was employed, feeling dreadfully ill. I determined, however, to put a bold face on the matter, and, in spite of the cloud which seemed to hang over me, attempt to work. I was exceedingly weak, and fancied, as I almost reeled about the shop, that every eye was fixed upon me suspiciously, although I exerted myself to the utmost to conceal my agitation. I was suffering; and those who have never thus suffered cannot comprehend it. The shivering of the spine; then, flushes of heat, causing every pore of the body to sting, as if punctured with some sharp instrument; the horrible whisperings in the ear, combined with a longing cry of the whole system for stimulants: 'One glass of brandy would steady my shaking nerves; I cannot hold my hands still; I cannot stand still; a young man but twenty-five years of age, and I have no control of my nerves; one glass of brandy would relieve this annoying, aching, throbbing

stomach; but I have signed the pledge,—I do agree that I will not use it,—and I must fight it out.' How I got through the day I cannot tell. I went to my employer at one time during the day and said:

"'I signed the pledge last night.'

"'I know you did.'

"'I mean to keep it.'

"'So they all say, and I hope *you* will.'

"'You do not believe I will; you have no confidence in me.'

"'None whatever.'

"I turned to my work, broken-hearted, crushed in spirit, paralyzed in energy, feeling how low I had sunk in the esteem of prudent and sober-minded men. Suddenly the small iron bar I held in my hand began to move; I felt it move, I griped it,—still it moved and twisted; I gripped still harder,—yet the thing would move till I could feel it—yes, *feel* it—tearing the palm out of my hand, then I dropped it,—and there it lay, a curling, slimy snake! I could hear the paper shavings rustle as the horrible thing writhed before me! If it *had been* a snake, I should not have minded it. I was never afraid of a snake; I should have called some one to look at it; I could have killed it. I should not have been terrified at a *thing;* but I knew it was a cold, dead bar of iron, and there it was, with its green eyes, its forked, darting tongue, curling in all its slimy loathsomeness! and the horror filled me so that my hair seemed to stand up and shiver, and my skin lift from the scalp to the ankles, and I groaned out, 'I cannot fight this through! Oh! my God, I shall die! I cannot fight it!'—when a gentleman came into the shop with a cheerful—

"'Good morning, Mr. Gough.'

"'Good morning, sir.'

"'I saw you sign the pledge last night.'

"'Yes, sir, I did it.'

"'I was very glad to see you do it, and many young men

followed your example. It is just such men as you that we want, and I hope you will be the means of doing a great deal of good. My office is in the Exchange; come in and see me. I shall be happy to make your acquaintance. I have only a minute or two to spare, but I thought I would just call in and tell you to keep up a brave heart. Good-bye: God bless you. Come in and see me.'

"That was Jesse Goodrich, then a practicing attorney and counselor-at-law, in Worcester, now dead, but to the last of his life my true and faithful friend. It would be impossible to describe how this little act of kindness cheered me. With the exception of Joel Stratton, who was a waiter at a temperance hotel, and who had asked me to sign the pledge, no one had accosted me for months in a manner which would lead me to think any one cared for me, or what might be my fate. Now I was not altogether alone in the world; there was a hope of my being rescued from the 'slough of despond,' where I had been so long floundering. I felt that the fountain of human kindness was not utterly sealed up, and again a green spot, an oasis—small indeed, but cheering—appeared in the desert of life. I had something now to live for; a new desire for life seemed suddenly to spring up; the universal boundary of human sympathy included even my wretched self in its cheering circle. All these sensations were generated by a few kind words at the right time. Yes, now I can fight,—and I did fight, six days and six nights,—encouraged and helped by a few words of sympathy. He said, come in and see me; I will. He said he would be pleased to make my acquaintance; he shall. He said, keep up a brave heart; by God's help, I will. And encouraged, I fought on, with not one hour of healthy sleep, not one particle of food passing my lips, for six days and nights. What a lesson of love should not this teach us!"

But the struggle was not over. Gough paints a horrible

picture of a night when: "Horrible faces glared upon me from the walls—faces ever changing, and displaying new and still more horrible features; black, bloated insects crawled over my face; and myriads of burning, concentric rings were revolving incessantly. At one moment the chamber appeared as red as blood, and in a twinkling it was dark as the charnel-house. I seemed to have a knife with hundreds of blades in my hand, every blade driven through the flesh, and all so inextricably bent and tangled together that I could not withdraw them for some time; and when I did, from my lacerated fingers the bloody fibres would stretch out all quivering with life. After a frightful paroxysm of this kind, I would start like a maniac from my bed, and beg for life, life! What I of late thought so worthless, seemed now to be of unappreciable value. I dreaded to die, and clung to existence with a feeling that my soul's salvation depended on a little more of life. A great portion of this time I spent alone; no mother's hand was near to wipe the big drops of perspiration from my brow; no kind voice cheered me in my solitude. Alone I encountered all the host of demoniac forms which crowded my chamber. No one witnessed my agonies, or counted my woes, and yet I recovered; how, still remains a mystery to myself; and still more mysterious was the fact of my concealing my sufferings from every mortal eye.

"In a week, I gained, in a great degree, the mastery over my accursed appetite; but the strife had made me dreadfully weak. Gradually my health improved, my spirits recovered, and I ceased to despair. Once more was I enabled to crawl into the sunshine; but, oh, how changed! Wan cheeks and hollow eyes, feeble limbs, and almost powerless hands, plainly enough indicated that between me and death there had indeed been but a step; and those who saw me, might say, as was said of Dante when he passed through the streets of Florence: 'There's the man that has been in hell.'"

THE TRANSFORMATION OF "HELL-FIRE"

Mr. Gough tells this remarkable story of the redemption of a Scotch woman in Glasgow:

"On one occasion as I entered the audience room, where some hundreds had assembled, with the Provost of the Borough and the minister of the town who accompanied me, the former said, as we came in: 'Mr. Gough, you have 'Fire' in the house to-night.'

"I asked, 'What do you mean?'

"He said, 'Do you see that tall woman, near the platform?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Her nickname is 'Hell-Fire;' she is known by no other name in the vicinity of her wretched residence. When she appears in the streets, the boys cry, 'Fire! Fire!' She is the most incorrigible woman in the borough. She has been brought before me scores of times, and sentenced to from four days to six months. She is ripe for mischief, and if she makes a disturbance, you will see such a row as you never saw before. The power of the woman's tongue in blasphemy is horrible.'

"When I rose to address the audience I expected a row, and confessed to a nervous feeling of apprehension. I spoke to them as men and women, not as outcasts, or things. I told them poverty was hard to bear; but there might be comfort, light and peace with poverty; I told them I had been poor, very poor; spoke to them of my mother and her struggles; then of her faith, and love, and hope; that there was no degradation in poverty—only sin caused that. In proportion to wrong-doing was the degradation,—and so on. I saw a naked arm and hand lifted in the crowd, and heard a voice cry out: 'That's all true;' the woman ('Fire') rose to her feet, and facing me said: 'That's a' true, mon,—ye're telling the truth;' and stretching her arms to the audience said: 'The mon kens what he's talking aboot.'

"When I concluded, she came on the platform and I almost thought she might tackle me. She was a large woman, and looked like a hard hitter, and I never desired to come in contact with 'strong-minded' or big-fisted women; but after looking at me a moment, she said: 'Tak' a gude look at me, mon. I'm a bit of a beauty, ain't I?' Then, coming close to me, 'Would you gi'e a body like me the pledge?'

"I answered at once, 'Yes, ma'am.'

"A gentleman said: "She cannot keep it; she will be drunk before she goes to bed to-night;—better not give her the pledge.'

"I turned to her: 'Madam, here is a gentleman who says you cannot keep it if you sign it.'

"Clenching her fists, she said, 'Show me the mon.'

"I asked, 'Can you keep it?'

"'Can I?—If I say I wull, I can.'

"'Then say you will.'

"'I wull.'

"'Give me your hand on that,'—and I shook hands with her. She signed it, and I said: 'I know you will keep it; and before I go to America I will come and see you.'

"'Come and see me when you wull,' she answered, 'and you'll find I ha'e keepit it.'

"It must have been two years from that time, I was speaking there again, and after the lecture, a gentleman said to me: 'I wish to introduce to you an old friend, whom perhaps you have forgotten,—'Mrs. Archer,' no longer 'Fire.'

"I was introduced and shook hands heartily with her and her daughter, who sat by her. I had noticed the woman during my speech, for she hardly took her eyes off me from the time I rose till I sat down. I went to her house, and part of what she said to me was this:

"'Ah! Mr. Gough, I'm a puir body; I dinna ken much, and what little I ha'e kenned has been knocked out of me by

the staffs of the policemen; for they beat me aboot the head a good deal, and knocked prutty much a' the sense out of me; but sometimes I ha'e a dream—I dream I'm drunk, and ficht-ing, and the police ha'e got me again; and then I get out of my bed, and I go down on my knees, and I don't go back to my bed till the daylight comes, and I keep saying: 'God keep me—for I canna get drunk any mair.'

"Her daughter said: 'Aye, mon; I've heered my mither in the dead of night, on the bare floor, crying 'God keep me;' and I've said,—'Come to your bed, mither, ye'll be cauld;' and she'll tell me, 'No, no,—I canna get drunk any mair.'

"I received a letter from the provost of the borough, dated February, 1869, telling me that Mrs. Archer ('Fire') had been faithful to her promise, was keeping a small provision store or shop; had taken a little orphan boy out of the streets, and was bringing him up well; and sending me her photograph. I had heard from various sources she was doing well, and doing good. Soon after she had signed the pledge, she ob-tained employment in sewing coarse sacks, and earned about ten cents per day. Some one gave her a Bible, and wet or dry, rain or shine, she would go every Sabbath to the mission chapel. There she became a Christian; and I was told that she employed her spare time in endeavoring to reform others."

EMBARRASSING GRATITUDE

Mr. Gough tells this fascinating story of the gratitude of an Englishman whom he had been instrumental in rescuing from the life of a drunkard:

"A man came to me at Covent Garden and said:

" 'Mr. Gough, I want you to come into my place of busi-ness.'

" 'I'm in a little hurry now,' I replied.

" 'You must come into my place of business.'

"So when he got me there—into a large fruit store, where

he was doing business to the amount of two hundred and fifty or three hundred pounds ($1,250 or $1,500) a week,—he caught me by the hand and said:

"'God bless you, sir!'

"'What for?'

"'I heard you in Exeter Hall a year and a half ago, and signed the pledge. I was a brute.'

"'No, you were not.'

"'Well, I was worse.'

"'No, you were not.'

"'Well, I was as bad as I could be. Look at that cellar! I spent a whole Sunday in that cellar on a heap of rotten vegetables with a rope to hang myself by! Now sir, I lease that cellar and clear a hundred pounds a year. God bless you, sir! See what a business I'm doing. Look here! See that woman in the corner? She's my wife. La! how I have knocked her about. Would you go and shake hands with her?'

"'I've no objection.'

"'Do, sir.'

"I went up to her and offered her my hand. She held back, and said, 'My fingers are so sticky with the fruit, sir.'

"'La!' said the husband, 'Mr. Gough don't mind sticky fingers.'

"'No, sir,' and I shook hands with her. Our fingers stuck together! They were stickier than I expected. Again the man said:

"'God bless you, sir! I wish to give you something. Do you like oranges?'

"'Sometimes.'

"He went to a shelf that was full of them, and began to fill a great bag.

"'That's enough,' I said:

"But he paid no attention, and went on filling the bag. Then he put it in my arms, and said:

"'There! Don't say a word; but go along. God bless you!'

"I had positively to hire a cab to take me home."

THE KINDNESS OF THE SCOTCH LASSIES

Gough gives this pretty little glimpse of the love which the Scotch people came to have for him. He says:

"One day, when strolling through Edinburgh, I saw a group of young girls standing in front of their school in the Canongate, looking toward me on the opposite side of the street. Soon they crossed and walked near me. One of them said very modestly:

"'Mr. Gough ha'e ye ony objection to us lassies walkin wi' ye?'

"'Oh, no,' I responded, 'indeed I have not.'

"'We've heerd ye speak in the Music Hall, an' we're a' teetotalers.'

"Presently they reached the hotel where Mr. Gough was quartered. Here one said:

"'We'll ye ha'e ony objections to shakin' hands wi' us lassies?'

"As I took their hands, I heard in that sweet, low Scotch tone:

"'Ye'll soon be gangin' awa' frae Edinburgh, and we'll *weary* for ye to come back again. Gude-bye to ye.'"

HELEN MILLER GOULD

AT MONTAUK POINT

MISS GOULD'S practical business sense was beautifully exemplified at Montauk Point. Hundreds of soldiers from the hospitals in Cuba and Porto Rico were suddenly unloaded there. Elsewhere were government supplies,—tents and cots and rations,—but there the sick soldiers were with-

out shelter, were hungry, had no medicine, and were sleeping on the ground.

Why? Because of red tape. This young lady appeared in person, and amazed the strutters in shoulder-straps and the slaves to discipline, by having the sick soldier boys made comfortable on army cots, placed in army tents, and fed on army rations,—and this, too, without any "requisition." She grasped a situation, cut the ropes of theory and introduced practice. From her own purse she provided nurses and dainties, and sent scores of soldier boys to her beautiful villa on the Hudson.

The camp rang with this refrain:

"You're the angel of the camp,
Helen Gould,
In the sun-rays, in the damp,
On the weary, weary tramp,
To our darkness you're a lamp,
Helen Gould.

"Thoughts of home and gentle things,
Helen Gould,
To the camp your coming brings;
All the place with music rings
At the rustle of your wings,
Helen Gould."

THE FINEST SAILORS' CLUB IN THE WORLD

At the close of the Spanish-American War, our other philanthropist, a sweet-faced dark-haired young woman, was talking with a group of "jackies." They told her their troubles. Most of her friends do this because she is a millionaire in sympathy as well as in dollars. The "jackies" told her that they had no land home, no place but the saloons, where only the spenders are welcome.

JOHN B. GOUGH

HENRY WARD BEECHER

JOHN BURROUGHS

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

T. DEWITT TALMAGE

CLINTON B FISK

"Wait a year and you shall have the best club-house in New York," said she.

Next day her architect was sent for.

"Such a club-house will be very expensive," he said. "It will cost four hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Begin to-morrow," said this young woman with the quiet, decisive ways; "and let me see all the plans."

In a year there stood near the Brooklyn Navy Yard the most unique and magnificent sailors' club in the world. Nine stories of brick and granite—ten stories if you count the roof-garden, with its flowers and electric lights! And such a complete building! Nothing has been forgotten. If a boy in blue wants lodging, he gets a bed for twenty-five cents. If he is hungry, he gets good food at the poor food price—for example, coffee and rolls for a nickel. If he wants a bath he opens the bath-room door and finds a swimming-pool as big as a parlor. If he wants clean linen, or a shave, or a shine, or a book, or a telephone, or a game of billiards, he can have them all. Everything is first-class. Even the glass of water that he drinks comes from a private artesian well.

It is easy to see that the young woman revised the plans. What mere man architect would have arranged for six hundred and fifty-six lockers? Here, at last, is a building with enough closet-room. What masculine architect, with pockets, would have thought of a free deposit safe for money and valuables? What practical male builder would have found a place for a dark room for amateur photographers? Or for a laundry with electric flat-irons?

This philanthropist, too, is busy signing checks and managing her properties; but she has time to visit the sailors' club on Sundays, when meetings are held in its little theatre. She has time to show the boys that she can knock down the pins in the bowling-alley as well as any of them. She has time to send them some of the rare paintings from her Fifth Avenue

home. She has time to accept the bouquets of roses that they buy for her.

Such is our second philanthropist. Is it any wonder that Admiral Dewey once made the remark, "If the men on the American battleships had their way, there would be a statue of Helen Gould on every fighting craft that flies the Stars and Stripes."

ULYSSES S. GRANT

A NEW HORSE

EX-SENATOR JOHN P. JONES not long ago told a story of General Grant and Roscoe Conkling, illustrative of Grant's love for horses. He said:

"President Grant and Conkling were alike only in one particular. Neither knew anything about the mean art of assembling or conserving money. The result was that both were always hard up. Next to his family and his friends, Grant loved a good horse better than anything else in the world. A butcher in Washington owned one of the finest driving horses I ever saw, and from the moment Grant clapped his eyes on that proud, high-stepping animal his very soul yearned to possess it. He dared not tell anybody of his desire to own the horse because he feared some overzealous friend or scheming lobbyist would buy it and give it to him. Only to me did he confide this secret of his heart—for such it really was.

"I watched developments with keen interest, confident what the outcome would be in spite of my knowledge that Grant was never harder up than he was just then. Congress had not at that time increased the President's salary from twenty-five thousand dollars to fifty thousand dollars, and Grant actually needed every cent of his salary to make both ends meet. But just as I confidently expected, it wasn't long before Grant

bought the butcher's horse—he had to give six hundred dollars for it. The day after the purchase Grant invited Conkling and me to see the horse, though just why he wanted Conkling—who cared nothing at all for horses—to come along I was unable to guess, unless it was that he wanted to get another lecture from the imperious New Yorker for extravagance. The horse was tethered in the back lot of the White House.

"'Isn't he fine, Jones?' Grant said to me.

"I assented.

"'Don't you think he's magnificent, Conkling?' Grant then exclaimed, stroking the animal's fine mane.

"'I guess he'll do,' replied Conkling. 'But how much did you give for him?'

"'Six hundred dollars,' responded Grant.

"'Umph!' snapped Conkling. 'All I've got to say is that I would rather have six hundred dollars than the horse.'

"'That's what the butcher thought,' said Grant, as he nudged me in the ribs with an elbow.

"And Conkling, tossing his nose in the air, strode majestically back to the White House ahead of us, and didn't even wait to say 'Good-day' to the President."

LACK OF BUTTER GAVE HIM A START

Eager, panting, breathless from a long run in the fresh morning air, a youth, between sixteen and seventeen years old, presented himself before the representative of his district.

"Mr. Hammer," he began, without parley or preamble, "will you appoint me to West Point?"

Looking at him in amazement, the Congressman promptly replied, "No, Davis is there, and has three years to serve."

"But suppose he should fail," continued the boy, "would you send me?"

"If he doesn't go through," replied the Congressman, "it is no use for you to try, Uly."

"Promise that you will give me the chance, anyhow, Mr. Hammer," urged the youth.

The promise was readily given, and, much to the Congressman's astonishment, he was called upon the next day to make it good. Davis, the defeated candidate, returned home, and Ulysses S. Grant, receiving the appointment to West Point, took his first step toward being a general and holding the highest office in the gift of his countrymen,—that of President of the United States.

On that eventful morning, which marked the turning point in his life, Grant's mother, through some oversight, found herself without butter for breakfast, and sent the lad to borrow some from a neighbor. Entering the house to which he had been sent, without knocking, he overheard the reading of a letter from young Davis, stating that he had failed in his West Point examination, and would return home.

Quick as lightning, Grant's resolve was made. Getting the butter, he rushed home, and, without waiting for breakfast, ran to the office of the district Congressman, and begged for the appointment to West Point, as he knew that one must soon be made.

In telling the story in after years, General Grant was wont to add: "Now, it was my mother's being without butter that made me a General and President."

GRANT AT LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

Congressman R. H. Freer tells this interesting story of Lookout Mountain:

"The Battle of Lookout Mountain undoubtedly led to Grant's appointment to the position of Commander-in-Chief of the army. General Rosecrans had been overwhelmingly defeated, and the troops under him were penned up at Chickamauga, hungry, ragged and discouraged, facing starvation or surrender, with General Bragg looking down from the heights

upon us and counting the hours until we should be sent to the South under guard as his prisoners.

"At this most disheartening time, General Grant came to take command, and to get us out of the trap. His first move was to get us something to eat, for we were on a half ration of hardtack and what the boys called 'beef dried on the hoof,' which the flesh of the starved animals certainly resembled. Within five days of General Grant's arrival the famous 'cracker line' was established. General Bragg held such a position that, although we were only twenty-six miles from our supplies by rail, they had to be dragged sixty miles over all but impassable mountain roads. The rebel chieftain saw the advantage of maintaining this state of things, and made an attempt to break the 'cracker line.' General Hooker ordered General Howard to protect it, and Howard made a dash up the hill in the dark and did good work, but the 'line' was really saved by an occurrence strangely resembling a recent South African incident. The mules attached to his command became frightened and stampeded toward the enemy, who, supposing that this was a charge, in turn, stampeded and fled. Thus the 'cracker line' was preserved, never to be again attacked. We were now put on full rations, and this, with General Grant's strong, reassuring presence, made new men of us. There was one regiment of mere boys, the Eighty-sixth Ohio. The Colonel was only twenty-three years old, and one of his companies had just one man old enough to be really entitled to the name, and to vote. The youthful appearance of this regiment is best described by relating an incident that occurred when we were detailed to take charge of a lot of tall, lean Georgians, who had been taken prisoners. I was at the rear end of my company, being the smallest and youngest,—just fifteen years old. An especially tall and strapping Georgian leaned over and drawled out: 'Whar did you 'uns git that thar regiment?'

"I bristled up and replied indignantly: 'In Ohio, sir.'

"'Well, you 'uns must have bruk up every school in the State to get it. Why, them kids ain't old enough to chaw tubacker,' he replied.

"Only half of these boys ever returned to their homes and their schools, and but one-half of those who survived the war are now alive. Our young Colonel, Wilson E. Lemert, showed us at our last reunion a picture of his trained horse that we saw shot under him the day of the wonderful rush up the mountain. We could then only replace his beautiful black horse with a big white mule. On this he led us into the thickest of the fight. Perhaps we boys would have seen more if we had not pulled our caps down so closely and attended so strictly to the business of getting up to that first line of rifle-pits, which we were ordered to take, and then to stop and reform. When we reached this point, however, our ranks were swept by a sudden and mighty impulse. There was no waiting for new orders then; as one man, we dashed up and over the second line of defense, until we were so close upon the enemy that their rear comrades could not shoot us without endangering those in front; and, when we reached the top, we were upon the heels of the last man in gray going down the other side.

"This battle, fought partly above the clouds, is said to have been won by General Grant and the private soldiers, and so it was, for we had learned to know and trust him at Vicksburg.

"I was an orderly on General Grant's staff, and was sent one day with dispatches on his fine little black horse, loaned me for the occasion. As I returned with the replies, I rushed around a bend in the road into what looked like a full brigade of the enemy. I wheeled and started to run for it, with, it seemed to me, every 'reb' in the lot shooting at me. My horse was shot, and I went flying over his head. I landed on all fours, and continued on my way in this position, as I had

neither time to get up nor desire to be a more conspicuous mark, until I got around that bend in the road. Then I made record-breaking time to our camp. I ran up, all covered with blood and dust, and handed my dispatches to a lieutenant, who gave them to the General. After reading the dispatches, the great commander turned and looked me over in his quiet way, and said, 'Give this orderly another horse.' He must have been angry, too, at my losing his favorite horse.

"I heard General Grant say to General Thomas, just before the famous charge up the hill: 'If we don't win this fight, I know one General who will lose his shoulder-straps.' He looked keenly at Thomas, as he said it in his quiet, earnest way, and, turning on his heel, walked to his tent. There had been some friction between them, owing to General Grant's superseding the other General in the full command.

"The next time I saw General Grant was during the year 1872. I was introduced to him in Washington, by a Senator from our State, as the newly-appointed Consul to Nicaragua. I said, 'General, we have met before,—at Vicksburg.' He gave me one long, earnest look, and said, 'Yes, you are the boy who got my horse shot.'

"The President seemed genuinely pleased at meeting me again, and inquired whether my consular appointment suited me, adding:

"'Why did you not come to me direct? I would have found you something better.'

"But I was contented and told him so, being especially pleased with his remembrance of me and the acknowledgment of his appreciation of my services. I went to Nicaragua, and never saw the great leader again."

GRANT'S PONY

Albert D. Richardson gives this amusing little incident connected with Grant's military life on the Mississippi:

"It was five o'clock when the little Union fleet got off. On the headquarters boat, Hillyer was missed, and it was feared he was killed; but he turned up uninjured. The next question was, 'What had been done with the General's horse?' While it was being discussed, and Bob kept himself safely out of sight, a quartermaster invited Grant to the lower deck, saying:

" 'Come, General, and see what a pretty rebel pony I have captured.'

"Grant, upon viewing it, seemed greatly surprised, and then said, smilingly:

" 'Why, captain, this is my pony; I am very glad you saved him for me.'

"Just then Bob came up with a most sheepish expression.

" 'You rascal,' asked Rawlins, sternly, 'why didn't you take better care of the General's pony?'

"The darky, who stammered badly, replied as quick as he could get the unwilling words out:

" 'I reckon General Grant thinks a horse wuf mor'n a nigger, but a nigger's wuf more to me!' "

WHO STOLE THE HONEY

During Grant's expedition into Kentucky one morning the good woman of the house where the General and his staff had spent the night, complained that the Twenty-second Illinois Volunteers had stolen the honeycomb from her bee-hives, and Grant indignantly ordered that they be punished. The regiment was drawn up in a hollow square, and Hillyer in a speech of proper rhetoric told the men that the General, who had admired their bravery at Belmont, was deeply grieved at their present misconduct. A fine of five dollars was imposed upon each officer, and one dollar upon each private.

When the march was renewed, Grant rode along to the front and was greeted with cheers by regiment after regi-

ment. But the Twenty-second received him with ominous silence, and when he had passed on gave an illustration of the democratic spirit of volunteers. The men shouted:

"Who stole the honey?"

Then they answered in deep tones:

"General Grant's body-guard."

"Who ate it?"

"General Grant's staff."

"Who paid for it?"

"The Twenty-second Illinois." (Groans.)

Months afterward it was discovered that the body-guard were the real culprits, and the order was revoked.

A KIND HEART

During the march against Vicksburg, the General's party passed a rude cabin, when a woman came out swinging her tattered bonnet.

"Go back and see what she wants," said the General.

"She and her husband," reported the returning aide, "came here from Cairo, just before the war. He was impressed into the rebel service, but his health breaking down, he has been confined to the house for more than a year, and is very poor. They are Union people, and she only wanted to welcome our army, and get a look at you."

After cross-questioning her a little Grant rode on for five minutes, when he suddenly directed:

"Captain, leave a guard at that house to protect those poor people."

The order was obeyed. Going a little farther in silence, he again said, abruptly, as if a fresh thought had struck him:

"Send back a surgeon to that sick man, with instructions to report his condition to me."

This, also, was done. The cavalcade went on a few minutes longer, when the General gave a third order:

"Have the commissary leave a few rations, that the woman and her husband need not suffer."

The family was protected and fed. In due time the invalid was cured, and Grant furnished them with free transportation to the North.

NO USE FOR SPECULATORS

One day a stranger presented himself with a recommendation, signed by several members of Congress, and other Northern politicians. Glancing at it, the General—who was wont to declare that he had not yet found one honest man following the army as a trader—asked impatiently:

"This is for a permit to buy cotton, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Well, you can take it, and leave these headquarters at once. If I find you here again, I'll have you arrested. Men of your class are doing more to corrupt this army than all other kinds of rascality put together."

The speculator ingloriously decamped.

A CLOSE CALL

The following incident happened at Chattanooga:

From the river to the foot of Missionary Ridge, two miles and a half, are level farms and swamps. Thomas' picket lines were so near Bragg's, that the opposing soldiers talked familiarly, and at one point were only separated by the narrow bed of Chattanooga Creek. One morning, as Grant sat upon his horse on the bank, a party of rebels in blue came down on the other side to draw water. Supposing them to be his own men, the General asked:

"What corps do you belong to?"

"Longstreet's."

"What are you doing in these coats, then?"

"Oh! all our corps wear blue."

The fact had escaped his memory; but having the good fortune not to be recognized, he rode away.

"A VERY OBSTINATE MAN"

When Grant was in the Wilderness a party of ladies asked Mrs. Grant's opinion of her husband's new responsibilities and prospects.

"Mr. Grant has succeeded, thus far," she answered, "wherever the Government has placed him; and he will do the best he can."

"Do you think he will capture Richmond?"

"Yes, before he gets through. Mr. Grant always was a very obstinate man."

"THE GRIP OF A BULLDOG"

During those anxious days when Frank B. Carpenter, the artist, was painting *The Signing of the Proclamation* at the White House, he asked the Chief Magistrate:

"How does Grant impress you as compared with other leading generals?"

"The great thing about him," answered the President, "is cool persistency of purpose. He is not easily excited, and he has the grip of a bulldog. When he once gets his teeth in, nothing can shake him off."

"NOT A RETREATING MAN"

Grant was sending back his wounded to Fredericksburg, and opening roads on his front. The smoke of his cigar was seen on every part of the field, but the smoker was more taciturn than usual.

In the rebel lines it was believed that our army was falling back. Gordon said to Lee:

"I think there is no doubt but that Grant is retreating."

"You are mistaken," replied the Confederate chief, earn-

estly, "quite mistaken. Grant is not retreating: he is not a retreating man."

JACKSON'S DISAPPOINTMENT

General Grant tells the following striking story in his *Memoirs*:

"On the 23d of June, 1862, on the road from La Grange to Memphis, was very warm, even for that latitude and season. With my staff and small escort I started at an early hour, and before noon we arrived within twenty miles of Memphis. At this point I saw a very comfortable-looking white-haired gentleman seated at the front of his house a little distance from the road. I let my staff and escort ride ahead while I halted and, for an excuse, asked for a glass of water. I was invited at once to dismount and come in. I found my host very congenial and communicative, and stayed longer than I had intended, until the lady of the house announced dinner and asked me to join them. The host, however, was not pressing, so that I declined the invitation and, mounting my horse, rode on.

"About a mile west from where I had been stopping a road comes up from the southeast, joining that from La Grange to Memphis. A mile west of this junction I found my staff and escort halted, and enjoying the shade of forest trees on the lawn of a house located several hundred feet back from the road, their horses hitched to the fence along the line of the road. I, too, stopped and remained there until the cool of the afternoon, and then rode into Memphis.

"The gentleman with whom I had stopped twenty miles from Memphis was a Mr. De Loche, a man loyal to the Union. He had not pressed me to tarry longer with him because in the early part of my visit a neighbor, a Dr. Smith, had called and, on being presented to me, backed off the porch as if something had hit him. Mr. De Loche knew that the rebel General Jackson was in that neighborhood with a detachment of

cavalry. His neighbor was as earnest in the Southern cause as was Mr. De Loche in that of the Union. The exact location of Jackson was entirely unknown to Mr. De Loche; but he was sure that his neighbor would know it and would give information of my presence, and this made my stay unpleasant to him after the call of Dr. Smith.

"I have stated that a detachment of troops was engaged in guarding workmen who were repairing the railroad east of Memphis. On the day I entered Memphis, Jackson captured a small herd of beef cattle which had been sent east for the troops so engaged. The drovers were not enlisted men and he released them. A day or two after, one of these drovers came to my headquarters and, relating the circumstances of his capture, said Jackson was very much disappointed that he had not captured me; that he was six or seven miles south of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad when he learned that I was stopping at the house of Mr. De Loche, and had ridden with his command to the junction of the road he was on with that from La Grange and Memphis, where he learned that I had passed three-quarters of an hour before. He thought it would be useless to pursue with jaded horses a well-mounted party with so much of a start. Had he gone three-quarters of a mile farther he would have found me with my party quietly resting under the shade of trees and without even arms in our hands with which to defend ourselves.

"General Jackson of course did not communicate his disappointment at not capturing me to a prisoner, a young drover; but from the talk among the soldiers the facts related were learned. A day or two later Mr. De Loche called on me in Memphis to apologize for his apparent incivility in not insisting on my staying for dinner. He said that his wife accused him of marked discourtesy, but that, after the call of his neighbor, he had felt restless until I got away. I never met General Jackson before the war or during it, but have met him since

at his very comfortable summer home at Manitou Springs, Colorado. I reminded him of the above incident, and this drew from him the response that he was thankful now he had not captured me. I certainly was very thankful, too."

ADOLPHUS W. GREELY

SNATCHED FROM DEATH

GENERAL A. W. GREELY, in his book entitled *Three Years of Arctic Service,* gives this glimpse of the desperate extremity from which they were rescued by the relief expedition. He says:

"By the morning of the 22d we were all exhausted, and it was only through the energy and devotion of Frederick or Brainard, I do not remember which, that we obtained, about noon, some water. That and a few square inches of soaked sealskin was all the nutriment which passed our lips for forty-two hours prior to our rescue. Connell was very feeble, and the end of all was approaching. I tried with indifferent success to read from my prayer-book and the few scraps we had, but the high wind and the lack of food made it too exhausting.

"Near midnight of the 22d I heard the sound of the whistle of the *Thetis,* blown by Captain Schley's orders to recall his parties. I could not distrust my ears, and yet I could hardly believe that ships would venture along that coast in such a gale.

"I feebly asked Brainard and Long if they had strength to get out, to which they answered, as always, that they would do their best. I directed one to return with the news if any vessel could be seen. Brainard came back in about ten minutes from the brow of the hill, some fifty yards distant, reporting in a most discouraging tone that nothing was to be seen, and said that Long had gone over to set up the distress flag, a short distance away, which had blown down. Brainard returned to his bag, while a fruitless discussion sprang up as to the noise,

wherein Biederbick suggested that the vessel was in Payer Harbor, which I could not believe, as I thought the whistle must be from a ship running along the coast. We had resigned ourselves to despair, when suddenly strange voices were heard calling me; and, in a frenzy of feeling as vehement as our enfeebled condition would permit, we realized that our country had not failed us, that the long agony was over, and the remnant of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition saved."

HORACE GREELEY

HIS APPRENTICESHIP

MR. JAMES PARTON, in his *Life of Horace Greeley*, thus graphically describes the interviews leading to the contract which apprenticed young Greeley to learn the printing trade in East Poultney, Vermont:

"It was a fine spring morning in the year 1826, about ten o'clock, when Mr. Amos Bliss, the manager, and one of the proprietors, of the *Northern Spectator* 'might have been seen' in the garden behind his house planting potatoes. He heard the gate open behind him, and, without turning or looking round, became dimly conscious of the presence of a boy. But the boys of country villages go into whosesoever garden their wandering fancy impels them, and supposing this boy to be one of his own neighbors, Mr. Bliss continued his work and quickly forgot that he was not alone. In a few minutes he heard a voice close behind him, a strange voice, high-pitched and whining.

"It said, 'Are you the man that carries on the printing office?'

"Mr. Bliss then turned, and resting upon his hoe, surveyed the person who had thus addressed him. He saw standing before him a boy apparently about fifteen years of age, of light, tall, and slender form, dressed in the plain farmer's cloth of

the time, his garments cut with an utter disregard of elegance and fit. His trousers were exceedingly short and voluminous; he wore no stockings; his shoes were of the kind denominated 'high-lows,' and much worn down; his hat was of felt, 'one of the old stamp, with so small a brim, that it looked more like a two-quart measure inverted than anything else;' and it was worn far back on his head; his hair was white, with a tinge of orange at its extremities, and it lay thinly upon a broad forehead and over a head 'rocking on shoulders which seemed too slender to support the weight of a member so disproportioned to the general outline.' The general effect of the figure and its costume was so *outre,* they presented such a combination of the rustic and ludicrous, and the apparition had come upon him so suddenly, that the amiable gardener could scarcely keep from laughing.

"He restrained himself and replied, 'Yes, I'm the man.'

"Whereupon the stranger asked, 'Don't you want a boy to learn the trade?'

" 'Well,' said Mr. Bliss, 'we have been thinking of it. Do *you* want to learn to print?'

" 'I've had some notion of it,' said the boy in true Yankee fashion, as though he had not been dreaming about it, and longing for it for years.

"Mr. Bliss was both astonished and puzzled—astonished that such a fellow as the boy *looked* to be, should have ever thought of learning to print, and puzzled how to convey to him an idea of the absurdity of the notion. So, with an expression in his countenance, such as that of a tender-hearted dry-goods merchant might be supposed to assume if a hod-carrier should apply for a place in the lace department, he said, 'Well, my boy —but you know it takes considerable learning to be a printer. Have you been to school much?'

" 'No,' said the boy, 'I haven't had much chance at school. I've read some.'

MARY A. LIVERMORE

FRANCES E. WILLARD

JANE ADDAMS

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

JULIA WARD HOWE

"'What have you read?' asked Mr. Bliss.

"'Well, I've read some history, and some travels, and a little of most everything.'

"'Where do you live?'

"'At Westhaven.'

"'How did you come over?'

"'I came on foot.'

"'What is your name?'

"'Horace Greeley.'

"Now it happened that Mr. Amos Bliss had been for the last three years an Inspector of Common Schools, and in fulfilling the duties of his office—examining and licensing teachers—he had acquired an uncommon facility in asking questions, and a fondness for that exercise which men generally entertain for any employment in which they suppose themselves to excel. The youth before him was—in the language of medical students—a 'fresh subject,' and the Inspector proceeded to try all his skill upon him, advancing from easy questions to hard ones, up to those knotty problems with which he had been wont to 'stump' candidates for the office of teacher. The boy was a match for him. He answered every question promptly, clearly, and modestly. He could not be 'stumped' in the ordinary school studies, and of the books he had read he could give a correct and complete analysis. In Mr. Bliss' own account of the interview, he says, 'On entering into conversation, and a partial examination of the qualifications of my new applicant, it required but little time to discover that he possessed a mind of no common order, and an acquired intelligence far beyond his years. He had had but little opportunity at the common school, but he said 'he had read some,' and what he had read he well understood and remembered. In addition to the ripe intelligence manifested in one so young, and whose instruction had been so limited, there was a single-mindedness, a truthfulness, and common sense that commanded my regard.'

"After half an hour's conversation with the boy, Mr. Bliss intimated that he thought he would do, and told him to go into the printing office and talk to the foreman. Horace went to the printing office, and there his appearance produced an effect on the tender minds of the three apprentices who were at work therein, which can be much better imagined than described, and which is most vividly remembered by the two who survive. To the foreman Horace addressed himself, regardless certainly, oblivious probably, of the stare and the remarks of the boys. The foreman, at first, was inclined to wonder that Mr. Bliss should, for one moment, think it possible that a boy got up in that style could perform the most ordinary duties of a printer's apprentice. Ten minutes' talk with him, however, effected a partial revolution in his mind in the boy's favor, and as he was greatly in want of another apprentice, he was not inclined to be over particular. He tore off a slip of proof-paper, wrote a few words upon it hastily with a pencil, and told the boy to take it to Mr. Bliss. That piece of paper was his fate. The words were: *'Guess we'd better try him.'* Away went Horace to the garden, and presented his paper. Mr. Bliss, whose curiosity had been excited to a high pitch by the extraordinary contrast between the appearance of the boy and his real quality, now entered into a long conversation with him, questioning him respecting his history, his past employment, his parents, their circumstances, his own intentions and wishes; and the longer he talked, the more his admiration grew. The result was, that he agreed to accept Horace as an apprentice, provided his father would agree to the usual terms; and then, with eager steps and a light heart, the happy boy took the dusty road that led to his home in Westhaven.

"'You're not going to hire that tow-head, Mr. Bliss, are you?' asked one of the apprentices at the close of the day. 'I am,' was the reply, 'and if you boys are expecting to get any fun out of him, you'd better get it quick, or you'll be too late.

There's something in that tow-head as you'll find out before you're a week older.'

"A day or two after, Horace packed up his wardrobe in a small cotton handkerchief. Small as it was, it would have held more; for its proprietor never had more than two shirts, and one change of outer clothing at the same time, till he was of age. Father and son walked, side by side, to Poultney, the boy carrying his possessions upon a stick over his shoulder.

"At Poultney an unexpected difficulty arose which for a time made Horace tremble in his high-low shoes. The terms proposed by Mr. Bliss were that the boy should be bound for five years, and receive his board and twenty dollars a year. Now, Mr. Gleeley had ideas of his own on the subject of his apprenticeship, and he objected to this proposal, and to every particular of it. In the first place, he had determined that no child of his should ever be bound at all. In the second place, he thought five years an unreasonable time; thirdly, he considered that twenty dollars a year and board was a compensation ridiculously disportionate to the services which Horace would be required to render; and finally, on each and all of these points, he clung to his opinion with the tenacity of a Greeley. Mr. Bliss appealed to the established custom of the country; five years was the usual period; the compensation offered was the regular thing; the binding was a point essential to the employer's interest, and at every pause in the conversation, the appealing voice of Horace was heard: 'Father, I guess you'd better make a bargain with Mr. Bliss;' or, 'Father, I guess it won't make any difference;' or 'Don't you think you'd better do it, father?' At one moment the boy was reduced to despair. Mr. Bliss had given it as his *ultimatum* that the proposed binding was absolutely indispensable; he 'could do business no other way.' 'Well, then, Horace,' said the father, 'let us go home.' The father turned to go; but Horace lingered; he could not give it up, and so the father turned again; the ne-

gotiation was re-opened, and after a prolonged discussion, a compromise was effected. And so the father went home, and the son went straight to the printing office and took his first lesson in the art of setting type.

"The terms of the agreement, as stated, by Mr. Greeley in his *Recollections* were: He was to remain in the office until he became twenty years of age, be allowed board only for the first six months, and thereafter, in addition, $40 per annum for his clothing. Such was the humble contract by means of which he who became the founder of The New York *Tribune* entered into the business of printing."

THE PHYSICIAN'S STORY

The notable respect and influence gained by Horace Greeley even during the years of his apprenticeship, notwithstanding his singular dress and uncouth manners, are happily told by a distinguished New York physician of the time. The physician's story is thus reported by Parton:

"Did I ever tell you," he is wont to begin, "how and where I first saw my friend Horace Greeley? Well, thus it happened. It was one of the proudest and happiest days of my life. I was a country boy then, a farmer's son, and we lived a few miles from East Poultney. On the day in question I was sent by my father to sell a load of potatoes at the store in East Poultney, and bring back various commodities in exchange. Now this was the first time, you must know, that I had ever been entrusted with so important an errand. I had been to the village with my father often enough, but now I was to go alone, and I felt as proud and independent as a midshipman the first time he goes ashore in command of a boat. Big with the fate of twenty bushels of potatoes, off I drove—reached the village—sold out my load—drove round to the tavern—put up my horses, and went in to dinner. This going to the tavern on my own account, all by myself, and paying my own bill, was, I

thought the crowning glory of the whole adventure. There were a good many people at dinner, the sheriff of the county and an ex-member of Congress among them, and I felt considerably abashed at first; but I had scarcely begun to eat, when my eyes fell upon an object so singular that I could do little else than stare at it all the while it remained in the room. It was a tall, pale, white-haired, *gawky* boy, seated at the further end of the table. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and he was eating with a rapidity and awkwardness that I never saw equalled before nor since. It seemed as if he was eating for a wager, and had gone in to win. He neither looked up nor round, nor appeared to pay the least attention to the conversation. My first thought was, 'This is a pretty sort of a tavern to let such a fellow as that sit at the same table with all these gentlemen; he ought to come in with the hostler.' I thought it strange, too, that no one seemed to notice him, and I supposed he owed his continuance at the table to that circumstance alone. And so I sat, eating little myself, and occupied in watching the wonderful performance of this wonderful youth. At length the conversation at the table became quite animated, turning upon some measure of an early Congress; and a question arose how certain members had voted on its final passage. There was a difference of opinion; and the sheriff, a very finely-dress personage, I thought, to my boundless astonishment referred the matter to the unaccountable Boy, saying, 'Ain't that right, Greeley?' 'No,' said the Unaccountable, without looking up, 'you're wrong.' 'There,' said the ex-member, 'I told you so.' 'And you're wrong, too,' said the still-devouring Mystery. Then he laid down his knife and fork, and gave the history of the measure, explained the state of parties at the time, stated the vote in dispute, named the leading advocates and opponents of the bill, and, in short, gave a complete exposition of the whole matter. I listened and wondered; but what surprised me most was, that the company received his statement

as pure gospel, and as settling the question beyond dispute—as a dictionary settles a dispute respecting the spelling of a word. A minute after, the boy left the dining-room, and I never saw him again, till I met him, years after, in the streets of New York, when I claimed acquaintance with him as a brother Vermonter, and told him this story, to his great amusement."

POE'S AUTOGRAPH

Among the celebrated literary men with whom Mr. Greeley became quite intimately acquainted with Edgar A. Poe, author of "The Raven," and other poems of rare beauty and power, as well as of a number of tales exhibiting remarkable acumen and powers of analysis. Poe was no less brilliant as a conversationalist than he was a writer, but he was irregular in habits and careless in business matters. Long after the poet's death, Mr. Greeley received the following letter:

"DEAR SIR:—In your extensive correspondence, you have undoubtedly secured several autographs of the late distinguished American poet, Edgar A. Poe. If so, will you please favor me with one, and oblige,

Yours, respectfully, A. B."

To which Mr. Greeley replied:

"DEAR SIR:—I happen to have in my possession but *one* autograph of the late distinguished American poet, Edgar A. Poe. It consists of an I. O. U., with my name on the back of it. It cost me just $50, and you can have it for half price.

"Yours, HORACE GREELEY."

EXPERIENCES IN A PARIS JAIL

In 1855, Horace Greeley had a very remarkable experience in Paris. He had been one of the directors of a World's Exhibition in New York, held in 1852 and 1853. Some foreign

exhibitors had him arrested, hoping in that way to get money which they claimed from the Exhibition. He give himself an interesting account of his experience:

"I went to Europe the next Spring (1855) without a suspicion that I should there be held accountable for our inability to wrest victory from defeat; yet, about 4 P. M. of the second day of June, after I had returned from a day's observation in the French 'Palace of Industry,' I was waited on at my little cottage by four French strangers, who soon gave me to understand that they were officers of the law, bearing a writ issued by Judge de Belleyme, of the Court of Premier Instance, at the suit of one M. Lechesne, a Parisian sculptor, who swore that he had contributed to our New York Exhibition a statue (in plaster), which had there been broken, or mutilated; for which he claimed of me, as a director, "represontant et solidaire," of the Exhibition, "douze mille francs," or $2,500 in gold. When we had, by the help of my courier, arrived at some approach to a mutual understanding, one element of which was my refusal to pay to M. Lechesne $2,500, or any sum whatever, they said that I must enter their carriage and accompany them forthwith to the Judge, some three miles away; which, attended by my courier, I did. We had to call for Lechesne and his lawyer by the way, which consumed nearly an hour,—they being in no hurry; and, when we had told the Judge our respective stories, I proposed to go to the American Legation and persuade Don Piatt, Esq., Secretary of Legation, to guarantee my appearance for trial when wanted. The Judge pronounced this sufficient; so we set forth on another long ride to the Legation; where not only Judge Piatt, but another friend, Maunsel B. Field, Esq., offered himself as security for my appearance at court; but now Lechesne and his lawyer refused, on the ground of Mr. Piatt's exemption from arrest on civil process, to take him as security, or (in fact) to take anything but the cash they were intent on. High words passed, and a scuffle was im-

minent, when I insisted on being driven at once to prison,—my guardians having affected a fear that I would escape them. Crossing the Avenue Champs Elysee, densely thronged at that hour (6 P. M.), our carriage came into violent collision with another, and was disabled; when a very superfluous display of vigilance and pistols was made by my keepers, who could not be persuaded that I was intent on sticking to them like a brother. At last, a little before 7 P. M., we reached our destination, and I was admitted, through several gigantic iron doors, with gloomy crypts between them, to the office of the prison, where I was told that I must stay till 9:30 P. M., because the Judge had allowed me so long to procure bail. Here my guardians left me in safe-keeping, while I ordered a frugal dinner, instead of the sumptuous public one at the Trois Freres, given by Mr. M. B. Field, to which I had been invited, and had fully expected to attend; and I sent my courier home to quiet the apprehension of my family, who as yet knew only that some strangers had called for me, and that I had gone off with them.

"Very soon, Judge Mason (John Y.), our Ambassador, called, and was admitted to see me, though it was now too late by the regulations. I explained the matter to him, assured him that I wanted nothing but a good lawyer, and insisted on viewing the whole matter in a more cheerful light than it wore in his eyes. 'But your wife will surely be distressed by it,' he urged; 'she being an utter stranger here, with two young children.' 'No,' I replied; 'a trifle might annoy her; but this matter looks serious, and it will only calm and strengthen her. I have sent our courier to assure her that it is all right, and to request her to keep away from this, and go on with her visiting and sight-seeing as though nothing had happened.' 'I have heard you called a philosopher, and I now see that you deserve the distinction,' was the Judge's rejoinder, as, at my request, he left me.

"Half an hour had scarcely passed, giving me barely time to eat my dinner, when my wife was ushered in, accompanied by Mrs. Piatt and our little son, whose eyes were distended with grave wonder at the iron barriers through which he had reached me. 'Good woman,' I observed to Mrs. Greeley, 'I have been bragging to Judge Mason how quietly you would take this mischance; but here you are in jail at nightfall, when visitors are not allowed, as though you were addicted to hysterics.' 'But consider,' she urged in mitigation, 'that I first heard of your position from Francis (our courier), who comes flying home to assure me that there is nothing serious, to urge me not to be frightened, when he is trembling all over with anxiety and terror. Hardly had he left the room, when Mrs. Piatt comes, in equal haste, to beg me to fear nothing,—that all is but a trifle,—and *she* is quite as agitated and panic-sticken as Francis. Neither of them seems to understand the matter; so I thought I must come to you for an explanation.' This I gave; when they departed; and I was at last allowed to go up to my lodging, which I find thus described in my letter thence to the *Tribune*:

"By ten o'clock each of us lodgers had retired to our several apartments (each eight feet by five), and an obliging functionary came around and locked out all rascally intruders. I don't think I ever before slept in a place so perfectly secure. At 6 this morning, this extra protection was withdrawn, and each of us was thenceforth required to keep watch over his own valuables. We uniformly keep good hours here in Clichy, which is a virtue that not many large hotels in Paris can boast of.

"The bedroom appointments are not of a high order, as is reasonable, since we are only charged for them four sous (cents) per night,—washing extra. The sheets are rather of a hickory sort, but mine were given to me clean; the bed is indifferent, but I have slept on worse; the window lacks a curtain

or blind, but in its stead there are four strong upright iron bars, which are a perfect safeguard against getting up in the night, and falling or pitching out, so as to break your neck, as any one who fell thence would certainly do. (I am in the fifth or highest story.) Perhaps one of my predecessors was a somnambulist. I have two chairs, two little tables (probably one of them extra, through some mistake), and a cupboard which may once have been clean. The pint washbowl, half-pint pitcher, etc., I have ordered, and am to pay extra for. I am a little ashamed to own that my repose has been indifferent; but then I never *do* sleep well in a strange place.

"As it was Saturday evening when I was taken to jail, I could not expect a release before Monday; in fact, the lawyers who were applied to in my behalf had all gone out of town, and could not be found till that day. I rose on Sunday morning in a less placid frame of mind than I had cherished over night, and devoted a good part of the day to concocting an account of the matter meant to be satirical, and to 'chaff' mankind in general by contrasting the ways of Clichy with those of the outside world, to the dispraise of the latter. Here is a specimen:

"I say nothing of 'Liberty,' save to caution outsiders in France to be equally modest; but 'Equality' and 'Fraternity' I have found here more thoroughly than elsewhere in Europe. Still, we have not realized the social millennium, even in Clichy. Some of us were wont to gain our living by the hardest and most meagrely rewarded labor; others to live idly and sumptuously on the earnings of others. Of course, these vices of an irrational and decaying social state are not instantly eradicated by our abrupt transfer to this mansion. Some of us can cook; while others only know how to eat, and so require assistance in the preparation of our food, as none is cooked or even provided for us, and our intercourse with the outer world is subject to limitations. Those of us who lived gen-

erously aforetime, and are in for gentlemanly sums, are very apt to have money; while the luckless chaps who were sent here for owing a beggarly hundred francs or so, and have no fixed income beyond the single franc per day which each creditor must pay, or his debtor is turned loose, are very glad to earn money by doing us acts of kindness. One of these attached himself to me immediately on my induction into my apartment, and proceeded to make my bed, bring me a pitcher of water and wash-bowl, matches, lights, etc., for which I expect to pay him,—these articles being reckoned superfluities in Clichy. But no such aristocratic distinction as master—no such degrading appellation as servant—is tolerated in this community: this philanthropic fellow-boarder is known to all here as my 'auxiliary.' Where has the stupid world outside known how to drape the hard realities of life with fig-leaf so graceful as this?

"So of all titular distinctions. We pretend that we have abjured titles of honor in America; and the consequence is that every one has a title,—either 'Honorable,' or 'General,' or 'Colonel,' or 'Reverend,' or at the very least, 'Esquire.' But here in Clichy all such empty and absurd prefixes or suffixes are absolutely unknown; even names, Christian or family, are discarded as useless, antiquated lumber. Every lodger is known by the number of his apartment only, which no one thinks of designating a cell. Mine is 139; so, whenever a friend calls, he gives two cents to a 'commissionaire,' who comes in from the outer regions to the great hall sacred to our common use, and begins calling out *cent-trente-neuf* (phonetically *son-tra-nuf*) at the top of his voice, and goes on, yelling as he climbs, in the hope of finding or calling me short of ascending to my fifth-story sanctuary. To nine-tenths of my comrades in adversity I am known only as *son-tran-nuf*. My auxilliary is No. 54; so I, when I need his aid, go singing *sankon-cat,* after the same fashion. Equality being thus rigidly

preserved, maugre some diversities of fortune, the jealousies, rivalries, and heartburnings, which keep the mass of mankind in a ferment, are here absolutely unknown. I never before talked with so many people intimate with each other without hearing something said or insinuated to one another's prejudice; here, there is nothing of the sort. Some folks outside are fitted with reputations which they would hardly consider flattering,—some laws and usages got the blessing they so richly deserve,—but among ourselves is naught but harmony and good-will. How would the Hotel de Ville, or even the Tuileries like to compare notes with us on this head?

"A Yankee prisoner, who had seen me in New York, recognized me as I came down stairs on Sunday morning, and blazoned his inference that I was in jail by some mistake,—so I was soon surrounded by sympathizing fellow jail-birds, several of whom were no more justly liable to imprisonment than I was. In a little while, M. Vattemare, well known in his day as the projector of systematic international exchanges of books and documents, having heard of my luck at Mr. Field's dinner the evening previous, made his way in, with proffers of service, which I turned to account by obtaining, through him, from some great library, copies of the Revised Statutes and Sessions Laws of New York, which clearly demonstrated my legal irresponsibility to M. Lechesne for his damaged statue. Soon, other friends began to pour in, with offers of money and service; but I could not afford to be bailed out nor bought out, as fifty others would thereby be tempted to repeat M. Lechesne's experiment upon me,—so I was compelled to send them away, with my grateful acknowledgments.

"Among my visitors was M. Hector Bossange, the well-known publisher, who had been accustomed to call at my rooms each Sunday, as he did on this one, and was soon asked by my wife, 'Have you seen Mr. Greeley?' 'Seen him!' he perplexedly responded, 'I do not understand you; have I not

called to see him?' 'Then you have not heard that he is in prison?' 'In prison?' he wildly inquired; 'what can that mean?' 'I do not well understand it myself,' she replied; 'but it has some connection with our New York Crystal Palace.' 'O, it is *money*,—is it?' joyfully rejoined M. Bossange; 'then we will soon have him out,—I feared it was *politics*. He knew that I was a furious anti-Imperialist, and feared that I had really involved myself in some plot that exposed me to arrest as an apostle of sedition,—an enemy of 'order.'

"Our remaining visitors having been bared out when the clock struck 4 P. M., we two Americans, with two Englishmen, a Frenchman, and an Italian, sent out our order, and had our dinner in the cell of one of us, who, being an old settler, had an apartment somewhat more roomy and less exalted than mine. Each brought to the common 'spread' whatever he had of tableware or pocket-cutlery; and the aggregate, though there were still deficiencies, answered the purpose. The dinner cost fifty cents per head, of which a part went as toll to some officer or turnkey, and there was still a good margin of profit to the restaurateur. Still, there was wine for those who would drink it; but stronger liquors are not allowed in Clichy, in spite of the assurance, so often heard, that prohibitory legislation is unknown in France. A flask of cut-throat-looking brandy had, however, been smuggled in for one of our party; and this was handed around and sipped as though it were nectar. Men love to circumvent the laws for the gratification of their appetites; and yet I judge that not one gill of spirits is drank in Clichy, where quarts were poured down while everyone was free to order it and drink so long as he could pay.

"I presume I had more calls than any other prisoner, though Sunday is specially devoted to visits; and, though grateful for the kindness and zeal of my release evinced by several of my friends, I was thoroughly weary when the lingerers were invited to take their departure and the doors clanged heavily

behind them. I could better appreciate the politeness with which M. Ouvrard, Napoleon's great army contractor, after he had fallen into embarrassments and been lodged in Clichy by his inexorable creditors, was accustomed, when visitors called, to send to the grating his faithful valet, who, with the politest bow and shrug whereof he was master, would say, 'I am sorry, sir,—very sorry; but my master, M. Ouvrard, is out.' This was not even the 'white lie' often instigated by good society; since the visitor could not fail to understand that the great bankrupt could be out in none other than that conventional, metaphorical sense which implies merely preoccupation, or unwillingness to be button-holed and bored.

"No prisoner in Clichy is obliged to see a visitor unless of his own choice; and, as one is frequently called down to the grating to have a fresh writ served on him, thereby magnifying the obstacles to his liberation, the rule that a visitor must make a minute of his errand on his card, and send it up, before an interview is accorded, is one founded in reason, and very generally and properly adhered to. Yet a fellow-prisoner, who received notice that he was called for at the gate, went recklessly down on the day after my incarceration, only to greet a tipstaff, and be served with a fresh writ. 'Sir,' said the beguiled and indignant boarder at this city hermitage, 'if you ever serve me such a trick again, you will go out of here half killed.' Some official underling was violently suspected of lending himself to this stratagem; and great was the indignation excited thereby throughout our community; but the victim had only himself to blame, for not standing on his reserved rights, and respecting the usages and immunities of our sanctuary.

"I was puzzled, but not offended, at a question put to me the moment I had fairly entered the prison: 'Have you ever been confined here before?' I respectfully, but positively, replied in the negative,—that this was my first experience of the kind.

I soon learned, however, that the question was a prescribed and necessary one,—that, if I had ever before been imprisoned on this allegation of debt, or on any other, and this had been lodged against me, I was not liable to a fresh detention thereon, but must at once be discharged. The rule is a good one; and, though I was unable *then* to profit by it, it may serve me another time.

"My general conclusion, from all I observed and heard in Clichy, imports that imprisonment for debt was never a bar to improvidence, nor a curb to prodigality; that, in so far as it ever aided or hastened the collection of honest debts, it wrenched five dollars from sympathizing relatives and friends for every one exacted from the debtors themselves; and that it was, and could not fail to be, fruitful only in oppression and extortion,—much oftener enforcing the payment of unjust claims than of just ones. Let whoever will sneer at human progress and uneasy, meddling philanthropy, I am grateful that I have lived in the age which gave the deathblow to Slavery and to Imprisonment for Debt.

"To get into prison is a feat easy of achievement by almost any one; it is quite otherwise with getting out. You cannot fully realize how rigid stone walls and iron doors are till they stand between you and sunshine, impeding locomotion, and forbidding any but the most limited change of place. The restless anxiety of prisoners for release, no matter how light their cares, how ample their apartments, how generous their fare, can never be appreciated by one who has not had a massive key turned upon him, and found himself on the wrong side of an impregnable wall. Doubtless, we hear much nonsense whereof 'Liberty' is the burden; but, if you are sceptical as to the essential worth of Freedom, just allow yourself to be locked up for a while, with no clear prospect of liberation at any specified or definite time. Though I was but forty-eight hours in Clichy, time dragged heavily on my hands, after the friends

who, in generous profusion, visited me on Sunday had been barred and locked out, and I was left for a second night to my fellow jail-birds and my gloomy reflections. 'I can't get out' was the melancholy plaint of Sterne's starling; and I had occasion to believe that so many detainers or claims similar to Lechesne's would, on Monday, be lodged against me as to render doubtful my release for weeks, if not for months.

"It was late on Monday morning before my active friends outside could procure me the help I needed; but, when they did, I had, through M. Vattemare's valued aid, the books I required and had my references and citations all ready for service. With these in hand my lawyers went before Judge de Bellayme to procure my release; but M. Vattemare had been there already, as well as M. de Langle, the Judge of a still higher court, to testify that the Americans were generally indignant at my incarceration, and were threatening to leave Paris in a body if I were not promptly liberated. Even M. James Rothschild, I was told, had made an indignant speech about it at a dinner on Saturday evening; saying to his friends: 'We are most of us directors in the Exposition now in progress here, and of course, liable to be arrested and imprisoned in any foreign country we may visit, on a complaint that some one has had articles damaged or lost here, if Mr. Greeley may be so held in this action.'

"These representations impelled M. de Bellayme to say, in perfect truth, that he had not ordered my imprisonment,—on the contrary, he had directed the plaintiff and his lawyer to take Mr. Don Piatt's guarantee that I should be on hand, when wanted, to respond to this action. So when, at the instance of my lawyers, M. Lechesne and his attorneys were called to confront them before the Judge on Monday, and were asked by him how they came to take me to Clichy under the circumstances, they could only stammer out that they had reflected that Mr. Piatt was not subject to imprisonment in like case,—

therefore his guarantee was no security. This, of course, did not satisfy the Judge, who ordered my release on the instant; so by 4 P. M. all formalities were concluded, and my lawyers appeared with the documents required to turn me into the street. Meantime, I had had so many visitors, who sent up good-looking cards, and wore honest faces, that I had manifestly risen in the estimation of my jailers, who had begun to treat me with ample consideration.

"The neighboring servants, who were intimate with ours, had witnessed my departure with the officers, and knew, of course, that this was an arrest, but pretended to our servants not to understand it. One after another of them would call on our employes to ask, 'Why, where is Mr. Greeley?' 'He has gone over to London on a little business,' was the prompt reply, 'and will be back in a day or two.' This was accepted with many a sly wink and gentle shrug; the inquisitors having obviously united in the conclusion that I was a swindler, who had robbed some bank or vault, and fled from my own country to enjoy the fruits of my depredation. When, however, I came quietly home in a cab about the time indicated by our servants, they greatly exulted over the hoped-for, rather than expected, *denouement,* while their good-natured friends were correspondingly disconcerted by the failure of their calculations. On our part, we resumed at once our round of visiting and sight-seeing, as though nothing had happened; but my little son's flying hair and radiant face, as he rushed to greet me, will not soon be forgotten. He had been told that it was all right, when he found me in prison and had tried hard to believe it; my return, unattended and unguarded, he knew to be right.

GREELEY'S IDEA OF HOW HE CAME TO BE DEFEATED FOR THE PRESIDENCY

"Soon after the election, Caleb Lyon, of Lyonsdale, poet and politician, met Mr. Greeley on Broadway, and, after the usual

salutation, said, 'Well, Mr. Greeley, how do you yourself account for the result of the election?'

"'Let us get a lunch,' said Mr. Greeley, 'and I will tell you.'

They went together to a restaurant near by, and, having ordered lunch, Mr. Greeley said: 'Well, Governor, I will tell you how I came to be defeated. The facts are plain. I was an abolitionist for years, when it was as much as one's life was worth even here in New York, to be an abolitionist; and the negroes have all voted against me. Whatever of talents and energy I have possessed I have freely contributed all my life long to Protection; to the cause of our manufactures. And the manufacturers have expended millions to defeat me. I even made myself ridiculous in the opinion of many whose good wishes I desired by showing fair play and give a fair field in The *Tribune* to 'Woman's Rights;' and the women have all gone against me!'"

MARK HANNA

MAGNETIC ELOQUENCE

ONE of Hanna's objects in stumping West Virginia in 1902 was to help his friend, Senator Scott, who was then making his desperate campaign for re-election.

At noon one day, while Hanna was at dinner, Scott rushed into the dining-room in great excitement and exclaimed: "It's all right, it's all right! Mark has caught on in West Virginny. Four prisoners escaped from the penitentiary at Moundsville last night by sawing the bars for no other reason than to hear him talk at Parkersburg last night."

Investigation showed that Scott had spoken the truth. Four desperadoes in the penitentiary who had heard of the Hanna mass meeting made up their minds to attend the meeting, and, at the risk of their lives, sawed themselves to freedom. They

were pursued by Warden Haddox and seven guards, and after the meeting the prisoners surrendered themselves. "We are satisfied now," said the leader. "Take us back to jail; all we wanted was to hear Hanna talk and see him."

"This beats anything I ever heard," said Hanna, after the story was told him. "Say, Scotty," he added, with a twinkle in his eyes, "any prisoners ever break out of jail to hear you talk? I have no doubt that most men would plead guilty to some heinous crime in order to get themselves locked up in jail to escape from your oratorical stunts."

And Senator Scott frowned.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

GOOD FOR THE BLUES

IN 1876 yellow fever broke out in Savannah, and the author and his family went to Atlanta, together with hundreds of other fugitives. He registered at the hotel, "J. C. Harris, wife, two children, and one bilious nurse;" and when he came to pay his bill the proprietor told him he didn't owe a penny. "Why, sir," he said, "we're indebted to you at least three dollars." The young newspaper man had found a hotel filled with terrified fugitives in the lowest spirits, and his inexhaustible good humor and droll stories soon set every one in good temper again.

AFRAID OF THE PUBLIC

Among his intimate friends Uncle Remus is a never-failing fountain of good-humored fun and kindliness but among strangers he is as shy and unapproachable as a boy. From his youth he has had a slight impediment of speech, which begins to bother him as soon as he is among strangers. Let some hero-worshiper come to seek him out at his Atlanta home and he may depart without having had above half a dozen words

with the author. Indeed, Mr. Harris' sense of humor is so keen, and the idea of his own fame so much of a joke, that no one has yet been able to lionize him. Many times have his friends in Atlanta sought to tempt him out to receptions and dinners, but all to no avail. It is rare for him to leave his home under any circumstances whatever, except to go to the *Constitution* office or the home of his married sons. Not long ago the daughter of one of his best friends and neighbors was to be married, and Mrs. Harris succeeded in persuading Uncle Remus to attend the dinner. She went early and he promised to follow. He got all ready, walked down the street to his friend's house, and even entered the gate, but there the lights and the music caused his heart to fail him, and he turned and went home—and thought of a good story, which just illustrated his condition, and Mrs. Harris found him chuckling over it when she came to find him.

Mrs. B. W. Hunt told me an amusing story of one of his experiences during a visit to his birthplace at Eatonton some years ago. It was the occasion of a local celebration, and the author occupied a seat on the platform with the famous Georgia orator, Henry W. Grady, who had just made a ringing speech. Some of those in the audience who knew Uncle Remus began calling "Harris, Harris." Uncle Remus never made a speech in his life, and the dilemma was terrible to him. Suddenly, as the calls of "Harris, Harris," increased, he jumped up, pulled his old gray hat down over his eyes, and shouted, "I'm coming, I'm coming," and down he went from the platform into the crowd.

THE MAN HE HAD BEEN WAITING FOR

A big-hearted sympathy and friendliness is one of the keynotes of Uncle Remus' character. A shabby-looking man once called at his door. It was a raw, chilly afternoon, and the man looked blue with the cold. He asked for old clothing.

Mr. Harris said, heartily, "You're just the man I've been waiting for these two months. I've got a coat that will just fit you."

BRET HARTE

HIS FIRST BOOK

NOT long before his death, Bret Harte told in *Success* this story of his first book:

"When I say that my first book was not my own, and contained beyond the title page not one word of my own composition, I trust that I shall not be accused of trifling with paradox, or tardily unbosoming myself plagiary. But the fact remains that in priority of publication the first book for which I became responsible, and which probably provoked more criticism than anything I have written since, was a small compilation of Californian poems indited by other hands.

"A well-known bookseller of San Francisco one day handed me a collection of certain poems, which had already appeared in Pacific Coast magazines and newspapers, with the request that I should, if possible, secure further additions to them, and then make a selection of those I considered the most notable and characteristic for a single volume to be issued by him.

"I have reason to believe that the unfortunate man was actuated by a laudable desire to publish a pretty Californian book,—his first essay in publication,—and, at the same time, to foster Eastern immigration by an exhibit of Californian literary product; but looking back upon his venture, I am inclined to think that the little volume never contained anything more poetically pathetic or touchingly imaginative than that conception.

"I winnowed the poems and he exploited a preliminary announcement to an eager and waiting press, and we moved unwittingly to our doom.

"The book appeared,—a pretty little volume, typographically, and externally a credit to pioneer bookmaking. Copies were liberally supplied to the press, and authors and publishers self-complacently awaited the result. To the latter, this should have been satisfactory; the book sold readily from his well-known counters, unaccompanied, however, by any critical comment. There were yet no notices from the press; the dailies were silent; there was something ominous in this calm.

"Out of it the bolt fell. A well-known mining weekly, which I will poetically veil under the title of the Red Dog *Jay Hawk,* was the first to swoop down upon the tuneful and unsuspecting quarry as follows: 'The hog wash and 'purp' stuff ladeled out from the slop bucket of Messrs.—— and Company, of 'Frisco, by some lop-eared, Eastern apprentice, and called a *Compilation of California Verses,* might be passed over as far as criticism goes. A club in the hands of any able-bodied citizen of Red Dog and a steamboat ticket to the bay, cheerfully contributed from this office, would be all-sufficient. But when an imported greenhorn dares to call his flapdoodle mixture 'Californian,' it is an insult to the State that has produced the gifted Yellow Hammer, whose lofty flights have from time to time dazzled our readers in the columns of the *Jay Hawk.* That this complacent editorial jackass, browsing among the dock and the thistles which he has served up in this volume should make allusion to California's greatest bard, is rather a confession of idiocy than a slur upon the genius of our esteemed contributor.'

"The Dutch Flat *Clarion* followed with no uncertain sound. 'We doubt,' said that journal, 'if a more feeble collection of drivel could have been made, even if taken exclusively from the editor's own verse, which we note he has, by an equal editorial incompetency, left out of the volume. When we add that, by a felicity of idiotic selection, this person has chosen only one, and the least characteristic of the really clever poems of Adoniram

Skaggs, which have so often graced the columns, we have said enough.'

"The Mormon Hill *Quartz Crusher* relieved this simple directness with more fancy: 'We don't know why Messrs. —— & Co. send us, under the title of *Selections of Californian Poetry,* a quantity of slumgullion which really belongs to the sluices of a placer mining camp or the ditches of the rural districts. We have sometimes been compelled to run a lot of tailings through our stamps, but never of the grade offered, which, we should say, would average about thirty-three and a third cents a ton. We have, however, come across a single specimen of pure gold, evidently overlooked by the serene ass who has compiled this volume. We copy it with pleasure, as it has already shown in the poet's corner of the *Crusher.*'

"The Green Springs *Arcadian* was no less fanciful in imagery: 'Messrs. —— & Co. send us a gaudy green and yellow parrot-colored volume which is supposed to contain the first callow peepings and cheepings of Californian songsters. From the flavor of the specimens before us, we would say that the nest had been disturbed prematurely. There seems to be a good deal of the parrot inside as well as outside the covers, and we congratulate our own sweet singer, 'Blue Bird,' who has so often made these columns melodious, that she has escaped the ignomy of being exhibited in Messrs. —— & Co.'s aviary.'

"The book sold tremendously on account of this abuse, but the public was disappointed."

JOHN HAY

DRIED GRASS

A VERY mild and gentle man stood at the telephone in Washington recently. He had a message which must be delivered personally to the Secretary of State, and, lacking the means to reach the Department in time, he fled to the tele-

phone and called up the Secretary's room. He was told, as usual, to hold the wire, and presently a voice said: "Hello!"

His affair being a personal one, the mild man felt the necessity of assuring himself as to the person at the other end, and asked: "Who is speaking?" The reply was so brief and faint that it left him still in doubt, and he said: "I don't catch it." Once more the short sound came without helping matters, and he said again: "Speak louder. I don't catch it."

There was an ominous pause. Then the receiver warped and shook to stentorian tones remarking:

"Hay! H-a-y! Dried grass! Hay! Secretary H-a-y! Now do you catch it?"

He caught it.

LINCOLN AND HAY

Brooks Adams recently told a story of how John Hay became Lincoln's private secretary, and of their association together:

"Milton Hay, John's uncle, though younger than Abraham Lincoln, had been a student with him, and in 1858 the offices of Lincoln and Logan and Hay adjoined each other. Logan and Hay were in full practice, but Lincoln was too absorbed in politics to care for clients, and so it happened that Lincoln had many idle hours on his hands, which he spent in the rooms of Logan and Hay. As the heads of the firm were often occupied, Lincoln talked with the student, and soon learned to know him and to love him. On his side John venerated the future President. When the Republicans nominated Lincoln in 1860, John threw himself into the campaign with all the ardor of his nature, both as a writer and speaker, and in 1861 Lincoln took John with him to Washington as his assistant secretary.

"Perhaps in all American public life nothing is more charming than the story of the relations which existed be-

tween these two men, the one in the bloom of youth, the other hastening toward his tragic end. Lincoln treated Hay with the affection of a father, only with more than a father's freedom. If he waked at night he roused Hay, and they read together; in summer they rode in the afternoons, and dined in the evenings at the Soldiers' Home. In public matters the older man reposed in the younger unlimited confidence.

"During the war the President frequently did not care to trust to letters. Then he would give Hay a verbal message and send him to Generals in command; and, in all his service, Hay never forgot, and never committed an indiscretion. More noteworthy still, he never failed to obtain credence from those to whom he was sent, although he carried no credentials. Finally, on Stanton's suggestion, Lincoln appointed Hay an assistant adjutant-general, and Hay served in the field.

Sometimes the President used his secretary on civil missions of a very delicate character, and once young Hay became involved in a misunderstanding which afterwards might have cost him dear.

"Horace Greeley, though a gifted editor, was a poor politician, yet he craved political distinction, and never could be easy in private life. In the summer of 1864 his mind seems to have been shaken by the horror of the war, for he demanded peace upon almost any terms. Finally he decided that he could negotiate with certain Southern emissaries in Canada, and worried Lincoln into appointing him as a species of envoy. Mr. Lincoln comprehended Greeley's error, but he concluded that to refuse would be more dangerous than to yield, so he contented himself with sending young Hay with Greeley to Niagara, where the interviews were to take place. At Niagara the futility of the undertaking became apparent, and the editor returned to New York, but he never forget his chagrin, and long years elapsed before he forgave Hay for having involuntarily participated in his discomfiture.

"Greeley's mission to Niagara occurred in July, 1864, and the following spring Lincoln was assassinated; but even before the murder young Hay had entered upon a new employment. As secretary, Hay had seen much of Mr. Seward, had won the old man's regard, and had become as intimate with him as was compatible with the difference in their ages. Like almost every one else with whom Mr. Hay has worked, Mr. Seward not only found him useful as an instrument, but learned to respect his character. Afterwards, when Mr. Hay was Secretary of Legation in Paris, and Mr. Bigelow was minister, Mr. Seward wrote in reply to some commendation of his late appointment, 'I am glad you are pleased with Mr. Hay. He is a noble as well as a gifted young man, perfectly true and manly.'

"Feeling thus, Mr. Seward was very glad to do young Hay a kindness, and accordingly, one day between the end of the war and the death of Lincoln, he sent for Hay, and asked him if he would not like to see something of the world, adding that a place in the Legation at Paris was vacant. The offer delighted Hay, and the Secretary of State at once sent the nomination to the President, to Mr. Lincoln's astonishment.

HOW HE CAME TO BE A JOURNALIST

In 1870 Mr. Hay resigned from service abroad and returned home with the intention of practicing law in Illinois. When he arrived in New York the first man to meet him was Whitelaw Reid.

Mr. Hay, when in Washington, had met Whitelaw Reid, then a war correspondent. In the years that had intervened Mr. Reid had risen fast, and in 1870 was managing editor of the *Tribune*. When Mr. Hay landed, the two dined together at the Union League Club, and after dinner strolled down to the *Tribune* office. It chanced that night that the foreign editor was away, and Reid, looking over the telegrams,

said to Hay, "Here is an important despatch; sit down and write a leader for to-morrow." Half in joke, Hay complied; the article proved good. Reid asked him to stay for a week, for a month, to be an editor; and so Mr. Hay entered journalism, and entered it under Horace Greeley, his old adversary.

The appointment was remarkable. A young man who had been absent for five years, and had no experience in journalism, was suddenly given a high place on a paper of the reputation of the *Tribune* without solicitation on his part, and when he was actually on his way elsewhere to enter another profession. More noteworthy still, Mr. Hay justified the selection. No one acquainted with Mr. Greeley's career can doubt that he understood his business. In this case he entertained a strong prejudice against his subordinate; yet Mr. Hay very soon conquered this prejudice by the quality of his work, and he and Mr. Greeley continued warm friends to the day of the latter's death. Were further proof needed of Mr. Hay's capacity in journalism, it is furnished by the fact that long afterward he was appointed editor-in-chief of the *Tribune,* during the absence of Mr. Reid in Europe.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

HOW HE CAME TO BE AN EDITOR

IN 1883, William R. Hearst, then a Harvard student, returned to San Francisco on a vacation. He found Charles Dexter Cleveland in charge of the *Examiner.* Doctor Cleveland, in describing his meeting with the young man, says:

"I took him through the *Examiner* building, carefully inspecting every department. When we returned to the office of the editor-in-chief, I said: 'William, I shall not remain with this paper much longer. When I leave, you take my place. Let all your studies in the future have reference to your preparation for the position of a conductor of a great news-

paper. Study history, literature, politics, statesmanship, democracy, and at the same time ground yourself well in the fundamental principles of all the sciences. It seems now that you will not be a pauper, and about the most insignificant place a man can occupy is to be a tag on a money-bag. Take charge of this paper. Put your whole strength into it. Make it the greatest newspaper in the world. Stay with the people. Study their interest, know wherein it consists, and never swerve from it.

"'Give all the news without prejudice, and see that your paper is a daily panorama of the events of the world. As the conductor of a great newspaper your usefulness, importance, and eminence in the affections of the people will be bounded only by your energy, patriotism, enterprise, fidelity, knowledge, and ability.'

"Modesty, unostentatious, quiet, shy like his father, during this whole interview of several hours, I remember only his saying, at the close of our conversation, in a subdued, thoughtful tone: 'Well, I like the business; I think I'll become a newspaper man.'"

PATRICK HENRY

THE PEOPLE AGAINST THE PARSONS

WILLIAM WIRT, in his life of Patrick Henry, tells of the wonderful speech which won Henry his first recognition as an orator.

On his arrival at the place where court was to be held, he found in the courtyard such a concourse as would have appalled any other man in his situation. They were not the people of the county merely who were there, but visitors from all the counties, to a considerable distance around. The decision upon the demurrer had produced a violent ferment among the people, and equal exultation on the part of the

clergy; who attended the court in a large body, either to look down opposition, or to enjoy the final triumph of his hard-fought contest, which they now considered as perfectly secure.

Among many other clergymen, who attended on this occasion, came the Reverend Patrick Henry, who was the plaintiff in another case of the same nature, then depending in court. When Mr. Henry saw his uncle approach, he walked up to his carriage, accompanied by Colonel Meredith, and expressed his regret at seeing him there. "Why so?" inquired the uncle. "Because, sir," said Mr. Henry, "you know that I have never yet spoken in public, and I fear that I shall be too much overawed by your presence, to be able to do my duty to my clients; besides, sir, I shall be obliged to say some *hard things* of the clergy, and I am very unwilling to give pain to your feelings." His uncle reproved him for having engaged in the cause; which Mr. Henry excused by saying, that the clergy had not thought him worthy of being retained on their side, and he knew of no moral principle by which he was bound to refuse a fee from their adversaries; besides, he confessed, that in this controversy, both his heart and judgment, as well as his professional duty, were on the side of the people; he then requested that his uncle would do him the favor to leave the ground.

"Why, Patrick," said the old gentleman, with a good-natured smile, "as to *your* saying hard things of the clergy, I advise you to let that alone: take my word for it, you will do yourself more harm than you will them; and as to my leaving the ground, I fear, my boy, that my presence could neither do you harm nor good in such a cause. However, since you seem to think otherwise, and desire it of me so earnestly, you shall be gratified." Whereupon, he entered his carriage again, and returned home.

Soon after the opening of the court, the cause was called. It stood on a writ of inquiry of damages, no plea having been entered by the defendants since the judgment on the demurrer.

The array before Mr. Henry's eyes was now most fearful. On the bench sat more than twenty clergymen, the most learned men in the colony, and the most capable, as well as the severest critics, before whom it was possible for him to make his *debut*. The court-house was crowded with an overwhelming multitude, and surrounded with an immense and anxious throng, who, not finding room to enter, were endeavoring to listen without, in the deepest attention.

But there was something still more awfully disconcerting than all this; for in the chair of the presiding magistrate sat no other person than his own father. Mr. Lyons opened the cause very briefly: in the way of argument he did nothing more than explain to the jury, that the decision upon the demurrer had put the act of seventeen hundred and fifty-eight entirely out of the way, and left the law of seventeen hundred and forty-eight as the only standard of their damages; he then concluded with a highly-wrought eulogium on the benevolence of the clergy.

And now came on the first trial of Patrick Henry's strength. No one had ever heard him speak, and curiosity was on tiptoe. He rose very awkwardly, and faltered much in his exordium. The people hung their heads at so unpromising a commencement; the clergy were observed to exchange sly looks with each other; and his father is described as having almost sunk with confusion from his seat.

But these feelings were of short duration, and soon gave place to others, of a very different character. For now were those wonderful faculties which he possessed, for the first time, developed; and now was first witnessed that mysterious and almost supernatural transformation of appearance which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him. For as his mind rolled along, and began to glow from his own action, all the *exuviae* of the clown seemed to shed themselves spontaneously.

His attitude, by degrees, became erect and lofty; the spirit of his genius awakened all his features. His countenance shone with a nobleness and grandeur which it never before exhibited. There was a lightning in his eyes which seemed to rive the spectator. His action became graceful, bold, and commanding; and in the tones of his voice, but more especially in his emphasis, there was a peculiar charm, a magic of which anyone whoever heard him will speak as soon as he is named, but of which no one can give any adequate description. They can only say that it struck upon the ear and upon the heart in a manner which language cannot tell. Add to all these, his wonder-working fancy, and the peculiar phraseology in which he clothed its images; for he painted to the heart with a force that almost petrified it. In the language of those who heard him on this occasion, "he made their blood run cold and their hair to rise on end."

It will not be difficult for anyone whoever heard this most extraordinary man to believe the whole account of this transaction, which is given by his surviving hearers; and from their account, the court-house of Hanover County must have exhibited on this occasion, a scene as picturesque, as has been ever witnessed in real life.

They say that the people, whose countenance had fallen as he arose, had heard but a very few sentences before they began to look up; then to look at each other with surprise, as if doubting the evidence of their own senses; then, attracted by some strong gesture, struck by some majestic attitude, fascinated by the spell of his eye, the charm of his emphasis, and the carried and commanding expression of his countenance, they could look away no more.

In less than twenty minutes, they might be seen in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stooping forward from their stands, in deadlike silence; their features fixed in amazement and awe; all their senses listening and

riveted upon the speaker, as if to catch the last strain of some heavenly visitant. The mockery of the clergy was soon turned into alarm; their triumph into confusion and despair; and at one burst of his rapid and overwhelming invective, they fled from the bench in precepitation and terror. As for the father such was his surprise, such his amazement, such his rapture, that, forgetting where he was, and the character which he was filling, tears of ecstasy streamed down his cheeks, without the power or inclination to repress them.

The jury seem to have been so completely bewildered, that they lost sight, not only of the act of seventeen hundred and forty-eight, but that of seventeen hundred and fifty-eight also; for thoughtless even of the admitted right of the plaintiff, they had scarcely left the bar, when they returned with a verdict of one penny damages. A motion was made for a new trial; but the Court, too, had now lost the equipoise of their judgment, and overruled the motion by a unanimous vote. The verdict and judgment overruling the motion, were followed by redoubled acclamations, from within and without the house.

The people, who had with difficulty kept their hands off their champion, from the moment of closing his harangue, no sooner saw the fate of the cause finally sealed, than they seized him at the bar, and in spite of his own exertions, and the continued cry of "order" from the sheriffs and the Court, they bore him out of the court-house, and raising him on their shoulders, carried him about the yard, in a kind of electioneering triumph.

THE CRY OF TREASON

It was in the midst of a magnificent debate in the Virginia House of Burgesses, while he was descanting on the tyranny of an obnoxious act that Henry exclaimed in a voice of thunder, and with a look of dignity—"Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First, his Cromwell—and George the

Third"—("Treason," cried the speaker—"Treason, treason!" echoed from every part of the house. It was one of those trying moments which is decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker an eye of the most determined fire, he finished his sentence with the firmest emphasis)—"*may profit by their example.* If *this* be treason, make the most of it."

THE WITCHERY OF ELOQUENCE

A striking example of this witchery of his eloquence, even on common subjects, was related by a very respectable gentleman, the late Major Joseph Scott, the marshal of this State. This gentleman had been summoned, at great inconvenience to his private affairs, to attend as a witness a distant court, in which Mr. Henry practised. The cause which had carried him thither having been disposed of, he was setting out in great haste to return, when the Sheriff summoned him to serve on a jury. This cause was represented as a complicated and important one; so important as to have enlisted in it all the most eminent members of the bar.

He was therefore alarmed at the prospect of a long detention, and made an unavailing effort with the Court to get himself discharged from the jury. He was compelled to take his seat. When his patience had been nearly exhausted by the previous speakers, Mr. Henry rose to conclude the cause, and having much matter to answer, the major stated that he considered himself a prisoner for the evening, if not for the night. But, to his surprise, Mr. Henry appeared to have consumed not more than fifteen minutes in the reply; and he would scarcely believe his own watch, or those of the other jurymen, when they informed him that he had in reality been speaking upward of two hours. So powerful was the charm by which he could bind the senses of his hearers, and make even the most impatient unconscious of the lapse of time.

HENRY'S COMIC POWER

William Wirt refers to Patrick Henry's remarkable power of ridicule, of which he relates a very amusing account:

"Mr. Henry was not less successful in the comic line, when it became necessary to resort to it. You have no doubt heard how he defeated John Hook, by raising the cry of *beef* against him. I will give you a similar instance. In the year 1792, there were many suits on the south side of James River, for inflicting Lynch's law; thirty-nine lashes, inflicted without trial or law, on a mere suspicion of guilt, which could not be regularly proved. This lawless practice, which, sometimes by the order of a magistrate, sometimes without, prevailed extensively in the upper counties on James River, took its name from the gentleman who set the first example of it.

"A verdict of five hundred pounds had been given in Prince Edward district court, in a case of this kind. This alarmed the defendant in the next case, who employed Mr. Henry to defend him. The case was, that a wagoner and the plaintiff were traveling to Richmond together, when the wagoner knocked down a turkey, and put it into his wagon. Complaint was made to the defendant, a justice of the peace; both the parties were taken up, and the wagoner agreed to take a whipping rather than be sent to jail; but the plaintiff refused; the justice, however, gave him also a small flagellation; and for this the suit was brought.

"The plaintiff, by way of taking off the force of the defence, insisted that he was wholly innocent of the act committed. Mr. Henry on the contrary contended, that he was a party present, aiding and assisting. In the course of his remarks, he expressed himself thus:—'But, gentlemen of the jury, the plaintiff tells you he had nothing to do with the turkey—I dare say, gentlemen, *not until it was roasted,*' etc. He pronounced this word *roasted* with such rotundity of voice, such a ludicrous whirl of the tongue, and in a manner so indescribably

comical, that it threw every one into a fit of laughter *at the plaintiff*, who stood up in the place usually allotted to criminals; and the defendant was let off with little or no damages."

"The case of John Hook, to which my correspondent alludes, is worthy of insertion. Hook was a Scotchman, a man of wealth, and suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. During the distresses of the American army, consequent on the joint invasion of Cornwallis and Phillips in seventeen hundred and eighty-one, a Mr. Venable, an army commissary had taken two of Hook's steers for the use of the troops.

The act had not been strictly legal; and on the establishment of peace, Hook, under the advice of Mr. Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable, in the district court of New London. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is said to have disported himself in his cause to the infinite enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook always excepted. After Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, says a correspondent (Judge Stuart), he appeared to have complete control over the passions of his audience; at one time he excited their indignation against Hook; vengeance was visible in every countenance; again when he chose to relax and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter.

"He painted the distress of the American army, exposed almost naked to the rigor of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they marched, with the blood of their unshod feet—'where was the man,' he said, 'who had an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the doors of his house, and portals of his breast, to have received with open arms, the meanest soldier in that little band of famished patriots? Where is the man?—*There* he stands—but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge."

"He then carried the jury, by the powers of his imagination, to the plains around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of: he depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of his eloquence—the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British, as they marched out of their trenches—they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of Washington and liberty as it rung and echoed through the American rank, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river—'but hark! what notes of discord are these which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory—they are the notes of *John Hook,* hoarsely brawling through the American camp, *beef, beef, beef!*'

"The whole audience were convulsed: a particular incident will give a better idea of the effect, than any general description. The clerk of the court, unable to command himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum in his place, rushed out of the court-house, and threw himself on the grass, in the most violent paroxysm of laughter, where he was rolling when Hook, with very different feelings, came out for relief into the yard also. 'Jemmy Steptoe,' said he to the clerk, 'what the devil ails ye, mon?' Mr. Steptoe was only able to say, that *he could not help it.* 'Never mind ye,' said Hook, 'Wait till Billy Cowen gets up. He'll show him the la.' Mr. Cowen, however, was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client, that when he rose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligible or audible remark.

"The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The jury retired for form's sake, and instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant. Nor did the effect of Mr. Henry's speech stop here. The people were so highly excited by the Tory audacity of such a suit, that Hook began to hear around him

a cry more terrible than that of *beef;* it was the cry of *tar and feathers;* from the application of which it is said that nothing saved him but a precipitate flight and the speed of his horse."

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR

WHY HE LIKED SALEM

THE late Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, once told a pretty romance to explain his presence in the city of Salem, as well as on this mundane sphere. It was related to a group of friends as follows:

"Friends, I love this region, and I'll tell you a little story that you may know why. One day prior to the Revolution there rode out to the Salem-Woburn cross-roads two young men, Roger Sherman, afterward noted in politics, and his brother, whose home in Woburn he had been visiting. The brother and his wife in vain had pleaded with Roger to stay a few days longer, but he said he guessed he must be going, and his brother mounted his horse and rode part way home with him.

"As the young men rested at the cross-roads to say their farewells, a girl appeared riding on horseback up the Salem road. As she was coming from the direction of Salem, she was of course a pretty girl, and as she was a pretty girl, it was natural that Roger Sherman should pause a moment.

"When she arrived at the cross-roads, Roger's brother greeted her gladly, and introduced her as his wife's sister. She said that she was on her way to spend a few days with her sister in Woburn. Then Roger didn't know but that he would change his mind and accept his brother's invitation to stay a few days longer. So the three rode back together to the Woburn home.

"'And here I am to-day!' exclaimed the Senator with a genial but puzzling smile. 'That beautiful Salem girl was

Rebecca Prescott, my grandmother, and the young man was Roger Sherman, signer of the Declaration of Independence and my grandfather.'"

RICHMOND P. HOBSON

THE SINKING OF THE MERRIMAC

ONE of the most heroic deeds in the history of modern warfare was that performed by Lieutenant Hobson in sinking the *Merrimac* in the channel at the mouth of the harbor at Santiago during the Spanish-American war.

The plan had been well thought out by Lieutenant Hobson, and every detail had been foreseen. Sitting in his cabin on the flagship just a little while before leaving on his perilous trip, Hobson said:

"I shall go right into the harbor until about four hundred yards past the *Estrella* battery, which is behind Morro Castle. I do not think they can sink me before I reach somewhere near that point. The *Merrimac* has seven thousand tons buoyancy, and I shall keep her full speed ahead. She can make about ten knots.

"When the narrowest part of the channel is reached I shall put her helm hard aport, stop the engines, drop the anchors, open the sea connections, touch off the torpedoes and leave the *Merrimac* a wreck, lying athwart the channel, which is not as broad as the *Merrimac* is long.

"There are ten 8-inch improvised torpedoes below the water line on the *Merrimac's* port side. They are placed on her side against the bulkheads and vital spots, connected with each other by a wire under the ship's keel. Each torpedo contains eighty-two pounds of gunpowder. Each torpedo is also connected with the bridge, and they should do their work in a minute, and it will be quick work even if done in a minute and a quarter.

"On deck there will be four men and myself. In the engine room there will be two other men. This is the total crew and all of us will be in our underclothing, with revolvers and ammunition in the watertight packing strapped around our waists. Forward there will be a man on deck, and around his waist will be a line, the other end of the line being made fast to the bridge, where I will stand.

"By that man's side will be an axe. When I stop the engines I shall jerk this cord, and he will thus get the signal to cut the lashing which will be holding the forward anchor. He will then jump overboard and swim to the four-oared dingy which we shall tow astern. The dingy is full of life buoys, and is unsinkable. In it are rifles. It is to be held by two ropes, one made fast at her bow, and one at her stern. The first man to reach her will haul in the tow line, and pull the dingy out to starboard. The next to leave the ship are the rest of the crew. The quartermaster at the wheel will not leave until after having put it hard aport, and lashed it so; he will then jump overboard.

"Down below the man at the reversing gear will stop the engines, scramble on deck, and get over the side as quickly as possible.

"The man in the engine room will break open the sea connections with a sledge hammer, and will follow his leader into the water. This last step insures the sinking of the *Merrimac*, whether the torpedoes work or not.

"By this time I calculate the six men will be in the dingy, and the *Merrimac* will have swung athwart the channel to the full length of her three hundred yards of cable, which will have been paid out before the anchors were cut loose.

"Then all that is left for me is to touch the button. I shall stand on the starboard side of the bridge. The explosion will throw the *Merrimac* on her starboard side. Nothing on this side of New York City will be able to raise her after that."

READY TO MEET DEATH

"And you expect to come out of this alive?" aske a companion of Mr. Hobson. Mr. Hobson said:

"I suppose the *Estrella* battery will fire down on us a bit, but the ships will throw their searchlights in the gunners' faces, and they won't see much of us. Then, if we are torpedoed, we should even then be able to make the desired position in the channel. It won't be so easy to hit us, and I think the men should be able to swim to the dingy. I may jump before I am blown up. But I don't see that it makes much difference what I do. I have a fair chance of life either way. If our dingy gets shot to pieces we shall then try to swim for the beach right under Morro Castle. We shall keep together at all hazards. Then, we may be able to make our way alongside and perhaps get back to the ship. We shall fight the sentries or a squad until the last, and we shall only surrender to overwhelming numbers, and our surrender will only take place as a last and almost uncontemplated emergency."

Just before the *Merrimac* started on her last desperate run, she was hailed by one of the newspaper boats. Hobson's last words to the correspondents were: "Now pardon me, but in case you gentlemen write anything of this expedition, please don't say anything individually about its members until you know."

He accented the last word; and the inference was plain—until you know we are dead would have filled out the sentence.

While the correspondents were on the bridge of the *Merrimac* a young officer from the *Marblehead* came aboard on business. As he left he said: "Shall we send you fellows over some breakfast? We would be delighted, and can do it just as well as not."

"Never mind about the breakfast, old man," responded Mr. Hobson, "but if you can send some coffee we would be

very glad. You see we are swept pretty clean here, and none of us have had a drop of coffee since day before yesterday."

It was a trivial incident, but coming from a man doomed to almost certain death, it seemed to add the last touch of the pathetic to a situation heart-breaking enough in itself.

HAD AN OVATION ON THEIR RETURN

Mr. Hobson, after accomplishing the task he had chosen—and that it was well done was proven by the fact that the Spanish ships were prevented from navigating the narrow channel at night, when the chance of escape was better—was captured by Admiral Cevera himself who came out in a launch for inspection. Hobson's experience is best told by himself and his men upon their return to the American fleet early in July after they were exchanged. Their return through the American line, which had then invested Santiago, was an ovation, such as few in the world's history of battles have ever experienced.

Immediately after making his report to Admiral Sampson upon his release by the Spaniards on July 7, Hobson described his exploit thus:

"We have been thirty-three days in a Spanish prison, and the more I think about it, the more marvellous it seems that we are alive.

"It was about three o'clock in the morning when the *Merrimac* entered the narrow channel and steamed in under the guns of Morro Castle. The stillness of death prevailed. It was so dark that we could scarcely see the headland. We had planned to drop our starboard anchor at a certain point to the right of the channel, reverse our engines and then swing the *Merrimac* around, sinking her directly across the channel.

"This plan was adhered to, but circumstances rendered its execution impossible. When the *Merrimac* poked her nose into the channel our troubles commenced. The dead silence

was broken by the wash of a small boat approaching us from the direction of the shore. I made her out to be a picket boat.

"She ran close up under the stern of the *Merrimac* and fired several shots from what seemed to be 3-pounder guns. The *Merrimac's* rudder was carried away by this fire. That is why the collier was not sunk across the channel.

"We did not discover the loss of the rudder until Murphy cast anchor. We then found that the *Merrimac* would not answer to the helm, and were compelled to make the best of the situation. The run up the channel was very exciting. The picket boat had given the alarm, and in a moment the guns of the *Vizcaya,* the *Almirante Oquendo* and of the shore batteries were turned upon us.

"Submarine mines and torpedoes also were exploded all about us, adding to the excitement. The mines did no damage, although we could hear rumbling and could feel the ship tremble. We were running without lights, and only the darkness saved us from utter destruction. When the ship was in the desired position and we found that the rudder was gone I called the men on deck. While they were launching the catamaran I touched off the explosives.

COLLIER ALMOST RENT ASUNDER

"At the same moment two torpedoes, fired by the *Reina Mercedes,* struck the *Merrimac* amidships. I cannot say whether our own explosives or the Spanish torpedoes did the work, but the *Merrimac* was lifted out of the water and almost rent asunder. As she settled down we scrambled overboard and cut away the catamaran. A great cheer went up from the forts and the war ships as the hold of the collier foundered, the Spaniards thinking that the *Merrimac* was an American ship.

"We attempted to get out of the harbor in the catamaran, but a strong tide was running, and daylight found us still

struggling in the water. Then for the first time the Spaniards saw us, and a boat from the *Reina Mercedes* picked us up. It then was shortly after five o'clock in the morning, and we had been in the water more than an hour. We were taken aboard the *Reina Mercedes* and later were sent to Morro Castle. In Morro we were confined in cells in the inner side of the fortress, and were there the first day the fleet bombarded Morro. I could only hear the whistling of the shells and the noise they made when they struck, but I judged from the conversation of the guards that the shells did considerable damage.

"After this bombardment, Mr. Ramsden, the British Consul, protested and we were removed to the hospital. There I was separated from the other men in our crew, and could see them only by special permission. Montague and Kelly fell ill two weeks ago, suffering from malaria, and I was permitted to visit them twice. Mr. Ramsden was very kind to us, and demanded that Montague and Kelly be removed to better quarters in the hospital. This was done.

"As for myself, there is little to say. The Spanish were not disposed to do much for the comfort of any of the prisoners at first, but, after our army had taken some of their men as prisoners, our treatment was better. Food is scarce in the city, and I was told that we fared better than the Spanish officers."

The next morning he recounted his experiences more fully.

"I did not miss the entrance to the harbor," he said, as Ensign Powell in the launch supposed. I headed east until I got my bearings, and then made for it, straight in. Then came the firing. It was grand, flashing out first from one side of the harbor, and then from the other, from those big guns on the hills, the *Vizcaya* lying inside the harbor joining in.

TIDE DRIFTED HER AROUND

Troops from Santiago had rushed down when the news of the *Merrimac's* coming was telegraphed, and soldiers lined the

foot of the cliffs firing wildly across and killing each other with the cross fire. The *Merrimac's* steering gear broke as she got to Estrella Point. Only three of the torpedoes on her side exploded when I touched the button. A huge sub-marine mine caught her full amidships, hurling the water high in the air and tearing a great rent in the *Merrimac's* side.

"Her stern ran upon Estrella Point. Chiefly owing to the work done by the mine she began to sink slowly. At that time she was across the channel, but before she settled the tide drifted her around. We were all aft lying on the deck. Shells and bullets whistled around. Six inch shells from the *Vizcaya* came crashing into the *Merrimac* and passing through, while the plunging shots from the fort broke through her decks.

"'Not a man must move;' and it was only owing to the splendid discipline of the men that we all were not killed, and the shells rained over us, and minutes became hours of suspense. The men's mouths grew parched, but we must lie there till daylight I told them. Now and again one or the other of the men lying with his face glued to the deck and wondering whether the next shell would not come our way would say, 'Hadn't we better drop off now, sir?' but I said, 'Wait till daylight.' It would have been impossible to get the catamaran anywhere but on the shore where the soldiers stood shooting, and I hoped that by daylight we might be recognized and saved. The grand old *Merrimac* kept sinking. I wanted to go forward and see the damage done there, where nearly all the fire was directed. One man said that if I rose it would draw all the fire on the rest, so I lay motionless.

"It was splendid the way those men behaved. The fire of the soldiers, the batteries and the *Vizcaya* was awful. When the water came up on the *Merrimac's* decks the catamaran floated amid the wreckage, but she was still made fast to the boom, and we caught hold of the edges and clung on, our heads only being above water.

"A Spanish launch came toward the *Merrimac*. We agreed to capture her and run. Just as she came close the Spaniards saw us, and half a dozen marines jumped up and pointed their rifles at our heads sticking out of the water.

CAPTURED BY CERVERA

"'Is there any officer in that boat to receive a surrender of prisoners of war?' I shouted. An old man leaned out under the awning and waved his hand. It was Admiral Cervera. The marines lowered their rifles, and we were helped into the launch.

"Then we were put in cells in Morro Castle. It was a grand sight a few days later, to see the bombardment, the shells striking and bursting around El Morro. Then we were taken into Santiago. I had the court martial room in the barracks. My men were kept prisoners in the hospital."

BURTON HOLMES

"CANNED WHITE MAN"

BURTON HOLMES, the lecturer, says that the Indians of Alaska regard white men and canned goods as so closely associated that they are nearly synonymous. Wherever the white man is seen canned meats, fruits and vegetables are found.

When Mr. Holmes visited Alaska, recently, he carried with him a phonograph, and it was exhibited to an old chief who had never seen a talking machine before. When the machine was started and the sound of a human voice came from the trumpet the Indian was much interested. He listened gravely for a time, then approached and peered into the trumpet.

When the machine finished its cylinder and stopped the Indian pointed at it, smiled an expansive smile, and remarked:

"Huh! Him canned white man."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

HIS LECTURE EXPERIENCES

WHAT the Autocrat himself thought of his lecturing tours we have in his own words:

"I have played the part of 'Poor Gentlemen' before many audiences; more, I trust, than I shall ever face again. I did not wear a stage costume, nor a wig, nor mustaches or burnt cork; but I was placarded and announced as a public performer, and at the proper hour I came forward with the ballet-dancer's smile upon my countenance, and made my bow and acted my part. I have seen my name struck up in letters so big that I was ashamed to show myself in the place by daylight. I have gone to a town with a sober literary essay in my pocket, and seen myself everywhere announced as the most desperate of *buffos*. I have been through as may hardships as Ulysses in the exercise of my histrionic vocation. I have sometimes felt as if I were a wandering spirit, and this great, unchanging multivertebrate which I faced night after night was one ever-listening animal, which writhed along after me wherever I fled, and coiled at my feet every evening turning up to me the same sleepless eyes which I thought I had closed with my last drowsy incantation."

Of his audiences he writes again as follows:

"Two lyceum assemblies, of five hundred each, are so nearly alike, that they are absolutely undistinguishable in many cases by any definite mark, and there is nothing but the place and time by which one can tell the 'remarkably intelligent audience' of a town in New York or Ohio from one in any New England town of similar size. Of course, if any principle of selection has come in, as in those special associations of young men which are common in cities, it deranges the uniformity of the assemblage. But let there be no such interfering circumstances, and one knows pretty well even the look the audience

will have, before he goes in. Front seats, a few old folks—shiny-headed—slant up best ear toward the speaker—drop off asleep after a while, when the air begins to get a little narcotic with carbonic acid. Bright women's faces, young and middle-aged, a little behind these, but toward the front—(pick out the best, and lecture mainly to that). Here and there a countenance, sharp and scholarlike, and a dozen pretty female ones sprinkled about. An indefinite number of pairs of young people—happy, but not always very attentive. Boys in the background more or less quiet. Dull faces here, there—in how many places! I don't say dull *people,* but faces without a ray of sympathy or a movement of expression. They are what kill the lecturer. These negative faces with their vacuous eyes and stony lineaments pump and suck the warm soul out of him;—that is the chief reason why lecturers grow so pale before the season is over. Out of all these inevitable elements the audience is generated—a great compound vertebrate, as much like fifty others you have seen as any two mammals of the same species are like each other.

"'Pretty nigh killed himself,' says the good landlady, 'goin' about lecturin' two or three winters, talking in cold country lyceums—as he used to say—goin' home to cold parlors and bein' treated to cold apples and cold water, and then goin' up into a cold bed in a cold chamber, and comin' home next mornin' with a cold in his head as bad as the horse distemper. Then he's look kinder of sorry for havin' said it, and tell how kind some of the good women was to him; how one spread an eider-down comforter for him, and another fixed up somethin' hot for him after the lectur, and another one said, 'There now, you smoke that cigar of yours after the lectur, jest as if you was at home; and if they'd all been like that, he'd have gone on lecturin' forever, but, as it was, he had got pooty nigh enough of it, and preferred a natteral death to puttin' himself out of the world by such violent means as lecturin'."

HOW MARK TWAIN PLAGIARIZED HOLMES

At a breakfast given to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes on his seventieth birthday, Mark Twain delivered the following characteristic address, interesting from several standpoints:

"'I would have travelled,' he began, "a much greater distance than I have come to witness the paying of honors to Doctor Holmes, for my feeling toward him has always been one of peculiar warmth. When one receives a letter from a great man for the first time in his life, it is a large event to him, as all of you know by your own experience. Well, the first great man who ever wrote me a letter was our guest—Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was also the first great literary man I ever stole anything from, and that is how I came to write to him and he to me. When my first book was new, a friend of mine said, 'The dedication is very neat.' 'Yes,' I said, 'I thought it was.' My friend said, 'I always admired it even before I saw it in *The Innocents Abroad.*' I naturally said, 'What do you mean? Where did you ever see it before?' 'Well, I saw it some years ago, as Doctor Holmes' dedication to his *Songs in Many Keys.*' Of course my first impulse was to prepare this man's remains for burial, but upon reflection I said I would reprieve him for a moment or two and give him a chance to prove his assertion if he could. We stepped into a book store and he did prove it. I had really stolen that dedication almost word for word. I could not imagine how this curious thing happened, for I knew one thing for a dead certainty —that a certain amount of pride always goes along with a teaspoonful of brains, and that this pride protects a man from deliberately stealing other people's ideas. That is what a teaspoonful of brains will do for a man, and admirers had often told me I had nearly a basketful, though they were rather reserved as to the size of the basket. However, I thought the thing out, and solved the mystery. Two years before I had been laid up a couple of weeks in the Sandwich Islands, and

LYMAN J. GAGE

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

JOHN HAY

RUSSELL A. ALGER

JOHN D. LONG

had read and re-read Dr. Holmes' poems till my mental reservoir was filled with them to the brim. The dedication lay on top and handy, so, by the bye, I unconsciously stole it. Perhaps I unconsciously stole the rest of the volume too, for many people have told me that my book was pretty poetical in one way or another. Well, of course I wrote Dr. Holmes and told him I hadn't meant to steal, and he wrote back and said in the kindest way that it was all right and no harm done; and added that he believed we all unconsciously worked over ideas gathered in reading and hearing, imagining they were original with ourselves. He stated a truth and did it in such a pleasant way, and salved over my sore spot so gently and so healingly that I was rather glad I had committed the crime, for the sake of the letter. I afterward called on him and told him to make perfectly free with any ideas of mine that struck him as being good protoplasm for poetry. He could see by that that there wasn't anything mean about me; so we got along right from the start."

IT WAS WORTH WHILE

Once a young writer sent home from California a sample of his poetry, and asked Holmes if it was worth while for him to keep on writing. It was evident that the doctor was impressed by something decidedly original in the style of the writer, for he wrote back that he should keep on by all means.

Some time afterward a gentleman called at the home of Professor Holmes in Boston and asked him if he remembered the incident. "I do, indeed," replied Holmes. "Well," said his visitor, who was none other than Bret Harte, "I am the man."

AT THE SUNSET

In speaking of his eighty-fifth birthday Dr. Holmes alluded to the great men who were born that same year, 1809:

"'Yes,' he said, 'I was particularly fortunate in being born the same year with four of the most distinguished men of the age, and I really feel flattered that it so happened. Now, in England, there were Tennyson, Darwin, and Gladstone—Gladstone being, I think, four months younger than myself. That is a most remarkable trio, isn't it? Just contemplate the greatness of those three men, and then remember that in the same year Abraham Lincoln was born in this country. Most remarkable!' And when the visitor added, 'You have forgotten to mention the fifth, doctor; there was also Oliver Wendell Holmes,' Doctor Holmes quickly retorted in his own inimitable way:

"'Oh! that does not count; I 'sneaked in,' as it were!'"

Doctor Holmes remained at his country home in Beverly until late in September, during this last year of his life, and his health seemed steadily to improve with the cool and bracing autumn weather.

On his return to the city, however, he had a severe attack of the asthmatic trouble from which he had suffered all his life. A severe cold, and the "weight of years" aggravated what seemed at first but a slight indisposition; and the poet, with his accurate medical knowledge, realized that the end was not far distant.

But as he grew weaker and weaker, his sunshiny spirit shone all the brighter. With playful jests he tried to soothe the sad hearts of his dear ones, and to make them feel that the pain of parting was the only sting of death. He seldom, indeed, made any reference to the dark shadow he felt so near; but one morning, three of four days before his death, he said to his son:

"'Well, Wendell, what is it? King's Chapel?'

"'Oh, yes, father,' said Judge Holmes.

"'Then I am satisfied. That is all I am going to say about it.'"

SAM HOUSTON

THE BATTLE WHICH WON TEXAS

SOME years ago Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, in McClure's Magazine, with graphic force, retold the story of Sam Houston's great battle which won the independence of Texas:

"On the 18th of April, 1836, the army reached Buffalo Bayou, then unfordable, opposite the ruins of Harrisburg, which Santa Anna had destroyed.

"A celebrated scout named Deaf Smith met them here with a bag full of captured despatches, which showed that Santa Anna was with the force which had burned Harrisburg, and was marching to New Washington. Houston was overjoyed. Could he but capture the Mexican Commander-in-Chief he would be able to dictate terms of peace. Leaving his baggage wagons with a guard, he prepared to cross the bayou, taking with him the two cannon and a single ammunition wagon. In one leaky boat, and upon a rude timber raft they succeeded in ferrying over the army. By nightfall they were on the march toward the junction of Buffalo Bayou with the San Jacinto River, at a place called Lynch's Ferry where they hoped to head off the Mexicans.

"The tired army marched twelve miles that night. Houston allowed his soldiers but a few hours for repose, and before dawn they started again and marched seven miles. Upon receipt of intelligence that the Mexican army was at hand, they left off preparations for breakfast, and marched posthaste to the ferry, across San Jacinto Bay, a little below the point where the Buffalo joins the river.

"They reached it before the Mexicans. Six men captured a flat boat loaded with flour and filled with Mexicans. The cargo was a welcome contribution to the American commissariat, for they were almost literally without anything to eat.

"They now turned back up the Buffalo for about three-

quarters of a mile, where Houston posted his army in a strong position in a thick wood on the edge of the bayou. In front of the camp lay a stretch of prairie broken by three clumps of trees, known as islands. On the left was the broad arm of San Jacinto Bay, the marshy shores of which swept around to the south front of them a mile away. The marsh grew wider to the southwest. Beyond the tree islands lay another clump of trees terminating in the marshland. The country to the southwest was also marshy and impassable. The road up which they had marched led across a deep ravine with high banks called Vince's Creek. The road crossed this creek on a wooden bridge about eight miles from the battleground.

"Santa Anna, with some 1,200 of his men, was in New Washington when his scouts brought word that the American forces were at hand. A panic ensued, extending from the general to the soldiery; but as the day wore on and no attack was made the Mexicans recovered their self-control, and marched toward Lynch's Ferry to meet the enemy. The Mexican advance came in touch with the Texans on the afternoon of the 20th. Santa Anna's artillery consisted of one nine-pounder. There was a fruitless duel between this gun and the 'Twin Sisters,' and some cavalry skirmishing which was not unimportant, in that it gave one Mirabeau B. Lamar an opportunity to distinguish himself under fire by the daring rescue of a comrade. He was immediately promoted to the rank of colonel by Houston and given command of the sixty horse which comprised the Texan cavalry.

"No attempt was made to bring on a general engagement that day. Santa Anna desired time to bring up a re-enforcement of 500 men. Houston is reported to have said that he wanted the Mexicans to bring up their whole available force, that he might not be compelled to make 'two bites at a cherry.' Santa Anna encamped in the woods to the south of the Texans, his right resting on the marshes, which extended around his

rear. He refused his left slightly, and protected his front by a flimsy intrenchment of pack saddles, baggage, etc., in the center of which he planted his nine-pounder. His cavalry, several hundred in number, he posted on the left.

"On the morning of the 21st of April, 500 men under General Cos marched up the road and joined Santa Anna.

"Houston had fully decided upon his course. He called Deaf Smith to him, and bade him and a companion named Reeves procure two axes and hold themselves for orders. The Texans waited thinking the Mexicans, outnumbering them over two to one, would attack them. But Santa Anna made no movement, and Houston called a council of war. The two junior officers were in favor of attacking at once. All of the seniors said that it would be madness to attack regular and veteran soldiery with undrilled levies, pointing out that there were but two hundred bayonets in the Texan army, and that they had a good strong defensive position where they were.

"Houston heard the discussion in silence. He had already made up his mind. He called Smith and Reeves to him, and secretly ordered them to go and cut down Vince's Bridge. In other words, he deliberately destroyed the only practicable means of escape for either army. By his action the battle which ensued was fought in an inclosure made by Buffalo Bayou on the north, San Jacinto Bay on the east, the marshes and waste land on the south, and Vince's Creek on the west.

"At half after three o'clock the men were drawn up on the prairie. Colonel Burleson with the first regiment occupied the centre. Colonel Sherman was on the left with the second regiment with the two pieces of artillery posted on the right of Colonel Burleson's men. The guns were supported by four companies of infantry under Lieutenant-Colonel Millard. The newly celebrated Lamar occupied the right line with his cavalry. Secretary Rusk had command of the left, while Houston led the centre.

"At four o'clock Houston gave the order to advance. The band, which consisted of the solitary drum of famous memory, re-enforced by a single fife, struck up a popular air entitled, *Will You Come to the Bower?* The men with their guns a-trail advanced slowly, until they passed the timber islands and appeared in view of the surprised Mexicans. Then they broke into a run. Houston dashed up and down the lines on horseback, waving his old white hat, and directing his men.

"When they were within two hundred feet of the Mexican line Deaf Smith tore madly on the field, and shouted in tones that could be heard all along the line: 'You must fight for your lives! Vince's Bridge has been cut down!' Like Cortez, Houston had burned his boats behind him. If they did not conquer, they would be like the army of Sennacherib, 'all dead corpses.'

"The Mexican camp was a picture of consternation. Santa Anna was asleep; many of the officers were taking their afternoon siesta; the cavalrymen were watering their horses; the company cooks were preparing for the evening meal; the soldiers were playing games. As they discovered the Texans, they ran to their arms, and delivered a wavering volley, which did almost no execution. One bullet struck Houston in the ankle making a bad wound, and several others hit his horse, but nothing could stop the advance. Before the Mexicans could discharge their cannon the Americans struck the place.

"The 'Twin Sisters' had delivered two well-aimed shots, which had demolished a large portion of the flimsy barricade. As they reached the rampart the Texans fired point-blank at the huddled Mexicans. The volley did fearful execution. Before the Spanish could fly, the fierce faces of the Americans burst upon them through the smoke, and with clubbed muskets, a few bayonets, and many bowie-knives, began their dreadful work. One cry ran over the field with ever-increasing volume, until it drowned the roar of the guns:

"'Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad! Remember La Bahia!'

"Inspired to fury by the recollection of the cruel massacres in which these men had participated, the Americans swept everything before them. In fifteen minutes the Mexican army was either dead or on the run. Lamar with his handful of horse had routed the Mexican cavalry. Horsemen were galloping headlong down the road toward Vince's Bridge pursued by the mounted Americans. The infantry on the Mexican right plunged into the marshes, only to be slaughtered as they stood enmired.

"Santa Anna fled toward Vince's Bridge, hotly pursued by Captain Karnes. When the fugitives found the crossing destroyed they faced about, but the pursuing Texans slaughtered them without mercy. A few, however, Santa Anna among the number, leaped recklessly into the ravine, and managed to escape.

"The Mexican army had been completely routed. Six hundred and thirty bodies were left on the field. Two hundred and eight lay wounded. There were seven hundred and thirty prisoners, a few fugitives and many unknown and unaccounted for, who died in the marshes or rivers. The total Mexican force had been about eighteen hundred. Of the Texans, there were just seven hundred and eighty-three, of whom eight were killed and twenty-three wounded!"

OLIVER O. HOWARD

THE EMPTY SLEEVE

IT was at the battle of Fairoaks where General Howard won his empty sleeve. He showed extraordinary bravery among brave men, and fought with a courage as dauntless as it was abiding. Headley says of his conduct at Fairoaks:

"Howard exposed himself like the commonest soldier, until

at last he was struck by a ball which shattered his arm. Instantly waving the mutilated member aloft as a pennon, he cheered on his men to the charge, and was then borne from the field.

"He was first wounded in his sword arm, and his brother, near at hand, tying a bandage about it, he held it high in the air, and called for the men at his command to charge.

"Shortly before receiving this wound his horse was badly wounded in the shoulder. Waiting a few moments for another horse, he caused his men to lie down and creep under the shelter of the railway embankment. As soon as a fresh horse was brought up he mounted, and rode in front of his troops in line, and the men obeying his command with a shout, passed up through the woods and across the enemy's outer lines taking prisoners.

"During this action General Howard was wounded for a second time in his right arm, this time by a large minie-ball, which tore through and broke the bones of the elbow. He was helped from the saddle by Lieutenant McIntyre, of the Sixty-fourth New York, aided by one or two private soldiers. Soon after he turned his command over to Colonel Barlow, and started for the rear. On the way, meeting his friend Colonel Brooke, he requested him to send Barlow re-enforcements. The loss of blood caused great faintness, and he was moving painfully along when a private, who was also wounded in the arm, though not so severely, put his well one around General Howard, and sustained his failing strength.

"The surgeons examined the disabled arm, and declared that it must come off; and gaining his ready consent, the sufferer was carried to the hospital and put upon the operating-table. From the nature of the wounds the suffering was intense until the amputation was completed. Then General Howard appeared to recover his usual vitality, which continued to sustain him.

AFRAID OF HIS PRAYERS

"Into battered and deserted Fredericksburg General Howard accompanied his brigade on the evening of December 12th, 1862. On the morning of the 13th, as he sat with his officers at breakfast, a charming old lady who lived near by accosted him with the assurance that though they had taken Fredericksburg, the South would yet win the day. She was firm in her faith, and though the General predicted a different ending of the war, she smilingly asserted that her foes would have a 'Stonewall' to encounter, 'Hills' to climb, and a 'Longstreet' to wander through before they had finished their task. She watched the officers as they listened to the usual morning reading of the Scriptures by the General, and heard their cheerful words as they separated to attend to their respective duties. The old lady was struck with their actions, and said to General Howard, as he bade her good-morning: 'Now I fear you more than ever, for I had understood that all Lincoln's men were bad.' She wondered, she said, at his cheerfulness on the eve of battle, and was surprised that there were Christians among the Yankees.

UNDER FIRE

"One instance among the many that could be gathered will serve as an illustration of General Howard's conduct in battle. At Bald Hill, a place which was reached after passing the fields of Dallas and Good Hope, the Fourth Corps found a Confederate force in strong possession. The Confederates held the hill by infantry, and covered it by batteries not far off, bringing to bear a fearful artillery cross-fire. The men of Howard's leading division had tried to take the hill by storm, and had been more than once driven back. Hearing of the repulse, General Howard made his preparations with care, and when all was ready he took a position in plain sight of his men, quietly waiting the advance of his infantry on the crest of a

parapet behind which was a battery in full play. It was firing to clear the way for an infantry charge. The General did not move while the replies of the Confederate batteries caused shells to strike the parapet beneath his feet, the trees over his head, and filled the air with smoke, roar, and fragments. His staff and others begged him to dismount and go under cover. 'Not this time, gentlemen,' he replied; 'we must take that hill.' Soon his men, who knew that he was watching them, cleared the crest and gained the height. It was a hot place, full of peril, and the General was anxious lest his men be again dislodged. He meant that they should stay and intrench the hill, and the instant he saw the skirmishers pass the crest he sprang into the saddle and, followed by one or two officers and orderlies, galloped to the very top of the height. His soldiers welcomed him with a shout. The position was soon strongly intrenched by the willing men, and made secure against attack.

"It is related that two soldiers of Howard's command, who were watching him while he sat motionless on his horse as the enemy's guns were discharging, remarked upon his attitude:

" 'He don't seem to hear the thunder,' one said, motioning toward their commander.

" 'Oh, he's praying,' was the quick reply; 'wait till he's through, and then he'll go in.'

AT SHERMAN'S SIDE

"Just before the review of the troops at the close of the war, General Howard was called to Washington by a telegram from Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, and informed by the Secretary that it was Mr. Lincoln's wish that he should become the Freedmen's Commissioner, as contemplated in the law of Congress, as soon as his services could be spared from the field. And thereupon he put into General Howard's hands the act establishing the Freedmen's Bureau. 'Will you ac-

cept? Think it over, and give me your answer as quickly as you can,' said the Secretary. General Howard looked upon the request as a legacy from the martyred President, and was inclined to yield a ready assent. At the same time he wanted to remain in command of the army with which he had fought so many battles until after the grand review.

"General Sherman advised him to accept the trust, and deprecated his refusal for any such reason, saying:

" 'Howard, you are a Christian; what do you care for that day's display? It will be everything to Logan to have the command; why not let him have it?'

" 'If you put it in that ground, General,' replied Howard, 'I yield at once.'

"He was disappointed, but quietly conquered his feelings, and asked permisison to ride with Sherman's staff. General Sherman generously replied:

" 'Ride by my side, Howard.'

And so, on the day of the great review, when this great commander at the head of the troops saluted President Johnson in front of the White House, General Howard was at his side, and with his bridle-reins in his mouth and his sword in his left hand, saluted the chief of the nation, and was a noticeable figure in the assembled multitude. Wherever he went he was quickly recognized, and hundreds cheered him as they looked at his empty sleeve.

A HELPING HAND

General Howard's life has been marked by wide usefulness in serving individuals whose needs he has helped and whose shortcomings he has tried to remove. Numberless instances might be related, one or two are given:

E. C., a resident of Oregon, a man with a large family, had been for many years a notorious gambler and a rough. Through the prayers and influence of a few good women and

the Lord's help, he had been converted. General distrust of the man led people to leave him and his family to shift for themselves. General Howard was his constant and never failing friend, often lending him money, sometimes as high as two or three hundred dollars at a time.

From being one of the worst of men he became one of the best, and has now for years led a most exemplary Christian life, and though poor in this world's goods has repaid every cent of those early loans.

Mr. M., for years an infidel, had an infidel book to peruse. When his heart was smitten for his infidelity he brought his book to General Howard, and begged him to read it.

General Howard said, 'No; it might weaken my faith. That author is an able man."

"But, General," said he, "read it for my sake."

General Howard read the book, making marginal notes. One was, "What is needed here is the Holy Spirit of the living God."

The General then gave him back his book, and one evening Mr. M. was among the seekers for divine guidance in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms. His voice shook with emotion while telling the incident and his eyes filled with tears. He became a changed man, and his Christian family were made happy by his conversion.

One who had been a soldier with General Howard went to him one night and said:

"General, I am a gambler; I hope soon to be a better man, but I must wait God's time."

"Oh, no," was the impetuous reply; "*now* is the time."

The two, General Howard and this veteran, walked and talked together for two hours. Soon he stood up in a meeting and made a public confession of religious belief. He became a Christian, surrendering his gambling implements, and has for years led a good life.

CONQUERING A SALOON-KEEPER

A saloon-keeper, who had been at one time imprisoned for crime, one day, in the streets of Portland, Oregon, gathered a number of roughs to do him harm. As the General was passing, he cried out a bitter charge of gross criminality. General Howard walked through the crowd, faced the man, and said, "You know that what you say is not true!" The man's countenance instantly changed, and, to the surprise of the bystanders, he said, "Yes, General Howard, I know you're a good man, but you interfere with my business." Others, standing about, ready to mob him, said, "We will not strike him; don't strike him; he has no arms and is a cripple," referring to the loss of his right arm.

THE SPOKANE CHIEF

A Spokane chief, who had been protected in his rights by General Howard, came six hundred miles to put his children at school in the General's department.

On the steamer that took General Howard from that department, in 1880, the last interview between this chief and the General took place. The former was a magnificent specimen of a man and a Christian. He pleaded with the General to remain. "We have given you our hearts," he said; "how can you leave us? What shall we do without you?"

This sad leave-taking reminded General Howard of his parting with the wild Cochise in 1872. As the latter stood upon his own reserve, which General Howard had secured to him, he said, "You must not go; stay with us and all will be well." The General asked him, "If you gave orders to one of your captains to go and do a work and then return, what would you do to him if he disobeyed you?"

"I would punish him," was the prompt reply.

"Well, the President has sent me, and I must obey my orders; is it not right?"

"Yes; but ask him to let you come again," was the reply.

General Howard promised to do so, when the warrior approached, put his arms about and held him for some minutes against his breast. General Howard has had many wars with the Indians, but could the truth be known his influence has been nine to one for peace. His soul, instead, rejoices in schools, churches, and homes.

JULIA WARD HOWE

THE BIRTH OF "THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC"

IF Julia Ward Howe had never done anything except to write the *Battle Hymn of the Republic* it would have given her a name as imperishable as American history. In a volume entitled *Immortal Songs of Camp and Field,* written by the editor of this volume, the following story of the birth of that wonderful hymn is taken:

The *Battle Hymn of the Republic* had its birth-throes amid the storms of war. In December, 1861, Mrs. Howe, in company with her husband, Governor and Mrs. John A. Andrew, Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke, and other friends, made a journey to Washington. They arrived in the night. As their train sped on through the darkness, they saw in vivid contrast the camp fires of the pickets set to guard the line of the railroad. The troops lay encamped around the Capital City, their lines extending to a considerable distance. At the hotel where the Boston party were entertained, officers and their orderlies were conspicuous, and army ambulances were constantly arriving and departing. The gallop of horsemen, the tramp of foot soldiers, the noise of drum, fife, and bugle were heard continually. The two great powers were holding each other in check. The one absorbing thought in Washington was the army, and the time of the visitors was generally employed in visits to the camps and hospitals.

One day during this visit a party which included Doctor and Mrs. Howe and Doctor Clarke attended a review of the Union troops at a distance of several miles from the city. The maneuvers were interrupted by a sudden attack of the enemy, and instead of the spectacle promised them, they saw some reinforcements of cavalry gallop hastily to the aid of a small force of Federal troops which had been surprised and surrounded. They returned to the city as soon as possible, but their progress was much impeded by marching troops who nearly filled the highway. As they had to drive very slowly, in order to beguile the time they began to sing army songs, among which the *John Brown* song soon came to mind. This caught the ears of the soldiers and they joined in the inspiring chorus, and made it ring and ring again. Mrs. Howe was greatly impressed by the long lines of soldiers and the devotion and enthusiasm which they evinced, as they sung while they marched, *John Brown's Body*. James Freeman Clarke, seeing Mrs. Howe's deep emotion which was mirrored in her intense face, said:

"You ought to write some new words to go with that tune."

"I will," she earnestly replied.

She went back to Washington, went to bed, and finally fell asleep. She awoke in the night to find her now famous hymn beginning to form itself in her brain. As she lay still in the dark room, line after line and verse after verse shaped themselves. When she had thought out the last of these, she felt that she dared not go to sleep again lest they should be effaced by a morning nap. She sprang out of bed and groped about in the dim December twilight to find a bit of paper and the stump of a pencil with which she had been writing the evening before. Having found these articles, and having long been accustomed to jot down stray thoughts with scarcely any light in a room made dark for the repose of her infant children, she very soon completed her writing, went back to bed, and fell fast asleep.

What sublime and splendid words she had written! There is in them the spirit of the old prophets. Nothing could be grander than the first line:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

In the second verse one sees through her eyes the vivid picture she had witnessed in her afternoon's visit to the army:

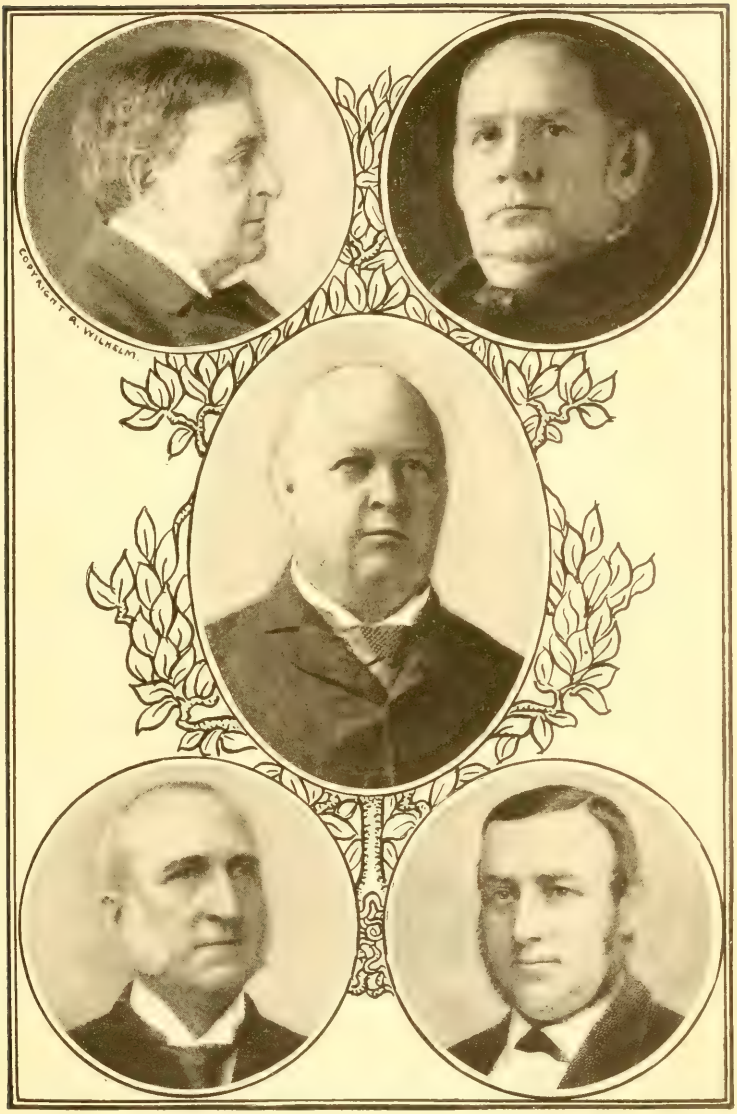
"I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on."

In the third and fourth verses there is a triumphant note of daring faith and prophecy that was wonderfully contagious, and millions of men and women took heart again as they read or sang and caught its optimistic note:

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on."

On returning to Boston, Mrs. Howe carried her hymn to James T. Fields, at that time the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* and it was first published in that magazine. The title, *The Battle Hymn of the Republic,* was the work of Mr. Fields.

Strange to say, when it first appeared the song aroused no special attention. Though it was destined to have such world-wide appreciation, it won its first victory in Libby Prison. Nearly a year after its publication, a copy of a newspaper containing it was smuggled into the prison, where many hundreds



JOSEPH H. CHOATE

MARK A. HANNA

THOMAS BRACKETT REED

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

GEORGE W. CHILDS

of Northern officers and soldiers were confined, among them being the brilliant Chaplain, now Bishop, Charles C. McCabe. The Chaplain could sing anything and make music out of it, but he seized on this splendid battle hymn with enthusiactic delight. It makes the blood in one's veins boil again with patriotic fervor to hear him tell how the tears rained down strong men's cheeks as they sang in the Southern prison, far away from home and friends, those wonderful closing lines:

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on."

It was Chaplain McCabe who had the privilege and honor of calling public attention to the song after his release. He came to Washington and in his lecture (that has come to be almost as famous as the battle hymn) on *The Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison,* he described the singing of the hymn by himself and his companions in that dismal place of confinement. People now began to ask who had written the hymn, and the author's name was easily established by a reference to the magazine.

The hymn complete, as originally written by Mrs. Howe, is as follows:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fatal lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

"I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;

I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

'I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.'

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on."

ANDREW JACKSON

HIS MEETING WITH JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

MR. S. C. GOODRICH relates an incident which occurred at the White House at a Presidential levee just after Jackson had been defeated by John Quincy Adams for the Presidency. Mr. Goodrich says:

"The two persons in the assembly who, most of all others, engrossed the thoughts of the visitors—Mr. Adams, the elect; General Jackson, the defeated. It chanced in the course of the evening that these two persons, involved in the throng, approached each other from opposite directions, yet without knowing it. Suddenly, as they were almost together, the persons around, seeing what was to happen, by a sort of instinct stepped aside and left them face to face. Mr. Adams was by himself;

General Jackson had a large, handsome lady on his arm. They looked at each other for a moment, and then General Jackson moved forward, and reaching out his long arm, said: 'How do you do, Mr. Adams? I give you my left hand, for the right, as you see, is devoted to the fair: I hope you are very well, sir.' All this was gallantly and heartily said and done. Mr. Adams took the General's hand, and said, with chilling coldness: 'Very well, sir; I hope General Jackson is well!' It was curious to see the western planter, the Indian fighter, the stern soldier, who had written his country's glory in the blood of the enemy at New Orleans, genial and gracious in the midst of a court, while the old courtier and diplomat was stiff, rigid, cold as a statue! It was all the more remarkable from the fact that, four hours before, the former had been defeated, and the latter was the victor, in a struggle for one of the highest objects of human ambition."

THE DEATH OF JACKSON'S WIFE

The great sunset of Andrew Jackson's life on the social side came unexpectedly only three months before he entered the White House in the death of his dearly loved wife. James Parton, has greatest biographer, learned the story of that sad incident from good "Old Hanna," the faithful servant in whose arms she breathed her last:

"It was a Wednesday morning, December 17. All was going on as usual at the Hermitage. The General was in the fields, at some distance from the house, and Mrs. Jackson, apparently in tolerable health, was occupied in her household duties. Old Hannah asked her to come into the kitchen to give her opinion upon some article of food that was in course of preparation. She performed the duty required of her, and returned to her usual sitting-room, followed by Hannah. Suddenly, she uttered a horrible shriek, placed her hands upon her heart, sunk into a chair, struggling for breath, and fell

forward into Hannah's arms. There were only servants in the house; many of whom ran frantically in, uttering the loud lamentations with which Africans are wont to give vent to their feelings. The stricken lady was placed upon her bed, and while messengers hurried away for assistance, Hannah employed the only remedy she knew to relieve the anguish of her mistress, 'I rubbed her side,' said the plain-spoken Hannah, 'till it was black and blue.'

No relief. She writhed in agony. She fought for breath. The General came in alarmed beyond description. The doctor arrived. Mrs. A. J. Donelson hurried in from her house near by. The Hermitage was soon filled with near relatives, friends, and servants. With short intervals of partial relief, Mrs. Jackson continued to suffer all that a woman could suffer, for the space of sixty hours; during which her husband never left her bedside for ten minutes. On Friday evening she was much better; was almost free from pain; and breathed with far less difficulty. The first use, and, indeed, the only use she made of her recovered speech was, to protest to the General that she was quite well, and to implore him to go to another room and sleep, and by no means to allow her indisposition to prevent his attending the banquet on the 23d. She told him that the day of the banquet would be a very fatiguing one, and he must not permit his strength to be reduced by want of sleep.

"Still, the General would not leave her. He distrusted this sudden relief. He feared it was the relief of torpor or exhaustion; and the more, as the remedies prescribed by Dr. Hogg, the attending physician, had not produced their designed effect. Saturday and Sunday passed, and still she lay free from serious pain, but weak and listless; the General still her watchful, constant, almost sleepless attendant.

"On Monday evening, the evening before the 23d, her disease appeared to take a decided turn for the better; and she

then so earnestly entreated the General to prepare for the fatigues of the morrow by having a night of undisturbed sleep, that he consented, at last, to go into an adjoining room and lie down upon a sofa. The doctor was still in the house. Hannah and George were to sit up with their mistress.

"At 9 o'clock, the General bade her good night, went into the next room, and took off his coat, preparatory to lying down. He had been gone about five minutes; Mrs. Jackson was then, for the first time, removed from her bed, that it might be arranged for the night. While sitting in a chair, supported in the arms of Hannah, she uttered a long, loud, inarticulate cry; which was immediately followed by a rattling noise in the throat. Her head fell forward upon Hannah's shoulder. She never spoke or breathed again.

"There was a wild rush into the room of husband, doctor, relatives, friends, and servants. The General assisted to lay her upon the bed. 'Bleed her!' he cried. No blood flowed from her arm. 'Try the temple, doctor!' Two drops stained her cap, but no more followed.

"It was long before he would believe her dead. He looked eagerly into her face, as if still expecting to see signs of returning life. Her hands and feet grew cold. There could be no doubt then, and they prepared a table for laying her out. With a choking voice, the General said:

"'Spread four blankets upon it. If she comes to, she will lie so hard upon the table.'

"He sat all night alone in the room by her side, with his face in his hands 'grieving,' said Hannah, and occasionally looking into the face, and feeling the heart and pulse of the form so dear to him. Major Lewis, who had been immediately sent for, arrived just before daylight, and found him still there, nearly speechless, and wholly inconsolable. He sat in the room nearly all the next day, the picture of despair.

"'And this was the way,' concluded Hannah, 'that old

mistus died; and we always say, that when we lost her, we lost a mistus and a mother, too; and more a mother than a mistus. And we say the same of old master; for he was more a father to us than a master, and many's the time we've wished him back again to help us out of our troubles.'"

JACKSON'S MOURNING FOR HIS LOST LOVE

Mr. Trist, Jackson's private secretary, relates this tender and touching incident:

"One evening," writes Mr. Trist, "after I parted with him for the night, revolving over the directions he had given about some letters I was to prepare, one point occurred on which I was not perfectly satisfied as to what those directions had been. As the letters were to be sent off early next morning, I returned to his chamber door, and, tapping gently, in order not to wake him if he had got to sleep, my tap was answered by 'come in.'

"He was undressed, but not yet in bed, as I had supposed he must be by that time. He was sitting at the little table, with his wife's miniature—a very large one, then for the first time seen by me—before him, propped up against some books; and between him and the picture lay an open book, which bore the marks of long use.

"This book, as I afterward learned, was *her* prayer-book. The miniature he always wore next to his heart, suspended round his neck by a strong, black cord. The last thing he did every night, before lying down to rest, was to read in that book with that picture under his eyes.

"In Washington, on going one day into the President's office, I found that I had broken in upon a *tete-a-tete* between him and Charles, his negro driver. Charles was looking the culprit to his best, that is, as well as was permitted by a lurking smile, which betrayed his consciousness that nothing very terrible was coming. As I entered, the General was saying,

'Charles, you know *why* I value that carriage. This is the second time it has happened; and, if it ever happens again, I will send you back to Tennessee.'

"This lecture and threat Charles had brought upon himself by having left his coach-box, as the natural consequence of which the horses had run away and broken the carriage.

"In this scene I was struck with the fact that the General's thoughts and feelings dwelt upon the carriage, upon the injury sustained by it, without turning at all upon the expense of the injury to the horses, noble dapple grays, his favorite color, of his own rearing, and descendants of his famous horse Truxton. I at once inferred that this '*why*' had reference to his wife; and upon inquiry of Colonel Earl, my conjecture was verified. Because the carriage had been *hers*, it was better than any new one; it must never be given up, but always repaired and made as good as new, though the cost might be greater than that of a new one.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Another of the numberless particulars of the undying fidelity—the truly feminine fidelity—of General Jackson's character manifesting itself in regard to his wife's memory, was the relation established by him toward Colonel Earl, the portrait-painter. As a Nashville artist, Earl had been a *protege* of Mrs. Jackson, one of the many objects on which the kindness of heart recorded in the epitaph—so different in truthfulness from most epitaphs—had found its indulgence. This was enough. By her death, this relative became sanctified for the General's heart. Earl became forthwith his *protege*. From that time forward the painter's home was under his roof, at Washington, in Tennessee, in the President's house, as at the Hermitage, where he died before the General. And this treatment was amply repaid. His devotion was more untiring even than his brush, and its steadiness would have proved itself, at any moment the opportunity might have offered, by his cheer-

fully laying down his life in his service. If he had had a thousand lives, they would, I feel sure, have been so laid down, one after the other, with the same perseverance that one canvas after another was lifted to his easel, there to keep its place till it had received 'the General.' "

A LONELY PRESIDENT

A New York politician who was a confidential secretary in the State Department relates this story of Jackson:

"One day, when I had had to wait long for an opportunity to transact business with him, I chanced to make a remark which, I think, had an important effect upon my whole subsequent career. He had got rid of his visitors one after another, and at last we two sat alone in the office. He had signed my accounts with his great pen, and we were conversing on some topic of the day. He seemed tired and melancholy, and I was moved to say something kind to him. I saw not before me the conquering General, nor the illustrious President, but a tired, sad old man, far from his home and friends, farthest of all from his wife, and approached chiefly by flatterers, beggars, and sycophants. What to say to him I knew not, but I contrived, at last, to blunder out this:

" 'General, I should think you'd feel lonely here.'

" 'Lonely?' he exclaimed. 'How can you think so? Most people would think I had plenty of company. What makes you think I am lonely?'

" 'Well, General,' I replied, 'I don't mean lonely exactly. But it is not here as it was at the Hermitage, where your friends could come in and chat with you in a social way.'

" 'No,' said the President, 'it is not here as it was at the Hermitage. There you are right, my young friend.'

" 'I'll tell you, General,' I continued, 'exactly what I mean. Everyone that comes here has an axe to grind, at least it seems so to me, and, in fact, they say so themselves.'

"'Yes,' said the General, 'I suppose that's so. Now, let me ask you, what ax have you to grind?'

"'My ax is ground,' said I.

"'It is, is it?' said the General, laughing.

"'Yes, sir, my ax is ground. I have the pleasantest place in the department, and I am perfectly satisfied with it.'

"'You are perfectly satisfied, are you?'

"'Perfectly.'

"'You have reached the summit of your ambition, then?'

"'Certainly, General. I ask nothing better. I wish nothing better.'

"'You have no ax to grind at all?'

"'None, General, none whatever.'

"'Neither for yourself nor for anybody else?'

"'Neither for myself nor for anybody else."

"Upon this the old man rose, took my hand, and said with much tenderness:

"'My young friend, come often to see me, and we'll have many a good chat together, just as if we *were* at the Hermitage.'

"From that time forward I cannot be mistaken in supposing I was a favorite with General Jackson. He treated me with the most marked cordiality, and appeared to give me all his confidence. The time came when I put his favor to the test, and it stood the test."

HOW A POLITICIAN GOT THE BEST OF JACKSON

A public man of the time relates this suggestive story as illustrating Jackson's character. He says:

"The General was a striking illustration of the doctrine of compensation. His will, if directly resisted, was not to be shaken by mortal power; but, if artfully managed, he was more easily swayed and imposed upon than any man in his day. There was a certain member of Congress who had set his

heart upon a foreign mission, and had long tried to compass his aim, without effect. He obtained a clue, in some way, to one of the General's weaknesses, and changed his tactics in consequence. He cultivated my acquaintance assiduously, and accompanied me sometimes to the White House, where he gradually established himself upon a footing of office familiarity. I saw him one afternoon perform the following scene in the General's private office, myself being the only spectator thereof. The President was smoking his pipe.

"'General Jackson,' began the member, 'I am about to ask you a favor—a favor, sir, that will cost you nothing, and the Government nothing, but will gratify me exceedingly.'

"'It's granted, sir,' said the President. 'What is it?'

"'Well, General, I have an old father at home who has as great an esteem for your character as one man can have for another. Before I left home, he charged me to get for him, if possible, one of General Jackson's pipes, and that is the favor I now ask of you.'

"'Oh, certainly,' he replied, laughing and ringing the bell.

"When the servant came, he told him to bring two or three clean pipes.

"'Excuse me, General,' said the member, 'but may I ask you for that very pipe you have just been smoking?'

"'This one?' asked the General. 'By all means, if you prefer it.'

"The President was proceeding to empty it of the ashes, when the member once more interrupted him.

"'No, General, don't empty out the tobacco. I want that pipe just as it is, just as it left your lips.'

"The member took the pipe to the table, folded it carefully and reverently in a piece of paper, thanked the General for the precious gift with the utmost warmth, and left the room with the air of a man whose highest flight of ambition had just been more than gratified.

"In a little less than three weeks after, that man departed on a mission to one of the South American States, and it was that pipe that did the business for him. At least I thought so; and if there is any meaning in a wink, he thought so too. It was also a fact, as he in confidence assured me, that his old father *did* revere General Jackson, and *would* be much gratified to possess one of his pipes. I once heard a pill-vender say to one who had laughed at his extravagant advertisements:

"'Well, these pills of mine, to my certain knowledge, *have* cured some people.'"

JACKSON'S LESSON TO A FOREIGN DIPLOMAT

A State Department official in Jackson's administration, relates this characteristic story:

"In the Northeast Boundary Dispute the King of the Netherlands offered his arbitration. The offer was accepted, and we of the State Department were much occupied in preparing the necessary documents for transmission to Europe. One day, in the course of these preparations, a gentleman connected with the commission, a rather pompous individual, a son of a foreign consul, born and educated abroad, came into my office and requested me to have one set of the documents printed on the finest tinted drawing-paper, and bound in the most gorgeous and costly manner possible. This set, he said, was for the King's own use. The documents, he further remarked, ought to be bound in Paris, for the work could not be done in America as it ought to be. Nevertheless, I must have them done as well as the state of the arts in the United States admitted, regardless of expense.

"Nettled both by the manner and the matter of this gentleman's discourse, and not perceiving any necessity for such a lavish expenditure of the public money, I told him that, the Secretary of State being absent from the city, I did not

feel authorized to comply with his wishes. Nothing of the kind had ever been done before in the department, and anything so unusual could only be warranted by the Secretary's special order. The documents were numerous, and would form several large volumes.

"'But, sir,' said he, with much hauteur, 'you forget that these volumes are designed, not for ambassadors and secretaries, but for the King of a country.'

"'Well,' said I, 'without the express orders of the Secretary of State or of the President, I must decline doing anything in the matter.'

"'I will assume the entire responsibility,' he replied, 'and hold you blameless. If the Secretary of State disapproves, I will take the consequences.'

"'Very well,' said I, 'if you shoulder the responsibility I will proceed.'

"After he had taken his departure, however, I looked into the law and the precedents, and became satisfied that there was neither law nor precedent for the work proposed. I also calculated the expense of the printing and binding, and found it would amount to several hundred dollars. The more I thought over the matter the greater was my repugnance to ordering the work, and the result of my cogitations was that I went to the White House to consult the President on the subject. I found the President alone, and soon told my story.

"As I proceeded, the General left his seat and began to walk up and down the room, quickening his pace as I went on. At length he broke into a loud and vehement harangue, still pacing the floor:

"'Go on, Mr. Clark,' he exclaimed; 'you are perfectly correct, sir. Tell this gentleman for me, that Benjamin Franklin, in his woolen stockings was no disgrace to this country. This Government will never sanction what these gentlemen wish. The same habits brought reflections upon the

last administration—those beautiful portfolios, those treaty boxes, and other things of that kind. It shall not be done, sir. I say again, sir, and I wish those gentlemen to know it, that no man ever did such honor to this country abroad as old Ben Franklin, who wore his homespun blue woolen stockings, and all Paris loved him for it. Go on, sir, as you have begun. Have these things done—not meanly—but plain and simple, conformable to our Republican principles. This Mr.——, I believe, is a Frenchman. He has foreign notions. He has got his appointment; but if he had not got it, I do not say he would. A King, indeed! What's a King, that he should receive things in this splendid style? We ought to have things done in the best, plain, unpretending manner, and no other; and so, sir, have them done. Now, sir, you know my views, and the Secretary of State's also, for his views are mine in these things. Therefore, go on as you deem right, religiously, and fear not. Say to the commissioner that I do not approve these extravagances. When he arrives in Europe he may have them fixed according to his notions at his own expense, not the Government's. Heaven and earth may come together, but Andrew Jackson will never swerve from principle.'

"'I am proud, General,' said I, 'to have your approbation of my course. There is just one other remark that I would like to make, with your permission."

"'Proceed, sir,' said the President, with the air of a man ordering a charge of cavalry.

"'This commissioner,' said I, 'is a man of power and reputation. I am, as you are aware, in a position very different from his. It seems to me that, like a cockboat encountering a seventy-four, I shall be swamped. He is, besides, a friend of the Secretary of State. I never knew an instance of a subordinate getting on than by deferring to the wishes of his chief."

"'No exception to that rule?' he asked, with one of his knowing looks.

"'I have never known one,' I replied.

"'I think there *are* exceptions, Mr. Clark. I *think* there are. I *believe* you will not be swamped on this occasion, Mr. Cockboat. Any communication you may receive from the Secretary of State, during his absence, bring to me.'

"I took leave, returned to my office, and immediately wrote to the commissioner the following letter:

"'SIR—The President, in conversation with me this morning directed me to inform you that he did not authorize, but expressly forbade, that the port-folio books relating to the Northeast Boundary for arbitrator, the King of the Netherlands, should be done in any other manner than that of plain, republican simplicity; remarking, at the same time, that no difference should exist between those destined for the King and any others that emanate from the government. He happily illustrated his ideas on this subject, by the expression that, in his opinion, Benjamin Franklin, in his blue stockings, was no disgrace to his country. During the conversation I had with him, he directed me to say to you, that he wished every thing of the kind done in the best plain and substantial manner, and not according to foreign ideas of such things, and expressly directed me in this case to have them done in that manner. Understanding from you that these documents must be completed with dispatch, they will be done in the manner described in the shortest time possible. I am, etc.,

"X. CLARK.'"

"I luckily kept a copy of this epistle. I say luckily, for a day or two after, upon going to the President upon other business, I found him cool and reserved toward me.

"'You have written an abusive letter to the Commissioner,' said he.

"'No, General, I have not. I wrote him just such a letter as you directed, and here is a copy of it.'

"He read the letter, and said it expressed his ideas exactly, and he was perfectly satisfied with it. His good humor was restored."

A POLITICIAN'S EXPERIENCE

The gentleman who related the incident recorded above tells an interesting story of his own experience as an office-holder. He says:

"The time came at length, when I, too, was a suitor for Presidential favor, and I venture to say that no one has ever obtained a lucrative office more easily and unexpectedly than I did. By accident I heard of the vacancy one mail before any-one else in Washington. It was an office that secured to a pru-dent incumbent not income merely, but competence; one of those city places the fees of which had been fixed when the city was a small town, the mere growth of the city had rendered this office one of the best things in the gift of the Federal Government. In twenty-four hours there would have been fifty applicants for it—in a week, two hundred.

"I went straightway to the President's office, and addressed him in words like these:

"'General, the no-matter-what-ship of New York is va-cant. You will be notified of the fact to-morrow morning. It was long ago understood between you and myself, that the straightforward way of doing business was the best, and I will proceed in that way upon the present occasion. I will ask you two questions. Do you consider me competent to discharge the duties of that office?'

"'I do,' said the President.

"'Will you give me the appointment?'

"'I will,' was his instantaneous reply.

"And he did. My name was sent to the Senate immediately. The nomination was confirmed, and I was soon at my new post, to the great astonishment of several worthy gentlemen

who were striving, with might and main, by night and day, to secure the place for themselves. At the expiration of my term of four years, I went to Washington and asked a reappointment in precisely the same manner, and received for answer the same emphatic and instantaneous 'I will,' as before. On this occasion, the private secretary being busy, he requested me to write my own nomination. I did so, but as it was deemed best that the document should go to the Senate in the usual hand-writing, Major Donelson copied it, and sent it to the capitol.

"The General invited me to dinner. I had sent him some months before, a barrel of hickory nuts, and after dinner he said to a servant:

" 'Bring some of Mr. Clark's hickory nuts.'

" 'I am flattered, General,' said I, 'that you should remember it.'

" 'Oh,' said he, 'I never forget my friends.'

"At the table, I observed, every guest was provided with two forks, one of steel, the other of silver. The President adhered to the primitive metal.

"Mr. Forsyth was then Secretary of State. I called upon him, and informed him of my reappointment, and that my name was then before the Senate.

" 'Have you called upon your Senators?' he asked.

" 'I have not,' was my innocent reply; 'I did not suppose it necessary.'

" 'Oh, no,' said he, 'it is not *necessary*. If General Jackson says so, that's enough. There's no Secretary of State, no Senate, no any body—if General Jackson has made up his mind.'

"Mr. Van Buren, who was sitting near, laughed. Mr. Forsyth laughed, I laughed, we performed a laughing trio; in the midst of which I took my leave, well assured in my own mind, that I had the best of the joke.

"Four years later, however, Mr. Van Vuren being President, I took a slightly different view of the matter. As the expiration of my second term drew near, I employed all the usual arts, and some of the unusual ones, to secure a reappointment, and entertained confident hopes of success. Indeed, I felt assured of it, and had reason to do so, though from the President himself I had heard nothing. My second term expired, and still I had learnt nothing of the fate of my application. The next morning, at 10 o'clock precisely, a gentleman entered my office, and, presenting his commission, informed me, with the utmost politeness, that I was no longer in the service of the government, and that I saw before me that dread being—terror of all office-holders—A SUCCESSOR!

"I have seen many heads taken off in my time, but never one quite so neatly as my own."

PULLING A PRESIDENT'S NOSE

During the spring and summer of 1833 Jackson spent much time travelling and in drinking deep draughts of the bewildering cup of adulation.

"An event occurred on the first day's journey that was not of an adulatory nature. On the sixth of May, the President, accompanied by members of his cabinet and by Major Donelson, left the capital, in a steamboat, for Fredericksburg, Virginia, where he was to lay the corner-stone of that monument to the mother of Washington which is still unfinished. At Alexandria, where the steamer touched, there came on board a Mr. Randolph, late a Lieutenant in the navy, who had been recently dismissed the service. Randolph went to the cabin, and found the President sitting at a table reading a newspaper. He approached the table, as if to salute the President.

"'Excuse my rising, sir,' said the General, who was not acquainted with Randolph. 'I have a pain in my side which makes it distressing for me to rise.'

"Randolph made no reply to this courteous apology, but appeared to be trying to take off his glove.

" 'Never mind your glove, sir,' said the General, holding out his hand.

"At this moment, Randolph thrust his hand violently into the President's face, intending, as it appeared, to pull his nose. The Captain of the boat, who was standing by, instantly seized Randolph, and drew him back. A violent scuffle ensued, during which the table was broken. The friends of Randolph clutched him, and hurried him ashore before many of the passengers knew what had occurred, and thus he effected his escape. The passengers soon crowded into the cabin to learn if the General was hurt.

" 'Had I known,' said he 'that Randolph stood before me, I should have been prepared for him, and I could have defended myself. No villain has ever escaped me before; and he would not, had it not been for my confined situation.'

"Some blood was seen on his face, and he was asked whether he had been much injured?

" 'No,' said he, 'I am not much hurt; but in endeavoring to rise I have wounded my side, which now pains me more than it did.'

"One of the citizens of Alexandria, who had heard of the outrage, addressed the General, and said: 'Sir, if you will pardon me, in case I am tried and convicted, I will kill Randolph for this insult to you, in fifteen minutes!'

" 'No, sir,' said the President, 'I cannot do that. I want no man to stand between me and my assailants, and none to take revenge on my account. Had I been prepared for this cowardly villain's approach, I can assure you all that he would never have the temerity to undertake such a thing again.'

"Randolph published statements in the newspapers of the 'wrongs' which he said he had received at the hands of the Government.

"The opposition papers, though condemning the outrage, did not fail to remind the President of certain passages in his own life and conversation which sanctioned a resort to violence. Randolph seems never to have been prosecuted for the assault. His friends said that his object was merely to pull the President's nose, which, they firmly declared he actually did."

UNSELFISH FRIENDSHIP

Francis P. Blair relates an anecdote showing that dearly as General Jackson loved a horse he loved his friend better. This is the story:

"Three young horses, descended from the great Truxton, were brought from the Hermitage to Washington. On a beautiful spring day they were to be tried upon a race-course near the city. Early in the morning of that day, Mr. Blair had occasion to visit the President's office, where he found Major Donelson, booted and spurred, just about to ride away to the race-course to see what the young horses could do.

" 'Come with us, Blair,' said Major Donelson, 'it's a fine day, and you'll enjoy it."

" 'No,' said Mr. Blair, 'I can't go to-day. Besides, I've no horse.'

" 'Well, get one from the livery stable.'

" 'Not to-day, Major.'

"The President, who was in the room, busy over some papers, cried out:

" 'Why, Mr. Blair, take my horse. Donelson, order my horse for Mr. Blair.'

"The Secretary hesitated, looked confused, and at last stammered out:

" 'Well, Blair, come on, then.'

"They walked out together, and getting to the bottom of the steps, found the General's well known horse already saddled and bridled.

"'Why, the General is going himself, then!' exclaimed Mr. Blair.

"'He was going,' said the Major, sorrowfully, 'but he won't go now.'

"'But let us go back and persuade him.'

"'It will be of no use,' said Major Donelson. 'He had set his heart upon seeing those colts run to-day. But he has now set his heart upon *your* going. I know him, Blair. It will only offend him if we say another word about it. He has made up his mind that you shall go, and that he will not. So, mount.'"

STONEWALL JACKSON

A NIGHT RIDE

HERE is a trio of stories suggestive of Jackson's character and the time.

One evening Jackson was at Frederick's Hall. A notable lady of the town sent him an invitation to take breakfast with her the next morning, and he courteously thanked her and said: "If I can, I will be happy to do so."

But when the good lady sent to summon him to breakfast, his famous body servant, Jim, met the messenger with a look of astonishment, and said: "Lor, you surely didn't spec' to find the Ginerul here at dis hour, did you? You don't know him den. Why he left here at one o'clock dis mornin' and I spec' he is whippin' de Yankees in de Valley again by now." The truth was he had ridden into Richmond—a distance of fifty miles—to have an interview with General Lee, and receive his final instructions as to the part he was to take in the great battle that was impending, and he did it so secretly that the army knew nothing of his absence, and Richmond nothing of his presence within her walls.

It was on this ride that a characteristic incident occurred.

Before day Mr. Matthew Hope, a respected citizen living in the lower part of Louisa County, was awakened by the clatter of horses' hoofs and a call in front of his house. Asking, "Who is there?" he received for answer: "Two Confederate officers who are on important business and want two fresh horses to ride. Have you two good horses?" "Yes! I always keep good horses," was Mr. Hope's reply, "but I cannot lend them to every straggler who claims to be a Confederate officer on important business. You cannot have my horses." "But our business is very urgent. We must, and will have them, and you had as well saddle them at once. We will leave our horses in their places." "I do not saddle my own horses," was the indignant reply. "I keep negroes for that purpose, and I shall certainly not saddle them for you, especially as I have no assurance that you will ever bring them back."

The officers soon got the horses and galloped off with them, and Mr. Hope was very much astonished when several days afterward they were returned in good condition, "with the thanks and compliments of General Jackson," and exclaimed, "Why did he not tell me that he was Stonewall Jackson? If I had only known who he was I would have cheerfully given him all the horses on the place, and have saddled them for him, too!"

It is related that on this march Jackson met one of Hood's Texans straggling from his command, when the following conversation occurred:

"Where are you going, sir?"

"I don't know."

"What command do you belong to?"

"Don't know, sir."

"What State are you from?"

"I cannot tell."

"What do you know, then, sir?"

"Nothing at all at this time, sir," replied the Texan; "old

Stonewall says that we are to be knownothings until after the next fight, and you shall not make me violate his orders."

Jackson smiled and passed on.

WHY JACKSON DID NOT DRINK

General Bradley T. Johnston relates the following incident of Jackson:

"One evening he sent for me to come to his quarters, and I rode over to Bunker Hill to see him. He wanted to talk to me about my promotion, to secure which he greatly interested himself, and said I should stay there all night, and in the morning we would lay the subject before General Lee. I slipped out after this very dry conversation, and Hunter McGuire, his medical director, and I 'sampled' some very new and very fine apple-jack which Hunter had hid under his blankets in the mess tent. At the supper table—we had three turkeys for supper, I remember; the women of that neighborhood lavished good things to eat on 'their Stonewall' for he was 'theirs'—McGuire and I, moved and seduced by the spirit of mischief and possibly also by the spirit of apple-jack, started a learned discussion on the discovery, use and effects of alcohol on the human physiology, its effect on the heart and circulation, and on the brain and the nerves. We concluded that it was an unmitigated evil and that we did not like either the taste or the effect of it. Drinking, we concluded, was the great curse of modern civilization; we had the grace not to pretend that we did not drink but to deplore the abuse and extended use of alcohol and its bad effects.

"So far the discussion had been confined to the two young braggarts, who were showing off their knowledge to hide their offenses.

"The General sat straight, never looked to the right nor to the left, and let the cockerels crow themselves out. Then said he, 'I like the taste and effect both, that's the reason I

never touch it.' To this day I don't know whether he smelled a rat, from the odor of the apple-jack in the tent or the loquacity of the disquisition on the evil of drinking. But he shut us up."

JACKSON UNDER FIRE

General McLaws, of the Confederate service, relates this incident:

"When the lines were reformed along the crest of the small elevation, which had been won from the enemy, a tremendous cannonade, hurling shot and shell and grape and canister at us from a very short range, was then going on. The enemy, having failed in the direct charge to drive our troops, were attempting to make us give way by this means. General Jackson then came to where I was sitting on my horse, and we stood, he also on horseback, facing each other; and although from our standpoint we could not see the batteries of the enemy, yet it seemed as if our position was known to them, for while there ten or more shells were burst over our heads, and the sound of the shrapnel shot could be heard as it crashed through the branches of a tree not over five steps beyond us. One shell passed between General Jackson and myself, and one struck a courier and, I think, broke his leg, not ten feet from us, and fell between our horses. General Jackson looked at it and so did I, but it did not explode. General Jackson then remarked, 'The enemy, it seems, are getting our range,' and rode away, much to my gratification."

JOSEPH JEFFERSON

THE GIRL WHO SENT HIM HOME

AT Palm Beach, where stylish dressing is customary, a friend of Joseph Jefferson, the veteran actor, was joking him about his bravado in remaining faithful to a rather dilapi-

dated brown coat which he was in the habit of wearing in the morning.

"This coat and I are old friends," said Mr. Jefferson. "I know that it shows signs of wear and tear of long life, but I don't have to discard it down here, because everybody knows me. But in a big city, where one is apt to be judged by his appearance and treated accordingly, I admit that it is an excellent plan to exercise care in the matter of clothing. In New York, one winter evening, just after it had become dark, I had this truth rather rubbed in. I had paused near the entrance of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where I was standing to wait for my son, who had stopped for a moment in a near-by shop. I suppose I did present a somewhat touching spectacle. I had on a soft, black hat, my overcoat was buttoned tightly around my throat, and my shoulders were hunched up, as if with cold. I remember that I was standing in a shadow, and I had a bundle of newspapers under my arm.

"A young woman passed, glanced at me, hesitated, went on for a few steps, and then stopped and came back.

"'I should think you would be very cold standing here,' she remarked, fumbling with her purse.

"'It is a little cool,' I answered.

"'Now, I tell you what I want you to do,' she exclaimed, brightly, when she had found a coin; 'I want you to go right home and get warm. I think you would better have a cup of coffee before you go. I will take all your papers.'

"'I,—I beg pardon,' I stammered, 'I would like to oblige you, but, you see, I have just bought these papers and havn't read them yet.'

"She discovered her mistake instantly, and put a world of mortification into her exclamation, 'Oh, I do hope you will pardon my stupidity!' I assured her that I did not regard it as stupidity, but as remarkable kindness of heart. I smiled, and she laughed and went on.

"'It had been very embarrassing for her, and then and there I made a resolution to keep 'spruced up' a little better."

A SHERIFF WHO KNEW HIS BUSINESS

"One of the many laughable incidents of a more or less recent tour in the West," said dear old "Joe" Jefferson, "took place at Gray's End, Missouri. You probably don't know the place, and couldn't find it on the map. All the same, the people thereabout are very good friends of mine, and, what is more, invariably make an eminently respectable showing at the box-office, which increases my regard for them. Now, the opera house at the 'End' began life as a big barn. As is the custom in that section of the State, the building is raised on pillars, some three or four feet. This, in its barny days, was to prevent its contents from being harmed during the annual spring overflow of the adjacent river. Well, on the occasion of which I speak, we reached the town early in the day. Illness had depleted the ranks of my 'supers,' and I found that I needed at least half a dozen more men in the Catskill scene of *Rip Van Winkle*. But I couldn't get any of the local talent to help me. They either wanted to see the show from the front, or were shy of making a professional *debut*. Finally, I appealed to the Sheriff of the county, a very excellent person, who, I verily believe, slept with a small arsenal buckled around him. 'You shall have all the boys you want,' said he, 'or,—' I don't know what the 'or' implied, but I do know that, an hour or so later, he appeared with several strapping young fellows, on whom he kept a strenuous eye. He also offered to himself become one of 'Hendrick Hudson's' ghostly crew, which suggestion I gladly accepted. The curtain finally rose, and my volunteer aids acquitted themselves nobly. It had been with some difficulty that I had persuaded the Sheriff to doff his guns, but he finally consented to do so, with the proviso that they were to be kept handy in the wings. All went swim-

ingly until 'Rip's' return home after his long sleep. In the midst of one of the most pathetic situations in this scene, there came, from beneath the theatre, the strident squeals of razor-back hogs, fighting for a choice morsel. The audience tittered. I continued, but then was heard a volleying chorus of grunts, squeals, screams, that told of a general engagement in the space beneath the floor. The Sheriff, who was standing at the wings, hissed, in a stage whisper: 'All right, Mr. Jefferson, I'll make the pesky critters quit.' He grabbed his pistols and disappeared. A few seconds later, there came a muffled bang! bang! bang! followed by the agonized howls of the wounded pigs. I stopped. I just had to. Fortunately, the spectators did not laugh. It was a familiar sound to them, and they remained impassive. The Sheriff reappeared, and then the play ran its course without further interruption. We had fresh pork chops for breakfast next day, but I'll never forget that night."

THE OLD MAN'S MONOLOGUE

There was a benefit performance in New York for a hospital, not long ago, and Joseph Jefferson, the veteran actor, volunteered. His part was to make a short speech telling how the funds realized were to be applied.

Two song-and-dance girls came from their dressing-room. They stopped to await their call. One of them thought she would see what was going on and peeked out on the stage.

"Who's on now?" her companion asked.

"Oh," said the investigator, "it's an old man doing a monologue, and say! he's something fierce. He's been on ten minutes already and hasn't had a laugh."

WHEN JEFFERSON WAS ARRESTED

Whenever Jefferson visits New Orleans, he is the guest of a secret order whose members are celebrated for their "hospitable" treatment of visitors. On one of these occasions two

leading members of the society were appointed policemen to conduct the guests to the platform.

It was about midnight when the chairman thundered out: "Let the police arrest Joe Jefferson and bring him before the chair!"

The roof nearly fell in with the applause as Jefferson was hustled up the main aisle of the hall to the stage.

After bowing to the audience, he turned to the chairman and asked: "What am I arrested for, Mr. Chairman?"

"For discharging firearms in the Catskill Mountains and compassing the death of your dog Schneider," said the chairman.

The house again shook with applause when Jefferson rejoined:

"Mr. Chairman, you must at least concede that," pointing to the audience, "the jurymen are with me."

"I don't know," returned the chairman. "A duffer like you that has packed so many houses may have packed the jury."

THE SPELL COMING ON AGAIN

A number of years ago Jefferson played a one-night engagement in a small Indiana town, appearing in his favorite character. In the hotel at which he stopped was an Irishman recently "landed," who acted as porter and general assistant. Judged by the deep and serious interest which he took in the house, he might have been clerk, lessee and proprietor, combined into one. At about six o'clock in the morning Jefferson was startled by a violent thumping on his door. When he struggled into consciousness and realized that he had left no "call" order at the office, he was indignant. But his sleep was spoiled for that morning, so he rose, and soon after appeared before the clerk.

"See here," he demanded of that individual, "why was I called at this unearthly hour?"

"I don't know, sir," answered the clerk. "I'll ask Mike."

The Irishman was summoned. Said the clerk: "Mike, there was no call for Mr. Jefferson. Why did you disturb him?"

Taking the clerk by the lapel of the coat, the Hibernian led him to one side, and said in a mysterious whisper: "He was snoring like a horse, sor, and Oi'd heard the boys say as how he were onct afther shlaping for twenty years, so Oi sez to meself, sez I: 'Mike, it's coming onto him again, and it's yer duty to get the craythur out of your house at once."

"DAT'S THE MAN".

Mr. Jefferson once related the following:

"In the village of Catskill there is a Rip Van Winkle Club. The society did me the honor to invite me to act the character in their town. I accepted, and when I arrived was met by the president and other members of the club, among whom was young Nicholas Vedder, who claimed to be a lineal descendant of the original 'old Nick.' I was taking a cup of tea at the table in the hotel, when I was attracted to the colored waiter, who was giving a detailed account of the legend of the Catskill Mountains to one of the boarders who sat nearly opposite me.

"'Yes, sah," said the waiter, 'Rip went up into de mountains, slep' for twenty years, and when he come back here in dis bery town his own folks didn't know him.'

"'Why,' said the listener, 'you don't believe the story's true?'

"'True? Ob course it is! Why,' pointing at me, 'dat's de man.'

"When I got to the theatre," said Jefferson, "I scarcely could get in, the crowd was so great about the door. In the scene in the last act, when Rip inquires of the innkeeper, 'Is this the village of Falling Water?' I altered the text and substituted the correct name, 'Is this the village of Catskill?'

"The name of the village seemed to bring home the scene to every man, woman and child that was looking at it. From that time on the interest was at its full tension. I never had seen an audience so struck with the play.

"There was a reception held at the club after the play, and the president was so nervous that he introuduced me as Washington Irving."

THOMAS JEFFERSON

HIS LOVE STORY

THOMAS JEFFERSON was an ardent and sentimental lover, we are told by William Eleroy Curtis, who also says that the great man's egotism appeared in his love affairs in a most amusing way. He adored several young women from time to time; and to one of them,—Belinda,—when about twenty, he confessed his love, but explained that he could not positively engage himself to marry anyone for the present because it would interfere with his studies and his plans for a trip to Europe; he intimated that it might be profitable for her to await his pleasure and convenience as he expected sooner or later to renew his suit openly. We do not know what Belinda said in reply to this extraordinary proposition, but she evidently did not estimate the value of his affections so highly, for she promptly married another. Sometimes he refers to her in his diaries and letters as Bee-lin-day, or as Campan-in-die (bell in day). Then he writes her name in Greek, and often spells it backward,—Adnileb. He took her marriage rather hard. "Last night," he writes one of his confidantes, "as merry, as agreeable a company and dancing with Belinda in the Appolla could make me, I never thought the succeeding sun would have seen me so wretched as I am."

He was soon consoled by the attractions of a young woman named Rebecca Burwell,—some think that she and Belinda

are the same person. He writes to one John Page, one of his classmates, saying: "Write me everything that happened at the wedding. Was she (Rebecca Burwell) there? Because, if she was, I ought to be censured for not being there too. If there is any news stirring in the town or country, such as deaths, courtships or marriages in the circle of my acquaintance, let me know it."

Again he writes: "What have you done since I saw you? What can I do but ask you the news of the world? How did Nancy look when you danced with her at Southall's? How did you any glimmering of hope? How does R. B. (Rebecca Burwell) do? Had I better stay here and do nothing or go down and do less? Inclination tells me to go, receive my sentence and be no longer in suspense, but reason says if you go, and if your attempt proves unsuccessful you will be ten times more wretched than before;" and to another friend:

"Dear Will, I have thought of the cleverest plan of life that can be imagined. You exchange your land for Edgehill and I mine for Fairfields. You marry S. P. and I marry R. B., join and get a pole chair, and a keen pair of horses, practice law in the same court and drive about to all the dames in the country together. How do you like it?"

He built a "full-rigged flat," as he termed it, on the river, and named it "The Rebecca," but she jilted him before it was launched, and there is no further reference to the enterprise. Rebecca Burwell married Jacquelin Ambler, who afterwards became State Treasurer and was called "The Aristides of Virginia," because he was just; and John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States, married their daughter. It is a curious coincidence that his brother, Edward Ambler, married Miss Cary, who rejected Washington.

It came within the power of Jefferson to do friendly service for the husband of his former sweetheart on several occasions, and when her father, who at the time of her marriage

was one of the richest and proudest men in Virginia, became impoverished in his old age, it is said that Jefferson secured for him an appointment as tipstaff in one of the courts.

There were others also. Patsy Dandridge, Betsy Page, and two or three other young ladies are frequently referred to in his youthful correspondence as objects of admiration, but there is no evidence that they were more than friends. Miss Molly Elliott Seawell says that a fly-leaf of an old book in the library of the late Boswell Seawell, of Gloucester County, Virginia, contains the following inscription said to be in the handwriting of Jefferson:

> "Jane Nelson is a neat girl
> Betsy Page is a sweet girl
> Rebecca Burwell is * * *

and then follow two lines, which, for Jefferson, are extremely "sulphurous," and much better omitted and forgotten.

Among Jefferson's associates at the Williamsburg bar was John Wayles, a lawyer of large practice who had a fine estate on the edge of the town called "The Forest," a dozen plantations, large tracts of wild land in various parts of the colony, and over four hundred slaves. His widowed daughter, Martha Skelton, a famous beauty, fond of admiration and music, lived with him, and Jefferson was in the habit of taking his violin out to "The Forest" of an evening to play duets with her. Their acquaintance extended over three or four years. She was a widow in 1768. He first mentions his love for her in 1770, and they were married on New Year's Day, 1772. He left a number of letters concerning his courtship of the pretty widow with the pretty fortune which indicate that he was scarcely off with an old love before he was on with the new, and had considerable vexation in adjusting his conduct to the satisfaction of his own conscience. The story goes that he was spurred into an engagement with Martha Skelton by the

rivalry of two friends, with whom he came to an understanding that they should draw cuts for the first proposal. If the first were rejected, he was to retire and give the next a chance, and if number two were not accepted, the third was at liberty to propose. Jefferson drew number one, and started for the Wayles plantation. His rivals followed him and hung over the hedge listening to the music as he played duets with his inamorata. They concluded from the joyful tones of his instrument that his wooing was successful, and walked home disconsolate.

The license-bond for the marriage required by the laws of Virginia was written in Jefferson's own hand, and is signed by him with Francis Eppes, a neighbor, whose son afterwards married Jefferson's daughter, as surety. He must have been a little nervous or absent-minded at the time, for he describes his bride as "a spinster." Somebody corrected the mistake by running a pen through "spinster" and writing the word "widow" over it; but Jefferson was not so agitated that he neglected to set down in his account book every item of expenditure in connection with his wedding. We find that he "loaned Mrs. Skelton ten shillings" two days before the ceremony, paid forty shillings for the marriage license; gave five pounds to the Reverend Mr. Coutts, the minister who married them; and then borrowed twenty shillings from the parson before the close of the day. He gave ten shillings to the fiddler and five shillings to each of the servants of the household.

STORY OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

John Adams has left us the most interesting and probably the most accurate account of the proceedings of the committee. There were several meetings, he said, in which the subject was generally discussed and various propositions suggested which Jefferson was asked "to clothe in proper dress." "Mr. Jeffer-

son desired me to make the draught," Adams says. "This I declined and gave several reasons for declining. First, that he was a Virginian and I a Massachusettensian, and it was the policy to place Virginia at the head of everything. 2. He was a Southern man and I a Northern one. 3. I had been so unpopular and obnoxious for my early and continual zeal in promoting the measure that any draught of mine would undergo more criticism and scrutiny in Congress than one of his composition, and 4, and lastly, there would be reason enough if there were no other, I had a great opinion of the elegance of his pen and none at all of my own."

Jefferson first submitted his manuscript to Adams and Franklin, who suggested some verbal changes of no importance. "I was delighted with its high tone," continues Adams, "and the flights of oratory in which it abounded, especially that concerning negro slavery, which though I knew his Southern brethren would never suffer to pass in Congress, I never would oppose. There are other clauses which I would not have inserted, if I had drawn it up, particularly that which called the King a tyrant. I thought this too personal, for I never believed George to be a tyrant in disposition or nature.

We reported to the committee of five. It was read and I do not remember that Franklin or Sherman criticised anything. Congress was impatient and the instrument was reported in Jefferson's hand writing as he originally drew it. Congress cut off about a quarter of it as I expected they would, but they obliterated some of the best of it.

Jefferson was not pleased with Adams' version, and in 1823, forty-seven years after the fact, gave his own as follows:

"The committee of five met; no such things as a sub-committee was proposed, but they unanimously pressed on myself alone to undertake the draft. I consented; I drew it; but before I reported it to the committee, I communicated it separately to Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams, requesting their cor-

rection, because they were the two members of whose judgments and amendments I wished most to have the benefit, before presenting it to the committee; and you have seen the original paper now in my hands, with the corrections of Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams, interlined in their own handwritings. Their alterations were two or three only, and merely verbal. I then wrote a fair copy, reported it to the committee, and from them, unaltered to Congress. Pickering's observations, and Adams' in addition, 'that it contained no new ideas, that it is a commonplace compilation, its sentiments hackneyed in Congress for two years before, and its essence contained in Otis' pamphelt,' may all be true. Of that I am not to be the judge. Richard Henry Lee charged it as copied from Locke's *Treatise on Civil Government.* Otis' pamphlet I never saw, and whether I have gathered my ideas from reading or reflection, I do not know. I know only that I turned to neither book nor pamphlet while writing it. I did not consider it as any part of my charge to invent new ideas altogether, and to offer no sentiment which had ever been expressed before.

"This, however, I will say for Mr. Adams, that he supported the Declaration with zeal and ability, fighting fearlessly for every word of it. As for myself, I thought it a duty to be, on that occasion, a passive auditor of the opinions of others, more impartial judges than I could be, of its merits or demerits. During the debate I was sitting by Dr. Franklin and he observed that I was rising a little under the acrimonious criticisms of some of its parts; and it was on that occasion, that by way of comfort, he told me the story of John Thompson, the hatter, and his new sign.

"At the time of writing the Declaration, I lodged in a house of a Mr. Graff, a new brick house, three stories high, of which I rented the second floor, consisting of a parlor and bedroom, ready furnished. In that parlor I wrote habitually, and in it wrote this paper particularly. So far I state from written

proofs in my possession. The proprietor, Graaf, was a young man, son of a German, and then newly married. I think he was a bricklayer, and that his house was on the south side of Market Street, probably between Seventh and Eighth Streets, and if not the only house on that part of the street, I am sure there were few others near it."

There has long been a dispute as to the house in which the Declaration was written, four buildings in the city of Philadelphia claiming the honor, but the testimony of Jefferson as above given has been accepted as final, and a tablet now marks the spot, which is occupied by a banking building at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets.

As Adams and Jefferson agree, the committee suggested only a few unimportant verbal changes, but the three days' discussion that followed in the House was critical and caustic, causing Jefferson's sensative nature intense mortification, although any critic who compares the original draft and that which was finally adopted must admit that the document was considerably improved. Congress suppressed eighteen sentences, amended ten, and added six. There were also some verbal alterations; for example, where Jefferson said that men "are endowed with inherent and inalienable rights," Congress struck out "inherent." A clause reading "to prove this let the facts be submitted to a candid world, for the truth of which we pledge a faith yet unsullied by falsehood" was stricken out. The paragraph denouncing slavery, which Jefferson had prepared with so much eloquence, and which pleased Adams, was omitted because a majority of the members thought it inconsistent to hold George III. responsible for a slave-trade carried on by New England ship-masters for the benefit of the cotton and tobacco planters of the South.

Jefferson sat silent though the entire debate, so conscious of his weakness in oratory that he did not allow himself to defend the pet passages in his momentous document. The responsi-

bility of presenting and sustaining the report of the committee was ably assumed by John Adams, whom Jefferson gratefully called "the Colossus" of that great debate. There is no telling how much the discussion might have been prolonged, but for the interposition of a swarm of hungry flies, which came in through the open windows from a livery stable in the neighborhood, and stung the legs of the honorable members through their silk stockings. Jefferson, who usually had very little sense of humor, used to tell the story with great amusement, and is authority for the statement that the annoyance became at length so great that a vote was demanded before the document had been discussed by many gentlemen who desired to speak upon it.

There has always been a controversy as to the manner in which the Declaration was signed, but we know from his own testimony that it was adopted late on Thursday afternoon, July 4th, and was held open for signatures until late in the following August, because some of the delegates thought it best to await explicit instructions from their States.

Although they fully realized the solemnity and importance of their proceedings, the honorable delegates indulged in a few jests, and the best of them have survived the century. When John Hancock affixed his magnificent signature, he remarked, "There, John Bull can read my name without his spectacles."

When Hancock urged the members of the Congress to hang together, Franklin retorted:

"Yes, we must hang together or we shall all hang separately."

Benjamin Harrison, who is described by John Adams as "a luxurious, heavy gentleman," remarked to Elbridge Gerry, who was very small of stature:

"When the hanging comes I shall have the advantage, for you will be kicking in the air when it is all over with me."

In one of the corridors of the Capitol at Washington is a

marble statue of John Hancock, which bears upon its pedestal the following inscription:

"He wrote his name where
all nations should behold it
and all time should
not efface it."

On the Monday following, at noon, the Declaration was publicly read for the first time in Independence Square, Philadelphia, from a platform erected by David Rittenhouse for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus. Captain John Hopkins, the young commander of the first armed brig of the navy of the new nation, was the reader, and his stentorian voice carried the words to all the multitude who had assembled to hear it.

JEFFERSONIAN SIMPLICITY

Jefferson's grandson says that while President, Thomas Jefferson was once returning on horseback from Charlottesville to Monticello with a party of gentlemen he had invited to dinner, when, on reaching a stream where there was no bridge, a stranger asked to be taken up on his horse behind him. After Jefferson had put the stranger down on dry land and ridden on, one of the guests inquired why he had not asked one of the others to carry him over. He replied:

"From their looks I did not like to ask them; but the old gentleman looked as if he would do it, so I asked him."

He was much surprised to hear that he had ridden behind the President of the United States.

According to one of the hackneyed anecdotes of his Presidency, "he was riding along a highway leading to Washington one day, when he overtook a man walking towards the city. As was his habit, Jefferson drew up his horse and touched his

hat to the pedestrian. The man returned his salutation, and began a conversation, not knowing who he was. He at once entered upon the subject of politics,—as was the habit of the day,—and began to abuse the President. Jefferson's first impulse was to ride on, but, amused at his own situation, asked the man if he knew the President personally. 'No,' was the reply, 'nor do I wish to.'

"'But do you think it fair,' suggested Jefferson, 'to repeat such stories about a man whom you dare not face?'

"'I will never shrink from meeting Mr. Jefferson should he ever come my way,' replied the stranger, who proved to be a country merchant of high standing from Kentucky.

"'Will you go to his house to-morrow at ten o'clock and be introduced to him, if I promise to meet you there at that hour?' asked Jefferson eagerly.

"'Yes, I will,' said the man, after a moment's thought.

"With a half-suppressed smile, and excusing himself from further conversation, the President touched his hat and rode on. Hardly had he disappeared from sight before a suspicion of the truth, which he soon verified, flashed through the stranger's mind. However, at the appointed hour the next day, 'Mr. Jefferson's yesterday's companion,' was announced, and entered the President's office. His situation was embarrassing, but with a gentlemanly bearing, though with some confusion, he began, 'I have called to apologize for having said to a stranger—

"'Hard things of an imaginary being, who is no relation of mine,' interrupted Mr. Jefferson, as he gave him his hand, while his countenance was radiant with a smile of mingled good-nature and amusement.

"The Kentuckian once more began his apologies which Jefferson good-naturedly laughed off, and, changing the subject, soon captivated his guest by one of his most delightful strains of conversation."

TOM L. JOHNSON

FROM NEWSBOY TO MAYOR

ROBERT MACKAY gives this striking little sketch of how Tom L. Johnson, the famous millionaire Mayor of Cleveland climbed from newsboy through college to the heights of success:

"At the close of the Civil War a discharged Confederate soldier and his wife and family, trudged wearily over the foothills of Kentucky, from their little homestead in the village of Georgetown to Staunton, Virginia, for protection. The family consisted of two boys, bright cheery fellows. One was tired and sore from the continued tramp over the hard roadways, but the other was helping him as best he could, and urging him on to the place where rest awaited them. At the same time, he was encouraging his down-hearted father and mother with kind words. 'Don't mind, pa,' he said: 'I kin sell papers, an' will give you all I make.'

"When Tom Johnson told his father that he would sell papers to help him along, he was just eleven years old. In the five weeks immediately following Lee's surrender, he proved that he had the head of a financier. In that period, he earned eighty-eight dollars. There was great thirst for news in Staunton, but once a day, only, was it in communication with the outside world, and then it was by railroad. Tom saw his chance for a monopoly in papers, and straightway cornered the market. He made the friendship of the conductor of Staunton's daily train, who turned over to him all the papers. For five weeks he held this monopoly, selling daily papers for fifteen cents each.

"Three years later, he went to work in a rolling mill in Louisville, at a small salary. In the same office with him was another boy, Arthur Moxam, who, later, became his business partner. For economical reasons, the managers decided that

one of the boys had to go. When it came to a choice, Moxam was retained, and Johnson was turned out to begin over again.

"Louisville had a ramshackle, broken-down street railway, the cars of which were drawn by mules, when Tom Johnson applied there for work. Recently, he sold his interest in that railway for a handsome profit, after being, for fifteen years, its largest stockholder, and chiefly instrumental in changing it from mule to electric power.

"After young Johnson had been connected with the railway a few weeks, its president, Biderman du Pont, noticed him picking up some pieces of scrap iron and depositing them in a barrel that stood near the entrance to the car shops.

" 'What are you doing that for?' asked Mr. Du Pont, rather sternly.

" 'Why, sir,' said Tom, a little embarrassed, 'there is no use wasting these pieces of iron. The company may want to have them melted over, some day.'

"Mr. Du Pont went into his office and thought. He sent for Tom, and said: 'I just think I have some work for a young man like you. How would you like to stay in the office and have your salary raised five dollars a week?'

"Then Tom L. Johnson went up like a rocket; but, unlike many rockets, he stayed up. He quickly rose from position to position,—from office boy to chief cashier; and, on his seventeenth birthday, he was made superintendent of the road. Then he began a system that improved the road and put it on a paying basis. He improved the passenger accommodations and reduced the expenses. Three years as superintendent of this road made him long for wider fields of action. He told his employers that his scope was too limited. Mr. Du Pont had every confidence in his *protege*. He knew that the ambitious young man would try to succeed honestly.

"One morning, the office boy told Mr. Johnson that Mr. Du Pont wanted to see him. Johnson entered the president's

private office, little dreaming of all that was in store for him. Without rising from his chair, Mr. Du Pont handed his youthful superintendent a certified check for thirty thousand dollars, with the information that he was honorably discharged, and could try his fortune in the open mart.

"'But the security?' queried Tom Johnson.

"'Your word is enough for me,' said Mr. Du Pont. 'If you live, I know you'll pay it back; if you die, why, I'll be out just so much. But you'll live, Tom; and now, go in and win.'

"Later Tom Johnson had the pleasure of associating two of Mr. Du Pont's sons in some of his many business ventures. With the generous loan, the young financier organized a triumvirate for the purchase of the street railways in Indianapolis, making the first step in the course that enabled him to absorb the street-car lines of Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, and other cities.

"Mr. Johnson has no business interests, to-day. He is many times a millionaire, and will devote his life to advocating those principles of economics which he honestly believes to be of the greatest possible importance to the public good."

PAUL JONES

A MEMORABLE SEA FIGHT

EDWARD S. ELLIS, in his book entitled "Dewey and other Naval Commanders," relates the wonderful exploit of Captain Paul Jones in a sea fight which will be forever memorable in American history:

"It was Sept. 23rd, 1779. It was near noon, while the American squadron was chasing a British brigantine and was approaching Flamborough Head from the south, that a large sail was discovered, rounding that promontory. Another and another followed. The astonished Americans counted them until the number had mounted up to forty-two.

"It was a startling sight, for if these vessels were ships of war nothing could save the American squadron or, if most of them were merchantmen, under a strong escort, the peril of Captain Jones and his crews would be almost as great. The Commander studied the fleet through his glass, allowing it to come closer and closer and holding himself ready to flee, should it be necessary to do so. Finally, after a long scrutiny, his face lit up with exultation. There were only two war vessels in the fleet, and he gave the signal for immediate pursuit.

"The *Serapis,* commanded by Captain Pearson, knew that he was confronted by the redoubtable Paul Jones, and he welcomed a fight with him, for the British Captain was one of the bravest of men. He signalled for the merchantmen to scatter, and they did so with the utmost haste, while the frigate with her consort, the *Countess of Scarborough,* boldly advanced to engage the American squadron.

"It was at this critical moment that the Captain of the *Alliance* once more showed his insubordination. He refused to obey Jones' signal to fall to the rear of the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Pallas* for a time was equally disobedient. Soon, however, she changed her conduct and gallantly advanced to engage the *Countess of Scarborough.* Captain Lindais, however, sullenly kept out of the battle, and, as we shall presently learn, did even worse than that.

"Captain Pearson, of the *Serapis,* waited until his convoy was beyond danger, when he tacked inshore. Fearing he would get away, Jones ran between him and the land. It was now growing dark, and it was hard for the American commander to follow the movements of his enemy. But the latter was not fleeing, and, although dimly visible to each other, the two antagonists began cautiously approaching, both on the alert for any advantage that might present itself. Nothing but the rippling of water made by the vessels broke the profound, expectant hush that rested upon both.

"Suddenly from the gloom came the voice of the Captain of the *Serapis*:

"'What ship is that?'

"Jones wished to get nearer before opening fire and replied:

"'I do not understand you; speak louder.'

"'What ship is that?' repeated the other in a louder voice through his trumpet. 'Answer or I shall fire into you.'

"Jones made no reply, knowing that it was useless, but continued to edge near his antagonist. A minute later both ships discharged a broadside at the same moment, the gloom being lit up by spouts of crimson flame, while the thunder 'shook the mighty deep' and the sulphurous smoke rolled slowly upward and drifted through the rigging. Then again came a minute or so of impressive stillness, while the crews of both looked around to learn the results of the awful tempest of round shot, grape and canister of which they had been the targets.

"Sad work, indeed, had been done, for from each vessel rose the cries of the wounded and dying—cries that inspired their companions to revenge and caused them to hasten the reloading and firing of the cannon. But unfortunately the *Bonhomme Richard* suffered from her own guns as well as from those of the enemy. On the lower gun deck was an improvised battery of six eighteen pounders, two of which burst, killing most of the men that worked there, and tearing away the deck above them. The remainder of the men refused to serve the other guns, and thus the *Bonhomme Richard* was deprived of the services of her heaviest battery in addition to the serious loss in dead and wounded.

"Captain Jones forged ahead, crossed his enemy's bows while the latter came up on his port quarter. They were within a biscuit's toss of each other, wrapped in dense smoke, lit up by the jets of flame which were continuous. Mingled with the teriffic booming was the spitely rattle of musketry from

the tops and yells and cries of the wounded. The decks of the *Bonhomme Richard* were slippery with blood which increased until the men, as they ran to and fro, splashed in it, like children playing in a mud puddle, and it was the same on the *Serapis.* It found its outlet through the scruppers and crimsoned the deep blue of the ocean.

"Some of the shots from the *Serapis* pierced the *Bonhomme Richard* under the water line, causing her to leak badly. Deprived of his 18-pound guns by reason of the accident mentioned, Jones was forced to rely upon his 12-pounders. They were worked for all that was in them, but the whole fourteen were silenced in little more than half an hour and seven of the quarter deck and forcastle guns were dismounted. She was left with three 9-pounders, which being loaded and aimed under the eye of Jones himself, did frightful execution.

"An hour had passed and the men were fighting furiously, when the full moon appeared above the horizon and lit up the fearful scene. The *Serapis* attempted to cross the bow of the *Bonhomme Richard,* but miscalculated and the *Bonhomme Richard* shoved her bowsprit over the other's stern. In the lull that followed, when each expected his antagonist to board, Captain Pearson called out:

"'Have you struck?'

"'Struck! shouted back Jones; 'I am just beginning to fight!"

"The *Serapis* made another effort to get into position to rake the American, but in the blinding smoke she ran her jibboom afoul of the starboard mizzen shrouds of the *Bonhomme Richard.* Captain Jones himself lashed the spar to the rigging, knowing that his only chance was in fighting at close quarters, but the swaying of the ships broke them apart. At that instant, however, the spare anchor of the *Serapis* caught on the American's quarter and held the two vessels, as may be said, locked in each other's arms.

"They were so close, indeed, that the English gunners could not raise the lower port lids, and they blew them off by firing their cannon through them. The men on each ship in loading were forced to push their rammers into the ports of the other vessel. The *Bonhomme Richard* was set on fire by burning wads, but the flames were speedily extinguished.

"The explosion of the American's lower guns at the opening of the battle had made her helpless against the corresponding battery of the enemy, which pounded away until a huge, yawning gap was opened. Some of the shots went clean through the battered hull and splashed into the water, hundreds of feet distant. The disadvantage was more than offset by the concentration of the Americans on the upper deck and in the rigging. The fire of the *Bonhomme Richard* became so terrible that every officer and man of the enemy kept out of sight, observing which an American seaman crawled out on the main yard, carrying a bucket of hand grenades which he threw wherever he saw a man. He did this with such excellent aim that he dropped one through the main hatchway into the gun room. It fell into a heap of powder and produced an explosion that was awful beyond description, for it killed and wounded thirty-eight men and really decided the battle. —

"At that moment, when it all seemed over, Captain Landais fired a broadside from the *Alliance* into the *Bonhomme Richard.* Captain Jones called to him in God's name to desist. But he circled about the two ships, and fired again and again into his ally, killing and wounding a number of men and officers. It was believed that the *Alliance* had been captured by the enemy and had joined in the attack on the *Bonhomme Richard* which was so injured that she began slowly to sink. Having wrought this irreparable damage, the *Alliance* drew off and ceased her murderous work.

"Jones incited his prisoners to desperate pumping by the report that the *Serapis* must soon go down and the only way to

save themselves from drowning was to keep the *Bonhomme* afloat. An officer ran to the quarter deck to haul down the colors, but they had been shot away. He then hurried to the taff rail and shouted for quarter. Jones being in another part of the ship, did not hear him. The British commander mustered his men to board the American, but they were driven back by the firing from the rigging of the *Bonhomme Richard.* The condition of the latter could not have been more desperate. She was so mangled that she began to settle, most of her guns had been disabled, a fire that could not be checked was already close to her magazine and several hundred prisoners were stealing here and there, waiting for a chance to strike from behind.

"A deserter had slipped on board of the *Serapis* in the confusion and acquainted the Commander with the frightful plight of the American. After firing with renewed ardor for several minutes Captain Pearson again called to know whether Jones had surrendered. He shouted back a defiant negative, and, pistol in hand, ordered his men to the guns, threatening to kill the first one who refused. All knew his temper too well to hesitate, and the battle was renewed with greater fury than before. Captain Pearson could not believe the condition of the *Bonhomme Richard* as bad as was represented by the deserter. He had lost a great many men, all his guns were silenced, and, being utterly unable to make any further defence, he hauled down his flag with his own hands.

"The surrender was just in time to save the *Bonhomme Richard,* which was in danger of going down and blowing up. The united efforts of both crews were necessary to extinguish the flames before they reached the magazine. She was kept afloat through the night, while the wounded and prisoners were transferred to the *Serapis.* Then the battered and riddled old hulk plunged downward bow foremost into the depths of the German Ocean.

"This battle has never been surpassed in heroism. Both sides fought with a bravery that has given the conflict a place by itself in naval annals, and it would always stand as a proof of the dauntless courage of the Anglo-Saxon beyond the reach of those of the Latin race. The *Bonhomme Richard* had forty-two guns and the *Serapis* fifty; the American crew numbered three hundred and four and the English three hundred and twenty. The killed on each side was forty-nine. The wounded on the *Bonhomme Richard* was one hundred and sixteen, and on the *Serapis* one hundred and seventeen. There being a difference of only one in the total of killed and wounded. The battle lasted three hours and a half.

"The *Countess of Scarborough* made a gallant resistance for two hours, when she was so crippled that she was compelled to surrender to the Frenchman. An investigation into the treacherous conduct of Captain Landais caused many to believe him insane, though others were convinced that he was inspired by intense jealousy of Captain Jones. He was discharged from both the French and American navy. Benjamin Franklin was among those who believed he deserved punishment for his perfidy.

"The *Serapis* and *Countess of Scarborough* was refitted and given to France, while Captain Jones was placed in command of the *Alliance*. He was loaded with honors in France, the King presented him with a gold sword, and when he sailed for the United States he gave another exhibition of his superb seamanship by eluding the blockaders that were waiting for him outside of Texel, running through the Straits of Dover and then defiantly standing down the English Channel in full view of more than one of the largest British fleets. He reached the United States in June, 1780, without mishap.

"Congress gave Captain Jones a vote of thanks, and, had the war continued, no doubt he would have rendered more brilliant service for the country he loved so well, but before he

could be given a fitting command hostilities ceased. He had won a world-wide reputation and accepted the appointment of Rear-Admiral in the Russian navy, but gained no opportunity to display his marvelous prowess. He died in Paris in 1792.

HELEN KELLER

FEELING FOR THE LIGHT

HELEN KELLER is in many respects the most remarkable woman in the world. Modern science, through the aid of loving personality has tunneled through the triple wall of the blind, deaf and dumb, and brought forth to the world a charming womanhood. In her marvellously interesting autobiography, entitled *The Story of My Life,* Miss Keller tells of the day when she was feeling for the light:

The most important day I remember in all my life is the one on which my teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan, came to me. I am filled with wonder when I consider the immeasurable contrast between the two lives which it connects. It was the third of March, 1887, three months before I was seven year old.

On the afternoon of that eventful-day, I stood on the porch, dumb, expectant. I guessed vaguely, from my mother's signs, and from the hurrying to and fro in the house that something unusual was about to happen, so I went to the door, and waited on the steps. The afternoon sun penetrated the mass of honeysuckle that covered the porch, and fell on my upturned face. My fingers lingered almost unconsciously on the familiar leaves and blossoms which had just come forth to greet the sweet Southern spring. I did not know what the future held of marvel or surprise to me. Anger and bitterness had preyed upon me continually for weeks, and a deep langor had succeeded this passionate struggle.

FREDERICK FUNSTON

ROBERT E. PEARY

LEW. WALLACE

WILLIAM F. CODY

JOSEPH WHEELER

Have you ever been at sea in a dense fog, when it seemed as if a tangible white darkness shut you in, as the great ship, tense and anxious, groped her way toward the shore with plummet and sounding line, and you waited with beating heart for something to happen? I was like that ship before my education began, only I was without compass or sounding-line, and had no way of knowing how near the harbor was. "Light! give me light!" was the wordless cry of my soul, and the light of love shone on me in that very hour.

I felt approaching footsteps. I stretched out my hand as I supposed to my mother. Some one took it, and I was caught up and held close in the arms of her who had come to reveal all things to me, and, more than all things else, to love me.

The morning after my teacher came she led me into her room and gave me a doll. The little blind children at the Perkins Institution had sent it and Laura Bridgman had dressed it; but I did not know this till afterward. When I had played with it a little while, Miss Sullivan slowly spelled into my hand the word "d-o-l-l." I was at once interested in this finger play and tried to imitate it. When I finally succeeded in making the letters correctly I was flushed with childish pleasure and pride. Running down stairs to my mother I held up my hand and made the letters for doll. I did not know that I was spelling a word or even that words existed; I was simply making my fingers go in monkey-like imitation. In the days that followed I learned to spell in this uncomprehending way a great many words, among them *pin, hat, cup* and a few verbs like *sit, stand* and *walk*. But my teacher had been with me several weeks before I understood that everything has a name.

One day, when I was playing with my new doll, Miss Sullivan put my big rag doll into my lap also, spelled "d-o-l-l" and tried to make me understand that "d-o-l-l" applied to both. Earlier in the day we had had a tussel over the words "m-u-g" and "w-a-t-e-r." Miss Sullivan tried to impress it upon me

that "m-u-g" is *mug* and that "w-a-t-e-r" is *water,* but I presisted in confounding the two. In despair she had dropped the subject for the time, only to renew it at the first opportunity. I became impatient at her repeated attempts and, seizing the new doll, I dashed it upon the floor. I was keenly delighted when I felt the fragments of the broken doll at my feet. Neither sorrow nor regret followed my passionate outburst. I had not loved the doll. In the still, dark world in which I lived there was no strong sentiment or tenderness. I felt my teacher sweep the fragments to one side of the hearth, and I had a sense of satisfaction that the cause of my discomfort was removed. She brought me my hat, and I knew I was going out into the warm sunshine. This thought, if a wordless sensation may be called a thought, made me hop and skip with pleasure.

We walked down the path to the well-house, attracted by the fragrance of the honeysuckle with which it was covered. Some one was drawing water and my teacher placed my hand under the spout. As the cool stream gushed over one hand she spelled into the other the word *water,* first slowly, then rapidly. I stood still, my whole attention fixed upon the motions of her fingers. Suddenly I felt a misty consciousness as of something forgotten—a thrill of returning thought; and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew then that "w-a-t-e-r" meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand. That living word awakened my soul, gave it light, hope, joy, set it free! There were barriers still, it is true, but barriers that could in time be swept away.

I left the well-house, eager to learn. Everything had a name, and each name gave birth to a new thought. As we returned to the house every object which I touched seemed to quiver with life. That was because I saw everything with the strange, new sight, that had come to me. On entering the

door, I remembered the doll I had broken. I felt my way to the hearth, and picked up the pieces. I tried vainly to put them together. Then my eyes filled with tears; for I realized what I had done, and for the first time I felt repentance and sorrow.

I learned a great many new words that day. I do not remember what they all were; but I do know that *mother, father, sister, teacher,* were among them—words that were to make the world blossom for me, "like Aaron's rod," with flowers. It would have been difficult to find a happier child than I was as I lay in my crib at the close of that eventful day and lived over the joys it had brought me, and for the first time longed for a new day to come.

A LESSON IN TREE CLIMBING

Helen Keller tells an interesting story of her first experience in tree climbing. One day my teacher and I were returning from a long ramble. The morning had been fine, but it was growing warm and sultry when at last we turned our faces homeward. Two or three times we stopped to rest under a tree by the wayside. Our last halt was under a wild cherry tree a short distance from the house. The shade was grateful, and the tree was so easy to climb that with my teacher's assistance I was able to scramble to a seat in the branches. It was so cool up in the tree that Miss Sullivan proposed that we have our luncheon there. I promised to keep still while she went to the house to fetch it.

Suddenly a change passed over the tree. All the sun's warmth left the air. I knew the sky was black, because all the heat, which meant light to me, had died out of the atmosphere. A strange odor came up from the earth. I knew it, it was the odor that always precedes a thunderstorm, and a nameless fear clutched at my heart. I felt absolutely alone, cut off from my friends and the firm earth. The immense, the unknown, enfolded me. I remained still and expectant; a chilling terror

crept over me. I longed for my teacher's return; but above all things I wanted to get down from that tree.

There was a moment of sinister silence, then a multitudinous stirring of the leaves. A shiver ran through the tree, and the wind sent forth a blast that would have knocked me off had I not clung to the branch with might and main. The tree swayed and strained. The small twigs snapped and fell about me in showers. A wild impulse to jump seized me, but terror held me fast. I crouched down in the fork of the tree. The branches lashed about me. I felt the intermittent jarring that came now and then, as if something heavy had fallen and the shock had traveled up till it reached the limb I sat on. It worked my suspense up to the highest point, and just as I was thinking the tree and I should fall together, my teacher seized my hand and helped me down. I clung to her, trembling with joy to feel the earth under my feet once more. I had learned a new lesson—that nature "wages open war against her children, and under softest touch hides treacherous claws."

After this experience it was a long time before I climbed another tree. The mere thought filled me with terror. It was the sweet allurement of the mimosa tree in full bloom that finally overcame my fears. One beautiful spring morning when I was alone in the summer-house, reading, I became aware of a wonderful subtle fragrance in the air. I started up and instinctively stretched out my hands. It seemed as if the spirit of spring had passed through the summer-house. "What is it?" I asked, and the next minute I recognized the odor of the mimosa blossoms. I felt my way to the end of the garden, knowing that the mimosa tree was near the fence, at the turn of the path. Yes, there it was, all quivering in the warm sunshine, its blossom-laden branches almost touching the long grass. Was there ever anything so exquisitely beautiful in the world before! Its delicate blossoms shrank from the slightest earthly touch; it seemed as if a tree of para-

dise had been transplanted on earth. I made my way through a shower of petals to the great trunk and for one minute stood irresolute; then, putting my foot in the broad space between the forked branches, I pulled myself up into the tree. I had some difficulty in holding on, for the branches were very large, and the bark hurt my hands. But I had a delicious sense that I was doing something unusual and wonderful, so I kept on climbing higher and higher, until I reached the little seat which somebody had built there so long ago that it had grown part of the tree itself. I sat there for a long, long time, feeling like a fairy on a rosy cloud. After that I spent many happy hours in my tree of Paradise, thinking fair thoughts and dreaming bright dreams.

THE DAWN OF LOVE

Miss Keller gives us this wonderfully interesting account of her first insight into the meaning of love:

I remember the morning that I first asked the meaning of the word "love." This was before I knew many words. I had found a few early violets in the garden, and brought them to my teacher. She tried to kiss me; but at that time, I did not like to have anyone kiss me except my mother. Miss Sullivan put her arm gently around me, and spelled into my hand, "I love Helen."

"What is love?" I asked.

She drew me closer to her and said, "It is here," pointing to my heart, whose beats I was conscious of for the first time. Her words puzzled me very much because I did not then understand anything unless I touched it.

I smelt the violets in her hand and asked, half in words, half in signs, a question which meant, "Is love the sweetness of flowers?"

"No," said my teacher.

Again I thought. The warm sun was shining on us.

"Is this not love?" I asked, pointing in the direction from which the heat came, "Is this not love?"

It seemed to me that there could be nothing more beautiful than the sun, whose warmth makes all things grow. But Miss Sullivan shook her head, and I was greatly puzzled and disappointed. I thought it strange that my teacher could not show me love.

A day or two afterward I was stringing beads of different sizes in symmetrical groups—two large beads, three small ones, and so on. I had made many mistakes, and Miss Sullivan had pointed them out again and again with gentle patience. Finally I noticed a very obvious error in the sequence and for an instant I concentrated my attention on the lesson and tried to think how I should have arranged the beads. Miss Sullivan touched my forehead and spelled with decided emphasis, "think."

In a flash I knew that the word was the name of the process that was going on in my head. This was my first conscious perception of an abstract idea.

For a long time I was still—I was not thinking of the beads in my lap, but trying to find a meaning for "love" in the light of this new idea. The sun had been under a cloud all day, and there had been brief showers; but suddenly the sun broke forth in all its southern splendor.

Again I asked my teacher, "Is this not love?"

"Love is something like the clouds that were in the sky before the sun came out," she replied. Then in simpler words than these, which at that time I could not have understood, she explained: "You cannot touch the clouds, you know; but you feel the rain and know how glad the flowers and the thirsty earth are to have it after a hot day. You cannot touch love either; but you feel the sweetness that it pours into everything. Without love you would not be happy or want to play."

The beautiful truth burst upon my mind—I felt that there

were invisible lines stretched between my spirit and the spirits of others.

THE JOY OF SPEECH

There is something of almost infinite pathos and human charm about Miss Keller's story of her joy of first speaking to her loved ones at home after the art of speech had come to be her own:

When I had made speech my own, I could not wait to go home. At last the happiest of happy moments arrived. I had made my homeward journey, talking constantly to Miss Sullivan, not for the sake of talking, but determined to improve to the last minute. Almost before I knew it, the train stopped at the Tuscumbia station, and there on the platform stood the whole family. My eyes fill with tears now as I think how my mother pressed me close to her, speechless and trembling with delight, taking in every syllable that I spoke, while little Mildred seized my free hand and kissed it and danced, and my father expressed his pride and affection in a big silence. It was as if Isaiah's prophecy had been fulfilled in me, "The mountains and hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands!"

FRIENDSHIP WITH BISHOP BROOKS AND DR. HOLMES

Among many reminiscences of friendship with distinguished people which Miss Keller's *Story of My Life* abounds, those which tells of her relations with Bishop Phillips Brooks and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes are particularly beautiful.

I count it one of the sweetest privileges of my life to have known and conversed with many men of genius. Only those who knew Bishop Brooks can appreciate the joy his friendship was to those who possesed it. As a child I loved to sit on his knee and clasp his great hand with one of mine, while Miss Sullivan spelled into the other his beautiful words about God

and the spiritual world. I heard him with a child's wonder and delight. My spirit could not reach up to his, but he gave me a real sense of joy in life, and I never left him without carrying away a fine thought that grew in beauty and depth of meaning as I grew. Once, when I was puzzled to know why there were so many religions, he said: "There is one universal religion, Helen—the religion of love. Love your Heavenly Father with your whole heart and soul, love every child of God as much as you can, and remember that the possibilities of good are greater than the possibilities of evil; and you have the key to Heaven." And his life was a happy illustration of this great truth. In his noble soul love and widest knowledge were blended with faith that had become insight. He saw

> "God in all that liberates and lifts,
> In all that humbles, sweetens and consoles."

Bishop Brooks taught me no special creed or dogma; but he impressed upon my mind two great ideas—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and made me feel that these truths underlie all creeds and forms of worship. God is love, God is our Father, we are His children: therefore the darkest clouds will break, and though right be worsted, wrong shall not triumph.

I am too happy in this world to think much about the future, except to remember that I have cherished friends awaiting me there in God's beautiful Somewhere. In spite of the lapse of years, they seem so close to me that I should not think it strange if at any moment they should clasp my hand and speak words of endearment as they used to before they went away.

Since Bishop Brooks died I have read the Bible through; also some philosophical works on religion, among them Swedenborg's *Heaven and Hell* and Drummond's *Ascent of Man,*

and I have found no creed or system more soul-satisfying than Bishop Brooks' creed of love. I knew Mr. Henry Drummond, and the memory of his strong, warm hand-clasp is like a benediction. He was the most sympathetic of companions. He knew so much and was so genial that it was impossible to feel dull in his presence.

I remember well the first time I saw Oliver Wendell Holmes. He had invited Miss Sullivan and me to call on him one Sunday afternoon. It was early in the spring, just after I had learned to speak. We were shown to his library where we found him seated in a big armchair by an open fire which crackled on the hearth, thinking, he said, of other days.

"And listening to the murmur of the River Charles," I suggested.

"Yes," he replied, "the Charles has many dear associations for me." There was an odor of print and leather in the room which told me that it was full of books, and I stretched out my hand instinctively to find them. My fingers lighted on a beautiful volume of Tennyson's poems, and when Miss Sullivan told me what it was I began to recite:

"Break, break, break
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!"

But I stopped suddenly. I felt tears on my hand. I had made my beloved poet weep, and I was greatly distressed.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

THE STORY OF THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

THE following story of the creation of the most popular of all American anthems, is taken from *The Immortal Songs of Camp and Field*, written by the editor of this volume:

"No song could have had a more inspiring source of creation than did this. Its author, Mr. Francis Scott Key, was a

young lawyer who left Baltimore in September, 1814, while the war of 1812 was yet going on, and under a flag of truce visited the British fleet for the purpose of obtaining the release of a friend of his, a certain Doctor Beanes, who had been captured at Marlborough. After his arrival at the fleet he was compelled to remain with it during the bombardment of Fort McHenry, as the officers were afraid to permit him to land lest he should disclose the purposes of the British. Mr. Key remained on deck all night, watching every shell from the moment it was fired until it fell, and listening with breathless interest to hear if an explosion followed. The firing suddenly ceased before day, but from the position of the ship he could not discover whether the fort had surrendered or the attack had been abandoned. He paced the deck for the remainder of the night in painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety for the return of day, and looking every few minutes at his watch to see how long he must wait for it; and as soon as it dawned, and before it was light enough to see objects at a distance, his glass was turned to the fort, uncertain whether he should see there the Stars and Stripes or the flag of the enemy. At length the light came, and he saw that "our flag was still there;" and as the day advanced he discovered from the movement of the boats between the shore and the fleet that the English troops had been defeated, and that many wounded men were being carried to the ships. At length Mr. Key was informed that the attack on Baltimore had failed, and he with his friend was permitted to return home, while the hostile fleet sailed away, leaving the Star-Spangled Banner still waving from Fort McHenry.

During the intense anxiety of waiting for dawn, Mr. Key had conceived the idea of the song and had written some lines, or brief notes that would aid him in calling them to mind, upon the back of a letter which he happened to have in his pocket. He finished the poem in the boat on his way to the

shore, and finally corrected it, leaving it as it now stands, at the hotel, on the night he reached Baltimore, and immediately after he arrived. The next morning he took it to Judge Nicholson, the Chief Justice of Maryland, to ask him what he thought of it; and he was so pleased with it that he immediately sent it to the printer, Benjamin Edes, and directed copies to be struck off in handbill form. In less than an hour after it was placed in the hands of the printer it was all over the town, and hailed with enthusiasm, and at once took its place in the national songs. The first newspaper that printed it was the *American,* of Baltimore.

The tune, which has helped so much to make it famous, also had an interesting selection. Two brothers, Charles and Ferdinand Durang, were actors at the Holliday Street Theatre in Baltimore, but were also soldiers. A copy of Francis Key's poem came to them in camp; it was read aloud to a company of the soldiers, among whom were the Durang brothers. All were inspired by the pathetic eloquence of the song and Ferdinand Durang at once put his wits to work to find a tune for it. Hunting up a volume of flute music which was in one of the tents, he impatiently whistled snatches of tune after tune, just as they caught his quick eye. One, called *Anacreon in Heaven,* struck his fancy and riveted his attention. Note after note fell from his puckered lips until, with a leap and shout, he exclaimed, "Boys, I've hit it!" And fitting the tune to the words, there rang out for the first time the song of *The Star-Spangled Banner.* How the men shouted and clapped; for there never was a wedding of poetry to music made under more inspiring influences! Getting a brief furlough, the Durang brothers sang it in public soon after. It was caught up in the camps, and sung around the bivouac fires, and whistled in the streets, and when peace was declared, and the the soldiers went back to their homes, they carried this song in their hearts as the most precious souvenir of the war of 1812.

The song bears evidence of the special incident to which it owes its creation, and is not suited to all times and occasions on that account. To supply this want, additional stanzas have, from time to time, been written. Perhaps the most notable of all these is the following stanza, which was written by Oliver Wendell Holmes, at the request of a lady, during our Civil War, there being no verse alluding to treasonable attempts against the flag. It was originally printed in the Boston *Evening Transcript*:

"When our land is illumined with liberty's smile,
If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,
Down, down with the traitor who dares to defile
The flag of her stars and the page of her story!
By the millions unchained
Who their birthright have gained
We will keep her bright blazon forever unstained;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
While the land of the free is the home of the brave."

The air selected under such interesting circumstances as we have described—*Anacreon in Heaven,*—is that of an old English song. In the second half of the eighteenth century a jovial society, called the "Anacrenotic," held its festive and musical meetings at the "Crown and Anchor" in the Strand. It is now the "Whittington Club;" but in the last century it was frequented by Doctor Johnson, Boswell, Sir Joshua Reynolds and others. One Ralph Tomlinson, Esq., was at that time president of the Anacreontic Society, and wrote the words of the song adopted by the club, and John Stafford Smith set them to music, it is claimed to an old French air. The song was published by the composer, and was sold at his house, 7 Warwick Street, Spring Garden, London, between the years 1770-75. Thus the source of the music so long identified with

this inspiring song is swallowed up in the mystery of the name of Smith.

The flag of Fort McHenry, which inspired the song, still exists in a fair state of preservation. It is at this time thirty-two feet long and of twenty-nine feet hoist. In its original dimensions it was probably forty feet long; the shells of the enemy, and the work of curiosity hunters, have combined to decrease its length. Its great width is due to its having fifteen instead of thirteen stripes, each nearly two feet wide. It has, or rather had, fifteen five-pointed stars, each two feet from point to point, and arranged in five indented parallel lines, three stars in each horizontal line. The Union rests in the ninth, which is a red stripe, instead of the eighth, a white stripe, as in our present flag. There can be no doubt as to the authenticity of this flag. It was preserved by Colonel Armstead, and bears upon its stripes, in his autograph, his name and the date of the bombardment. It has always remained in his family and in 1861 his widow bequeathed it to their youngest daughter, Mrs. William Stuart Appleton, who, some time after the bombardment, was born in Fort McHenry under its folds. She died in New York, July 25, 1878, and bequeathed the flag to her son, Mr. Eben Appleton, of Yonkers, New York, who now holds it.

The *Star-Spangled Banner* has come out of the Spanish War baptized with imperishable glory. Throughout the war it has been above all others, in camp or on the battlefield, the song that has aroused the highest enthusiasm. During the bombardment of Manila the band on a British cruiser, lying near the American fleet, played *The Star-Spangled Banner,* thus showing in an unmistakable way their sympathy with the American cause. In the trenches before Santiago it was sung again and again by our soldiers and helped, more than anything else, to inspire them to deeds of heroic valor. Once when the army moved forward in the charge, the man who played the E-flat horn in the band left his place and rushed

forward with the soldiers in the attacking column. Of course the band's place is in the rear. But this man, unmindful of everything, broke away and went far up the hill with the charge, carrying his horn over his shoulder, slung with a strap. For a time he went along unobserved, until one of the officers happened to see him. And he said to him, "What are you doing here? You can't do anything; you can't fight; you havn't any gun or sword. This is no place for you. Get down behind that rock." The soldier fell back for a minute, half dazed, and feeling the pull of the strap on his shoulder cried out in agony: "I can't do anything, I can't fight." And so he got down behind the rock. But instantly he raised his horn and began to play *The Star-Spangled Banner.* They heard him down in the valley, and immediately the band took it up, and in the midst of those inspiring strains the army charged to victory.

The Star-Spangled Banner complete, as originally written by Francis Scott Key is as follows:

"O say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare,
The bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam
Of the morning's first beam,

In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save
The hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation
Then conquer we must
When our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—'In God is our trust:'
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

PHILANDER C. KNOX

THE TRUST THAT WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM

PHILANDER C. KNOX, former Attorney-General of the United States, is an enthusiastic angler. Recently he took a trip to a mountainous region of Pennsylvania. One of his guides was an old mountaineer named Jacob Krebbe, and well known to the Attorney-General. Krebbe is quite an adroit conversationalist, and is not unknown to the fishermen in his section as a humorist.

One hot afternoon, Jacob Krebbe and Mr. Knox chanced by a big pool where the trout were rising freely and snapping at a greenish-blue fly on the surface of the water. Mr. Knox had nothing in his fly-book that resembled the insect in question, and, after a series of ineffectual casts, gave up in disgust.

"Seems as if that green and blue fly had a sort of a trust on that pool of trout," said the patient guide.

Mr. Knox nodded.

"Well," resumed Krebbe, "if you can't bust a trust I don't know who can. Let's be gettin'."

A VIVID CONTRAST

When Mr. Knox, now Senator from Pennsylvania, went to Washington to take up the portfolio of the Attorney-General, he received a bit of good-natured chaff from his colleagues in the Cabinet by reason of his diminutive stature.

One day Knox was telling Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury, of a sight-seeing trip he had made. "Do you know," said he, "that until this present trip to the Capital, I never had visited the Washington Monument? Well, I slipped down to-day and had a look at it. Besides that, I had my photo taken while I was standing at the base of the shaft."

"How did the monument stand the contrast?" queried Shaw.

"Really, it didn't present so insignificant an appearance as you might imagine," responded the Attorney-General.

THOMAS W. LAWSON

ENCOUNTER WITH A WIND CLOCK

THOMAS W. LAWSON, himself an adept in unconventional tactics, recently received a shock at his own speciality. He was driving a spirited horse to a light vehicle. Having occasion to leave it in order to enter an office building, he called to a street urchin:

NELSON A. MILES

WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY

OLIVER O. HOWARD

ROBLEY D. EVANS

FITZHUGH LEE

"Sonny, hold my horse?"

"Cert.," was the pert reply; "what do I git?"

"A dollar an hour," said Mr. Lawson, laughing.

"By that clock?" continued the lad, pointing to a street clock in front of a jeweler's.

"Yes," said the financier, much amused.

"All right," assented the boy, with a sudden alacrity in contrast with his previous hesitation.

Mr. Lawson performed his errand and emerged again.

"How much do I owe you?" he asked the boy.

"Two hundred and seven dollars."

"What?"

"By the clock, mister."

Mr. Lawson glanced at the clock,—an advertisement. It contained no works, but was operated by currents of air, and the hands were revolving with the rapidity of a pin wheel.

"I thought Wall Streeters could do more business on wind than anybody," gasped Mr. Lawson, "but this takes my time!"

FITZHUGH LEE

A SAD MISTAKE

SHORTLY after the expiration of his term as Governor of Virginia, General Fitzhugh Lee decided to rest for a few weeks, and selected Palm Beach, Florida, as the place, ex-President Cleveland having also selected that place for a few weeks' sojourn. General Lee's emoluments as Governor had not been very large, and he was not seeking an expensive hostlery.

"Imagine my surprise and chagrin," he said, "on arriving late one evening at Palm Beach, and, after registering at the hotel, being escorted with great attention to a suite with this notice on the door: *'The price of these rooms is one hundred dollars per day.'*

"It was too late for me to attempt to make any change, besides I was given to understand that the rooms were especially prepared for the ex-Governor of Virginia. One hundred dollars a day! Half that night I tumbled and tossed, thinking about the price of those rooms and wondering where I was going to get the money. I finally concluded that the only thing left for me to do was to quit that hotel without loss of time, as it would certainly be beneath the dignity of an ex-Governor of Virginia to ask for anything cheaper than the room especially assigned to him. Accordingly I arose at an early hour, packed my trunk and proceeded to the office. I informed the clerk that I had changed my programme, and was obliged to leave on the next train and that I wished my bill at once.

" 'Why, Governor!' exclaimed the clerk, 'your sudden departure will prove a great disappointment, as we expected you would remain several weeks.'

" 'I am sorry, too,' I said, 'but I must leave on that ten o'clock train.' Indeed, I was sorry to leave, but there was that hundred dollars a day, which I knew I could not pay.

"The clerk, however, made no move, and I reiterated my request for my bill.

" 'That's all right,' replied the clerk. 'Mr. Flagler left orders, as soon as we heard that you were coming, that there was to be no charge as long as you remained, whether one day or six weeks. We are only sorry that you can't remain!' "

ROBERT E. LEE

DUTY RATHER THAN WEALTH

HON. H. W. HILLIARD, ex-member of the Federal Congress, made a speech in Augusta, Georgia, at the meeting there held to do honor to the memory of General Lee, in which he said:

"An offer, originating in Georgia, and I believe in this very city, was made to him to place an immense sum of money at his disposal if he would consent to reside in the city of New York and represent Southern commerce. Millions would have flowed to him. But he declined. He said: 'No; I am grateful, but I have a self-imposed task, which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them fall under my standard. I shall devote my life now to training young men to do their duty in life.'"

LEE'S BOTTLE OF WHISKEY

He was exceedingly abstemious in his own habits. He never used tobacco, and rarely took even a single glass of wine. Whiskey or brandy he did not drink, and he did all in his power to discourage their use by others.

In the spring of 1861, while on an inspection tour to Norfolk, a friend there insisted that he should take two bottles of very fine old "London Dock" brandy, remarking that he would be certain to need it, and would find it very difficult to obtain so good an article. General Lee declined the offer, saying that he was sure he would not need it. "As proof that I will not," he said, "I may tell you that, just as I was starting to the Mexican War, a lady in Virginia prevailed on me to take a bottle of fine old whiskey, which she thought I could not get on without. I carried the bottle all through the war without having had the slightest occasion to use it, and on my return home I sent it back to my good friend, that she might be convinced that I could get on without liquor."

But the gentleman still insisted, and the General politely yielded and took the two bottles.

At the close of the war he met a brother of this gentleman (from whom I get the incident) in Lexington, and said to him: "Tell your brother that I kept the brandy he gave me all through the war, and should have it yet, but that I was

obliged to use it last summer in a severe illness of one of my daughters."

GENERAL LEE'S TREAT

Upon another occasion General Lee proposed to "treat" some of his officers, remarking, "I have just received a demijohn which I know *is of the best.*" The demijohn, tightly corked, was produced, drinking-vessels were brought out, and all gathered around in eager expectancy, when the General filled the glasses and cups to the brim—not with old "Cognac" or "Bourbon"—but with *fresh buttermilk,* which a kind lady, knowing his taste, had sent him. He seemed to enjoy greatly the evident disappointment of some of the company when they ascertained the true character of their "treat."

A SHREWD REBUKE

One day, at Petersburg, General Lee, who never suffered a day to pass without visiting some part of his lines, rode by the quarters of one of his Major-Generals, and requested him to ride with him. As they were going he asked General —— if a certain work which he had ordered to be pushed was completed. He replied with some hesitation that it was, and General Lee then proposed that they go and see it. Arriving at the spot it was found that little or no progress had been made since they were there a week before, and General —— was profuse in his apologies, saying that he had not seen the work since they were there together, but that he had ordered it to be completed at once, and that Major —— had informed him that it had been already finished. General Lee said nothing then, except to remark, quietly, "We must give our personal attention to the lines." But, riding on a little farther, he began to compliment General —— on the splendid charger he rode. "Yes, sir," said General ——, "he is a splendid animal, and I prize him the more highly because he belongs

to my wife, and is her favorite riding-horse." "A magnificent horse," rejoined General Lee, "but I should not think him safe for Mrs. —— to ride. He is entirely too spirited for a lady, and I would urge you by all means to take some of the mettle out of him before you suffer Mrs. —— to ride him again. And, by-the-way, General, I would suggest to you that *these rough paths along these trenches would be very admirable ground over which to tame him.*" The face of the gallant soldier turned crimson; he felt most keenly the rebuke, and never afterward reported the condition of his lines upon information received from Major ——, or any one else. His spirited charger felt the effect of this hint from headquarters.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A ROMANCE OF THE CIVIL WAR

RUFUS ROCKWELL WILSON retold, a few years ago, in *Success*, this very remarkable story in which Abraham Lincoln, Jefferson Davis, and a devoted slave, are the dramatic factors:

"When, in 1835, Jefferson Davis, later President of the Confederacy, left the regular army, his elder brother, Joseph, gave him Brierfield, a splendid plantation of two thousand acres on the Mississippi River, a few miles below Vicksburg, and a number of slaves. This latter included a growing negro boy called Ben Montgomery, whom Mr. Davis made his body servant. The lad was unusually intelligent, and Mr. Davis saw that in him were capabilities not common to the African race. He taught him to read, and then to write, and soon he became an admirable assistant. He was not only Jefferson Davis' body servant, but also his private secretary, bookkeeper, and general factotum. His penmanship was beautiful, and his plantation bookkeeping, in its simplicity and accuracy, was the envy and admiration of the countryside. He knew

more of the business of the Davis brothers, except themselves, than anyone else.

"After Jefferson Davis entered politics, Ben Montgomery became still more useful. When the master was on his long campaign tours, or in Washington, Montgomery had authority to open letters not marked as private, and to answer them; he had power, in writing answers, to transact any business necessary for the plantation. By this time Montgomery had come to have absolute charge of the Brierfield estate. He did not interfere with the management of the negroes, or with anything else under the overseer's purview; but the general business of the place he transacted without consulting anybody except the master.

"When Jefferson Davis left Washington, in 1861, after resigning his seat in the Senate, he went to Brierfield. His estate was his sole maintenance. It was certain that, during the impending struggle, he must be absent much of the time, and whom should he leave in charge of the estate? Finally Joseph Davis asked, 'Why not Ben Montgomery?' and the suggestion was adopted. The usual white overseers were left in charge of the farming operations, but to the slave, Ben Montgomery, was intrusted the financial part of the business, under the direction of his master. The cotton crops of 1861 and 1862 were good, and, although there was some trouble about marketing the crop of the latter year, it was finally sent to New Orleans, and, later, warehoused in Liverpool, to be sold when the money it might bring would be needed. There were not more than four hundred and fifty bales, for the South then needed corn and food supplies more than it did cotton, and so the land was devoted largely to food crops. Then, early in 1863, came the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln, and with it, to the South, the equally dangerous Act of Confiscation. This latter was put into execution, wherever possible, with great energy. Treasury agents, armed with all the

forms of law, or without them sometimes, seized all property belonging to the list of suspects as soon as it came under the protection of the Union armies.

"Then, for the first time in his life, Ben Montgomery asked permisison to visit Richmond.

" 'Dear Marse Jeff," he wrote, 'I want to go to Richmond to see you, and I want to go right away. There is something that I want to tell you that I dare not write, so do please let me go to Richmond at once.'

"Mr. Davis could not imagine what the negro had on his mind, but wrote him to come, and sent him the necessary permit for a slave to travel.

" 'Mars Jeff,' said Ben, when he arrived at Richmond and had an opportunity to talk with his master, 'you know Mr. Lincoln has issued what he calls an emancipation proclamation, and with it another proclamation confiscating the property of certain archrebels, as he calls them. Now, they are going to confiscate your property just as soon as they get a chance. Suppose you and Master Joe sell me your estates, and do it before the Yankees capture our country.'

" 'Why, Ben,' Mr. Davis said, 'you are a slave and can't hold property in Mississippi.'

" 'That's true,' said Ben, 'but you can set me free. Make out two sets of free papers. Give me one set and keep one yourself. Then make out a third paper, which shall say that under certain conditions the free papers are to be canceled.'

"The conditions were that the Federals should capture the city of Vicksburg and the Davis estate which lay eighteen miles below.

" 'Why, Ben, that's an excellent idea. Let me think it over for a day or two,' Mr. Davis said.

"He talked it over with his brother Joseph. It was important to them that they should have the income of this estate. If the Federal soldiers should capture Vicksburg, about the

first property they would confiscate and plunder would be the Davis estate. But, if this property belonged to a negro, freed before the capture of Vicksburg, then, under the Emancipation Proclamation, it would be his, and could not be seized by the Federal agents. The plan promised well, and the Davis brothers, after consultation, decided to adopt it. Jefferson Davis loaned to Ben, for the purpose of making the sale, ten thousand dollars. The consideration for the estate was thirty thousand dollars, on ten years' time, with interest at six per cent. Knowing there would be some trouble about the matter, the legal papers were drawn with exceptional care. John A. Campbell, who resigned his place on the United States supreme bench when the war began, was the attorney; at the same time he drew Ben's free papers, with a clause in each that, under certain conditions, the free papers should become null and void.

"Returning to Brierfield, Montgomery had all the papers promptly recorded in the proper offices in Warren County, Mississippi. Events speedily showed that he acted wisely, for in less than a week after Vicksburg fell, in July, 1863, an agent of the United States treasury department appeared at Brierfield to take possession of the goods, chattles, and movables on the plantation, preparatory to formal confiscation of the property by the United States. The agent traveled in state, escorted by a troop of cavalry, only to be met by Montgomery, who mildly asked his business.

"'I have come,' said the agent, 'to take possession of all movable goods and stores on Jefferson Davis' plantation.'

"'Mr. Davis owns no plantation in this section of the country,' Montgomery rejoined.

"'Then to whom does this place belong?' queried the astonished officer.

"'These three plantations,' answered Montgomery, calmly, 'consisting of the Hurricane, Palmyra and Brierfield estates, are my property.'

"'You don't suppose that I'll believe such a story as that, do you?' asked the agent.

"'The story that I have told you is true in every respect,' said Montgomery. 'If you will come into the house, I will show you all the papers, and you can decide upon their legality.'

"'The agent was a lawyer, and, when he looked over the deeds, he saw that a correct legal transfer had been made. But he said, in triumph:

"'At the time this sale was made, you were a slave. You could not hold real estate in Mississippi.'

"Thereupon Montgomery, with a smile, handed the agent his free papers, made out and legally verified four days before the title to the real estate was passed.

"'Now,' said Montgomery, 'this country is under the protection of the United States, is it not?'

"'Why, yes,' said the officer, 'it is.'

"'And I am entitled to all the rights and privileges of a citizen of the United States, am I not?'

"'I suppose you are,' was the reluctant reply.

"'Then, sir, under the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln, and by virtue of these free papers made before that proclamation was issued, I am a citizen of the United States, with all the rights and privileges that any citizen has. You are especilly enjoined by that proclamation to see that I and all of my race are protected in our legal rights, are you not?'

"'Yes,' replied the officer, who saw that he was cornered.

"'Then I request that you leave my property untouched, for otherwise I shall call upon the President of the United States to know whether or not this proclamation is more than an empty form.'

"The agent and his escort went back to Vicksburg. Montgomery at once addressed a letter to the commanding officer

at Vicksburg, setting forth that he was a free man of color, the legal owner of certain plantations, which were specified by name; that an officer of the United States had called upon him and had endeavored to deprive him of his property without due process of law, and he demanded of the commanding officer his protection and that of the United States. Still, the spoil was too rich to be relinquished by the treasury agents without a fight, and, in despair, Montgomery decided upon a great stroke. He called upon the Federal commander at Vicksburg and asked that a Lieutenant and guard be put in charge at Brierfield for ten days' time, and also for leave to travel on a Government boat bound to Cincinnati. He had resolved to visit Washington, see President Lincoln, and lay the case before him personally. He chanced to know Judge Holt, then Judge Advocate of the army. When he arrived in Washington, he at once went to see him, and asked to be taken to the President.

" 'I'm a free man, now, Judge,' he said. 'You have known me for many years. I want you to take me to Mr. Lincoln and tell him what my character is, for I have important business with him.'

"Judge Holt went with Montgomery to Mr. Lincoln.

" 'Mr. President,' he said, 'this is Ben Montgomery, who, for thirty years, has been the private secretary of Jefferson Davis.'

" 'Private secretary?' queried Mr. Lincoln.

" 'Yes,' said Judge Holt, 'that is what I said. He is an honest man, and what he says is true. He wishes to see you on important business, and I will leave you and him to transact it,'—and Judge Holt left them alone.

"Well, what can I do for you, my friend?' asked Mr. Lincoln, after the Judge had gone.

" 'Montgomery related what had occurred. 'Mr. Davis has been very kind to me,' he went on, 'and I did this as much

to help him as to help myself. This war is nearly over. I believe that your people will succeed. What you will do with Master Jeff, I do not know; but I am going to do my best to keep his wife and children from starving.'

"Mr. Lincoln was deeply moved. 'Do you mean to tell me,' he asked, 'that you have been Mr. Davis' private secretary all these years?'

"'I do not know what you would call it, Mr. President,' the negro replied, 'but for thirty years I have written his business letters, looked after the affairs of the plantation, carried large sums of money to New Orleans and to Cincinnati for him, and have had his fullest confidence in every way. In all his life he has never spoken to me an unkind word.'

"'Do you know of any other such case as yours, Montgomery?' asked the President, as he rose and paced the floor.

"'No, sir, I do not,' was the reply; 'but, doubtless, there are such cases. Now, Mr. President, what I want you to do is this: I want you to give me a writing directing all military and civil officers to protect me in the possession of my property.'

"The President sat at his desk, and then and there wrote an order which enjoined upon all military, naval, and civil officers the protection of Benjamin Montgomery, the owner of three plantations that were named, and directed that he be given any assistance he might require in furtherance of these orders. It was signed, 'Abraham Lincoln.' This was about August 1, 1863.

"Montgomery went home and at once showed his letter to the commander at Vicksburg, who issued orders that he should be protected in the possession of his property. The President directed the Secretary of the Treasury to instruct his agents to let Montgomery alone, and he was not disturbed. After the war, he went quietly ahead with his business. He saved some money, and kept the hands pretty well together, though they

were few. During the years of reconstruction, Montgomery went on with his cotton-growing, and attended closely to business. His credit in Vicksburg and New Orleans was equal to that of any planter in the country; his orders for supplies were promptly filled, and his payments were made at the promised time.

"In 1882, Montgomery felt that he was getting too old to manage properly the business of the estates. So a friendly suit of foreclosure was brought, and the great estate, Joseph Davis having been dead some years, reverted to Jefferson Davis. He and Montgomery, settled their accounts, and Montgomery, after that settlement, which assured him some two hundred thousand dollars, was the richest colored man in Mississippi. Two years thereafter he died, and no man, white or black, could have been more sincerely mourned. Montgomery's funeral was attended by Mr. Davis and by all the prominent planters within twenty or thirty miles. In an address at the grave, Mr. Davis said: "I have had in my life many true and faithful friends, but none more faithful than was he whom this day we have laid at rest."

LINCOLN SECURING A PENSION

"The President was an early riser, his sleep being light and capricious. He was often at his desk at six o'clock in the morning, and, during his first days in the White House, he found delight in sunrise visits to the camps and hospitals in and around the city. He was generally unattended in these rambles, probably from choice, as he was thus enabled to mingle freely with the soldiers, and to make himself familiar with their needs and condition. Now and again, in those first days, he would find time for an unannounced visit to one of the departments, in the discharge of some helpful task which he did not elect to entrust to others. It was an errand of this sort which, one hot afternoon in the early summer of 1861,

caused his unexpected appearance at the headquarters of General Winfield Scott. He looked the picture of weariness and disgust, and, without waiting for the General to welcome him, he sank heavily into the first chair to which he came.

"'Keep your seat, General,' said the President, as, with a huge bandanna, he wiped the dust and moisture from his face.

"'Pardon me, Mr. President,' General Scott broke in,—'but it is rather an uncommon thing for the President of the United States to become a solicitor of pensions. When you have any business of that kind demanding attention, send it to me, and my secretary here will attend to it, without delay."

The Secretary in question was Colonel, afterwards Major General, Schuyler Hamilton, and it is he who tells the story.

"'I am sure the claim is a just one,' the President continued, unmindful of the General's interruption, 'for I have gone over the papers in the case with care.' Here he drew a bulky package from one of his pockets. "The applicant is the widow of a Corporal who was killed by the Indians. She should have had her money long ago, but nobody seems to have taken any interest in the case. She has been haunting the White House almost daily for weeks. I am resolved to wind the matter up one way or another to-day. I have promised the poor woman an answer at four o'clock, and she is waiting for me over at the White House. How long do you think it would take you, Colonel,'—addressing Hamilton,—'to get this case through the pension office?'

"'It should be done in half an hour,' replied Hamilton, as he glanced over the papers to see if they were in proper form.

"'Go ahead, my son,' said the President, 'and I will wait for you here.'

Five minutes later Hamilton was addressing the Commissioner of Pensions.

"'Did you see a tall, dark-complexioned man here to-day?' he asked. 'He wore a linen duster and a slouch hat, and was

interested in the pension of a woman whose husband was killed in the Seminole War.'

"'Oh, yes, I remember the man,' was the reply. 'He said he was a lawyer, from somewhere out West.'

"'Well,' said Hamilton, 'you have got yourself into a pretty fix. That man is President Lincoln, and I have just promised him I would bring him an answer inside of half an hour.'

This brief announcement wrought an instant change in the pension office. Bells were rung and heads of divisions sent for, while clerks and messengers ran here and there at the seeming peril of life and limb. Before the expiration of the promised half-hour, Hamilton placed the final papers, duly signed and executed, in the hands of the President. He looked them over carefully, to make sure that they were right, and then, with a quizzical smile, asked:

"'Can you tell me, Colonel, how it is that I was so long and failed, and you were so short and succeeded?"

"'To speak frankly, Mr. President,' said Hamilton, 'I regret to say you are not known by sight in the pension office.'"

ONE OF LINCOLN'S PARDONS

Mr. F. R. Guernsey tells this story of one of Lincoln's pardons:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C.,
December 17, 1863.

Major-General Hurlbut, Memphis, Tenn.

Dear Sir:—I undestand that you have, under sentence of death, a tall old man by the name of Henry F. Luckett. I, personally, knew him, and did not think him a bad man. Please do not let him be executed, unless upon further order from me; and, in the meantime, send me a transcript of the record.

A. LINCOLN.

"This telegram, now on file in the War Department at Washington, was Abraham Lincoln's response to an appeal made in behalf of a man under sentence of death with whom he had formerly been acquainted. Behind it lies a strange and unusual story, which shows how Mr. Lincoln's great heart went out spontaneously to all in distress.

"Daniel W. Voorhees, during the Civil War, represented an Indiana district in Congress. Late on a December afternoon, in 1863, a page brought to Mr. Voorhees, in his seat in the House, the card of one of his constituents, Bullitt by name. Going to the door, he was greeted by Bullitt and the latter's wife. Both bore the marks of travel, and appeared to be in deep distress. Mr. Voorhees conducted them to a committee room, and the husband hastened to disclose the reason for their presence at the capitol. The wife's father was Rev. Henry F. Luckett, an aged Methodist minister, who at different times had held charges in most of the States of the Middle West. His small savings were so invested that the opening of the war had swept them away, and left him practically penniless. The old man's losses had weighed heavily upon him, and had produced in his mind a settled belief that he was to become a pauper and public charge.

"His family, hoping that he would benefit by a change of scene, finally induced him to visit a niece who lived in Memphis. There his bitter and constant lamentations over his losses attracted the attention of the government detectives, anxious for advancement and not over-scrupulous as to how they secured it. These officials, learning that the old man's sympathies were with the South, told him that the Confederate forces stood in pressing need of quinine and percussion caps, that it was an easy matter to trade through the lines, (Memphis was then in the possession of the Federal troops,) and that, if he would undertake to supply these wants, he could speedily and safely repair his fortunes. The minister fell into

the trap thus prepared for him. He was arrested with the contraband articles in his possession, tried by a military court, and condemned to death.

"'He is to be shot day after to-morrow,' said Mr. Bullitt. 'Can you not help us to save him? I am sure you will, if it is in your power."

"Mr. Voorhees, deeply moved by his visitor's distress, but knowing that an appeal to Secretary Stanton would be without avail, resolved upon the instant to carry the matter straight to Mr. Lincoln. Before the day was ended, he sought out Henry S. Lane and Thomas A. Hendricks, who then represented Indiana in the Senate, and secured promises of their aid in the minister's behalf. A similar promise was obtained from William R. Morrison, a member of the House from Illinois and well acquainted with the President. The four drove next morning to the White House, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Bullitt, and were soon in Mr. Lincoln's presence. Senator Hendricks, acting as their spokesman, introduced Mrs. Bullitt as the daughter of Rev. Henry F. Luckett.

"'You will, perhaps, remember him,' added the Senator; 'he once preached in Springfield."

"'Yes,' answered the President, 'I remember him well. A farmer came to my office, one day, and, taking me for Elder Luckett, said: 'You must come out and preach again next Sunday. Your last sermon did great good, and was thought the best we ever heard.' I rather liked being mistaken for a Methodist preacher, and did not break the delusion. Oh, yes, I remember him well, and have ofter heard him preach. There was some resemblance between us. He is tall and dark, like me, and I have been mistaken for him on the street.'

"'We bring you terrible news, to-day, from that man,' said Senator Hendricks; 'he is to be shot.'

"'To be shot?' queried the President, while a look of surprise and interest stole into his rugged face.

" 'Yes. His daughter brings you a statement of the case.'

Mr. Voorhees had written out a brief record of the facts; and this, with a few affidavits from people who knew the condemned man and were familiar with his condition, was handed to the President, who, settling back in his chair, proceeded to read the papers aloud, but to himself. For a time he seemed lost to his surroundings. Then he looked up, and his eyes rested for a moment on the white-faced woman before him. Soon he said:

" 'There must be something wrong with your father, or he would not be in this trouble. He shall not be shot. I do not know what more I can do for him, but his life is safe. I will telegraph Hurlbut at once,'—and he proceeded to write the message which heads this paper. 'I reckon that will do,' he added, after he had read it aloud. A Secretary appeared in response to a bell. 'Take this message,' said the President, 'and send it quickly. Remain at the office till it gets through. See that it is answered, and that I am informed."

"Thus was this duty made obligatory upon the Secretary, and the executive mind was at rest, but not that of the anxious daughter, who voiced the fear that some mistake might intervene to thwart the President's command.

" 'My child,' said Lincoln, with a low laugh, 'if your father lives to see that sentence executed, Methusaleh will be an infant compared with him.' "

THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T WEAR HOOPS

Humor and pathos were often blended in the President's exercise of the pardoning power. Lieutenant-Governor Ford, of Ohio, on going to the White House on an autumn evening, in 1862, to keep an appointment with Mr. Lincoln, was accosted in the vestibule by a young woman, whose drawn face and swollen eyes bore witness to the fact that she was in sore trouble. Ford halted to listen to her story. It had to do with

an orphaned brother and sister, who had come from Germany and settled in one of the Western States. The brother, when the war came, had entered the army, and, falling among evil associates, had been induced to desert, with the usual sequel,—capture, trial, and sentence to death. The sister, who was in domestic service, had borrowed the money for the journey to Washington to lay the case before the President. She had vainly sought for two days to secure an audience with him, and finally had been ordered away by the servants.

"Come with me," said Ford, when she had finished, "and I will see what can be done." So saying, he led her upstairs and into the presence of Mr. Lincoln. "Mr. President," said he, after greetings had been exchanged, "my business must wait until you have heard what this young woman has just told me."

Mr. Lincoln, seating himself at his desk, listened in silence to the girl's story, and then carefully examined the petition for a pardon which she handed him, which bore the signatures of a few persons who had formerly known her brother. This done, he studied her tear-stained face, and the threadbare garb which told of her poverty.

"My child," said he, kindly, "you have come here with no one to plead your cause. I believe you to be honest and truthful, and—" this with emphasis,—"you don't wear hoops: I will spare your brother."

Such was the trend of Lincoln's charity. He seemed to have a clear insight into human nature. He knew when a man or a woman was telling him the truth. He always longed to give charity when charity was necessary, and when its object deserved to be thought of. To him, a kind act was more than the high office that he had attained.

WHY THE LORD MADE SO MANY

On Lincoln's lips, the words that often came were these,—"The common people." To those who lived with him and

talked with him, especially during the Civil War, it seemed as if he could never cease thinking of those who were just human beings, unlettered, unknown, inglorious. A Congressman from a western district approached him during his term as President, and apologized for presenting a petition from his constituents, because they were very common people.

"Well," said Lincoln, pleasantly, "God must love the common people, He's made so many of 'em."

LINCOLN'S PRESCRIPTION

There is a story, still current in Illinois, which says that an old farmer friend of President Lincoln's who used to correspond with him, complained on one occasion of his poor health. He received the following reply, which is quoted in Illinois as "Lincoln's Prescription:" "Do not worry. Eat three square meals a day. Say your prayers. Think of your wife. Be courteous to your creditors. Keep your digestion good. Steer clear of biliousness. Exercise. Go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your especial case requires to make you happy; but, my dear friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift."

"BROWSING AROUND FOR SOMETHING TO EAT"

He disliked to have people wait upon him. In Springfield, he would walk home for a law paper, rather than ask me, his clerk, to go for it; and in Washington, one night, I recollect, he was discovered in the basement of the White House.

"What are you doing here, Mr. Lincoln?" someone asked.

"Well, I'm browsing around for something to eat," answered the President.

LINCOLN'S FIRST GREAT SORROW

Hezikiah Butterworth beautifully retells the story of the first great sorrow of Abraham Lincoln's life:

"'Abraham!' called a voice scarcely audible. The speaker lay on her humble cot, dying. The young wife of a pioneer backwoodsman, she was sacrificing her life to its fortitude. The pioneer's "shuck" was without windows, and its doors stood open to the sunlight, which danced on the floor of trampled earth. It contained a few stools made of roughly hewn boards, but no chairs; a few dishes, but no cupboard.

"Without, the restless wings of the woodbirds glimmered as they fluttered through the sun-flooded trees. A boy, almost destitute of clothing, who had been watching them, answered his mother's call.

"'What is it?' he asked, in a troubled voice, as he hastened to her side.

"She drew him into the loving folds of her feeble arms, and said, in a voice weak and tremulous, yet still thrilling with a mother's love and hope:

"'I am going to leave you, Abe,—and,—oh, how hard it is to part with you! How beautiful it is out-doors! It is beautiful wherever God is, and I am going to meet Him in a brighter world than this. I learned to love Him at the old camp meetings, and I want you to learn to love Him, too.

"'I have not had much to make me happy,' she continued, still more slowly, and with a heavy sigh,—' I have not had a great deal to make me happy,—far less than some folks have had,—but my voice has never failed to rise in praise whenever a feeling of thanksgiving has come to me.

"'Abraham Lincoln, you have my heart. I am thankful God gave you to us. Love everybody; hinder nobody, and the world will be glad, some day, that you were born. This is a beautiful world, to the loving and believing. I am grateful for life; for everything, but, more than all else, because you have my heart.'

"'But he can't sing, Nancy!'

"A tall pioneer in buckskin stood in the cabin doorway. He

saw death's shadow in the sunlight that fell on the floor. He had added a ripple of laughter to his words, for he wanted to cheer his wife even though she was passing from him.

"The woman was silent. Thomas Lincoln approached his wife's deathbed. Then he repeated, still more kindly:

" 'But he can't sing like you, Nancy!'

" 'The heart sings in many ways,' she replied, very feebly. 'Some hearts make other hearts sing. Abraham may not have my voice, but he has my heart, and he may make others sing. I am going, now.'

"The cool October wind rustled among the great trees, causing their leaves to ripple like waves of the sea, wimpling and dimpling under the whispering wind. The woman turned her head toward the split logs that formed one of the walls of the cabin. Nervously her fingers twitched the coverlet; once she opened her eyes; once she said, softly, O, so softly! 'My Abraham!' Once she tried to lift herself to see him; once,—she trembled,—and then lay still.

" 'She's gone, Ab'ram!'

"The father and son made her coffin with their own hands, and buried her under the trees. Poor little Abraham could say nothing. He had been used to hardships, but this seemed more than he could endure. Something seemed to be choking him. He tried to look into his father's face for sympathy, but his tear-dimmed eyes only found it in the newly made grave."

MARY A. LIVERMORE

WITH A DYING SOLDIER

IN her wonderful work in the hospitals, caring for wounded soldiers during the Civil War, Mrs. Livermore halted one day beside one on whose handsome face the unmistakable look of death was settling. He labored painfully for breath, and large drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

Mrs. Livermore thus tells the story of her further service to this man:

"You are suffering a great deal," I said.

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" he gasped, "I am, I am! but not in body. I can bear that. I don't mind pain—I can bear anything —but I can't die! I can't *die!*"

"But perhaps you may not die. It is not certain but you may recover. While there is life there is hope, you know."

"Oh, no, I can't live—I know it—there's no chance for me. I've got to die—and I can't die! *I am afraid to die!*"

I went to a surgeon, still in the ward, and inquired about the man. The poor fellow was right; there was no chance for him. "He was horribly cut up," the surgeon said. One leg had been amputated, the other had suffered two amputations, the last one taking off the leg between the knee and hip; the right arm had been broken, a caisson had crushed the lower left arm, and he had been shot twice through the abdomen. "There had been no expectation of his life when he was first brought in," said the surgeon; "and it seemed an utterly hopeless case. But he has pulled along from day to day, as if in defiance of death, and at last there seemed a ghost of a chance for his recovery; but gangrene has set in, and defies medical treatment, and it will be over with him in a few hours. All you can do is to help him die easy." I returned to the poor fellow, whose anxious eyes were following me.

"What does the doctor say?" he asked. "Oh, I know I must die! I can't! I can't! *I can't!*" And he almost shrieked in his mental distress, and trembled so violently as to shake the bed.

"Why are you afraid to die?" I inquired. "Tell me, my poor boy."

"I ain't fit to die. I have lived an awful life, and I'm afraid to die. I shall go to hell."

I drew a camp-stool to his bedside, and, sitting down, put

my hands on his shoulders, and spoke in commanding tones, as to an excited child: "Stop screaming. Be quiet. This excitement is shortening your life. If you *must* die, die like a man, and not like a coward. Be still, and listen to me." And I proceeded to combat his fear of death and his sense of guilt with assurances of God's willingness to pardon. I told him of Christ's mission on earth, and assured him that however great had been his sins they would be forgiven of God, since he was penitent, and sought forgiveness. And I bade him repeat after me the words of a prayer, which he did with tearful earnestness. I backed up my assurances by quotations from the Bible and illustrations from the life of Christ; but I made little impression on the dying man.

"Can't you get a Methodist minister?" he asked. "I used to belong to the Methodist church, but I fell away. Oh, send for a Methodist minister!"

One of the attendants remembered that the hospital steward was also a Methodist minister, and hastened to find him. To him I communicated the particulars of the case, and besought him to assist in allaying the anguish of the dying man, which was distressing to witness. Whatever was done for him must be done speedily, as he was fast sinking.

The announcement that the steward was a Methodist minister was beneficial to the sufferer. To him he listened eagerly. "The love of Christ," was the Chaplain's theme. "He had only to trust in the Saviour, only ask for forgiveness, and God, who was always ready to pardon, would grant his prayer. Christ had died to save just such conscience-smitten, stricken, penitent souls as he"—thus ran the Chaplain's talk. And then he prayed, earnestly, feelingly, tenderly—the dying man frequently taking up the prayer and joining in it.

"Can't you sing, Chaplain?" I inquired. For it seemed to me the poor fellow, in this last hour of life, needed soothing more than argument or entreaty.

Immediately, in a rich, full, clear tenor, whose melody floated through the ward, and charmed every groan and wail into silence, he sang hymn after hymn, all of them familiar to most of his audience.

"Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;"—

"Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy or heaven, to earth come down;"—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly:"—

"My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I a pilgrim stranger;"—

All of them hymns so well known to his dying auditor that I saw he followed the singer verse after verse. The music affected him as I had hoped. The burden rolled from the poor boy's heart, and in feeble, tender tones he said, "It's all right with me, Chaplain! I will trust in Christ! God will forgive me! I can die, now!"

"Sing on, Chaplain!" I suggested, as he was about to pause, to make reply. "God is sending peace and light into the troubled soul of this poor boy, through these divine hymns, and your heavenly voice, sing on! don't stop!"

He continued to sing, but now chose a different style of hymn and tune, and burst forth into the most rapturous strain:

"Come, sing to me of heaven
For I'm about to die:
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.

There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there."

I looked down the ward, and saw that the wan faces of the men, contracted with pain, were brightening; I looked at the dying man beside me, and saw underneath the deepening pallor of death, an almost radiant gleam.

With folded hands, and upturned gaze, almost entranced with his own music, the Chaplain continued to sing:

"When cold, the hand of death
Lies on my marble brow,
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.
There'll be no sorrow there," etc.

"Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in Heaven.
There'll be no sorrow there," etc.

A second and a third time he repeated the song, the exultant air suiting well the triumphant words. Patients, attendants, surgeons, all in the ward, glowed under the soaring melody, and the dying man's face grew rapturous. Then the Chaplain was summoned away, by a call from his office. It was getting late in the afternoon, for I had tarried a couple of hours at this bedside, when my friends came from other wards of the hospital, to say that it was time to return.

"Don't go! stay!" whispered the fast sinking man. The words rushed to my memory, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me," and I

promised to remain with him to the end. The end came sooner than any one thought. Before the sun went down, he had drifted to the immortal shore.

JOHN D. LONG

SEEKING FOR A PLACE

EX-SECRETARY LONG tells some interesting stories of place seekers in the departments at Washington:

"I remember one dear old friend of mine, a clergyman, who came to me hoping to get a place for his son. The son was out of health and the father thought that the climate of the Cape of Good Hope would be helpful. He had seen that there was a vacancy in the position of Counsul at some town there. I was happy to go with him to the Department of State, where the matter was looked up. It was found that the place was vacant. I said, as I could well say, a hearty word for my friend, and the official in charge seemed to think that the position could be had. There was hardly time for a happy smile to fully illuminate the face of the good clergyman before the official added, 'Do you know what the compensation is?' and on our saying that we did not, he informed us that during the last year it had amounted to one dollar and fifty cents, and that the place was generally held by some local resident, although for some time past nobody had been found who would take it. It is needless to say that the young man did not go to the Cape of Good Hope.

"An amusing incident was a call which I had from a most worthy gentleman, who said that he had been detailed by the Civil Service Reform Association of his State to come to Washington and protest in behalf of good politics against a bill to transfer the clerks of the Census Bureau, who had been appointed without civil service examination and whose work was now finished, into the ranks of the regular civil service.

He said that this was utterly indefensible and an injustice to persons who had passed the examination and were entitled to enter the civil service in their due turn, and who, if this bill passed, would be set back and many of them would lose their opportunity altogether. He said it was a blow at civil service reform, that we in Washington had no idea of the feeling which the bill had aroused in the home States, and that the principle of appointment upon examination and merit and not upon personal influence and favoritism must be enforced. As he rose to go, he turned back and said, in the most innocent and entirely sincere manner, "Governor, by the way, I have a boy about twenty years old, who is trying to do something in a business house but does not seem to succeed. He is a good boy and I want to get him a place. I thought that perhaps you or some of our friends here would have influence enough to help me get him a position in some of these departments?" I did not even smile. I knew that a more sincere and honest soul never lived, and that it was the usual example of a man of genuine devotion to principle as applied to the world at large, yet utterly blind and unconscious when his own self-interest is concerned.

JOHN W. MACKAY

A ROMANCE OF A MINING CAMP

ROBERT MACKAY tells this story of the romantic rise of John W. Mackay:

"On the day that John W. Mackay arrived in Virginia City, a rugged miner, who had worked in the Downieville claims with him and had preceded him to the Comstock Lode, met him on the famous C Street of Virginia City. Mackay was tired from a long tramp, for the only communication with Virginia City in those days was by stage-coach, and the one on which Mackay had ridden from Sacramento had met with a

mishap; but the energetic miner, not to be delayed by an accident, left the disabled vehicle on the highway and walked into town. His overalls were tucked in his boots, his red shirt was almost gray with dust, and his wide *sombrero* shaded a face that can only be described by a word born of the mines,—'grizzled.'

" 'John,' said the old miner, as he extended his hand, 'you're just the man they want here. There are some good fellows, John, but the subject is too deep. I have looked over the strata of the hill and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if it contains more gold than you ever saw.'

"John W. Mackay said nothing. He simply smiled, but the next morning he was around early looking for a partner. It was the custom in the old Comstock days for two miners to 'chum' together in a sort of partnership, and honor was the strongest tie that bound them. When John W. Mackay looked for a partner that morning, he wanted a man in whom he could place the stanchest confidence, one who would not desert him in the darkest hour of despair, who would stand by him as willingly when hope seemed gone as when fortune seemed within grasp. Mackay's motto was, 'Never say die.' He wanted a partner who had followed that motto, too, and he found him in James G. Fair.

"Both had mined in California. Fair was from the Feather River district, where he had made mining a practical study; and, like Mackay, he had an original mind. The two men erected a common log cabin, and, being too poor to board at the hotel, where beefsteaks sold at ten dollars apiece and coffee was considered a luxury, they did their own cooking, often going into the hills to hunt for food. They engaged as common miners to the man who owned claims all over the side of Mt. Davidson, and with only one object in view, that of saving their money. All the time they were working, however, they were studying the gradations of the earth, the formation of the

rock, the shoad of the strata, which their keen minds told led to a pocket of unlimited gold. It was shortly after the opening of the great Consolidated Virginia Mine that these two men saw the possibilities of a fortune. All they needed was the money to buy the mine. The owners who wanted to 'get rich quick' had no hope for the undertaking. Once they wanted to abandon it, but the hope some people put in it told them that there might be something gained by continuing the work.

"One day Mackay said to Fair, 'Let us buy the mine.'

" 'They want more than we've got,' said Fair. 'They won't sell under eighty thousand dollars.'

" 'I guess we can fix that,' said Mackay.

"Just beyond 'the divide,' two men kept a store. They were James L. Flood and William O'Brien. They had saved some money after a few years of trading with the miners, were ready for a deal in one of the mines, and had faith in Mackay and Fair. So, when Mackay walked into their store one morning and remarked, 'Jim Flood, if you and O'Brien will put up the money, Fair and I will put up the brains, and I think the four of us can buy the 'Con' Virginia and make something out of it.'

" 'How much do you want, John?' said Flood.

" 'Eighty thousand dollars.'

"The deal was closed on the spot. The history of the 'Con' Virginia is as well known, almost, as the story of Washington and the cherry tree. Before the four miners had struck the 'lead,' they had exhausted their money and their credit. There seemed to be nothing in the rock they brought out of the earth. Other miners met them day after day and laughed at their apparently hopeless task. They were jeered and made fun of. But they kept serious faces and sober minds, and were not to be thwarted by the idle talk of idlers.

"One morning, when the prospect seemed blackest, a friend said to Mackay:

" 'John, luck has gone against you; why don't you quit and go prospecting?'

" 'The man who figures on luck in mining,' said Mackay, 'is a fool; the man who figures on doing a lot of hard work and not losing his grit will get something.'

"The four partners did not lose their grit, nor did they rely on luck. One afternoon, the rumor spread over Virginia City that the ' 'Con' Virginia men' had struck a body of ore. It spread as wildfire often swept over the Nevada prairies. The four men left their mine at sundown and walked down C Street amid a babel of cheers.

"The next morning, the Consolidated Virginia stock had gone from eighty cents to two hundred and fifty dollars a share, and in another day up to five hundred dollars a share. In three days, it was announced that the body of rock was so large that its value could not be estimated. In two weeks, the United States Government was negotiating with the owners of the mine for the redemption of bonds whose values had been affected by the Civil War. In two months, the financial centres of old Europe had felt the shock, and about the same time Mackay, Flood, Fair and O'Brien were able to announce that they were millionaires beyond the dreams of avarice.

"This is a story of mining success that was not dominated by luck. The long history of the Comstock Lode will show that it was not a place for men who relied on luck. Mark Twain tells us well, in his wonderful *Roughing It,* that the idlers and the dreamers were not the men for Nevada, and that he remembers that the most successful men were those big-boned, stern-faced, determined-looking men who had been born to energy and with an unswerving desire to stick to the work until the last hope and the last semblance of energy had been taken by death. These are the men who developed the Comstock Lode.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN

WHEN HE INTERVIEWED MORGAN

THROUGH the swift turn of the whirligig of events, Mayor George B. McClellan, of Greater New York, finds that half the public men he meets officially or sits next to at dinner are men whom he has interviewed, which frequently moves him to relate adventures of his newspaper days.

A favorite of these is his interview with J. Pierpont Morgan. He avers that it was the most picturesque in his gamut of reportorial experiences, which, covering three years on three papers of different types, were rich and varied. He began on a newspaper, where, as he explains it, he wrote the Paris letter, got up the joke column, wrote the questions and answers for a standing editorial-page feature called "Our Question Box," wrote editorial paragraphs, and, every other Saturday, when his managing editor was away, wrote the London letter,—all for ten dollars a week. In turn he was exchange editor, Wall Street man, political reporter, railroad reporter, editorial writer, and suggester of ideas to the city editor.

It was in his Wall Street days that the J. Pierpont Morgan episode happened.

"A new editor did it,—it is not necessary to say," said the Mayor. "The new man had a lot of ideas, which he had been keeping in storage for use when he should get into authority. He proceeded right away to reform things. He had an idea that all the men were in a rut and that things were not spicy enough. He wanted to sharpen up the paper. One after another he called the men to him and solemnly outlined his ideas. My turn came in time.

"'McClellan,' he said, we want to make the Wall Street stuff breezier. It's too dry and uninteresting. I want you to liven things up. Put some ginger in it. Here's my idea: for a starter, I want you, to-day, to get a nice, chatty column-and-

a-half interview with J. Pierpont Morgan.' I gasped, and he went on, 'Oh, that's all right. Just let him talk about anything he wants to, but make it chatty.'

"Think of that! 'A nice, chatty column-and-a-half interview with J. Pierpont Morgan!' I didn't laugh then, but we all laughed together when I told the boys about it while we were talking over the assignments we had received, in the little basement where we used to meet, just across the street from Mr. Morgan's office. The nearest any of us had got to Mr. Morgan was the outside of the glass door of his office. We used to wait in the basement for something to happen.

"But with a new editor to whom all things are easy it was different. Something heroic had to be done. I reflected that maybe we thought it was harder to get an interview with Mr. Morgan than it really was, so I went over to his office and started in for my 'nice, chatty, column-and-a-half interview.'"

Here the Mayor laughed until his face was almost purple at the recollection.

"Did you get it?" I asked.

"Get it?" he laughed, with a look which I fancy he must have given his new editor when the latter's back was turned, "Get it? I got a scowl and a snort!"

OFFICE SEEKERS AT BAY

A newspaper report at the time gives this entertaining picture of McClellan's stand against the office seekers of his party when he first became Mayor of New York:

"Politicians with set expressions on their faces are constantly hurrying along the City Hall corridors that leads to the big room in the corner, with the windows overlooking the park, where the Mayor sits at his desk ready to receive them. District leaders with thousands of votes in their control pass in, and in their excitement raise their voices in threatening speeches.

" 'But I've spent a lot of money in this campaign,—a big pile of money," one exclaimed. "I've got to get this money back, and I've got to make good with the 'boys'!'

" 'That is your responsibility, not mine,' replied the Mayor.

" 'But you're trying to cut out our chances,' cried the leader. 'We elected you. You knew what we'd expect. You're not so young and inexperienced as not to know what your election signified.'

" 'I know very well what it signified,' the Mayor answered, 'but it seems that you did not.' "

WILLIAM McKINLEY

HIS FIRST CASE

AFTER McKinley had been admitted to the bar and opened his law office in Canton, Ohio, a fortnight passed without a client, and the youthful lawyer was beginning to find the time hang very heavy on his hands. Then one day, his old preceptor, Judge Glidden, stepped into his little office.

"McKinley," said he, "here are the papers in a case of mine. It comes up to-morrow. I have got to go out of town, and I want you to take charge of it for me."

McKinley was nonplussed. He declared that he could not do justice to the case at so short a notice. "I never have tried a single case yet, Judge," said he.

"Well, begin on this one, then," was the Judge's reply. And it was finally settled that McKinley should do so. He sat up all night working on the case, tried it the next day, and won it. A few days later Judge Glidden entered his office and handed him $25. McKinley demurred at taking it.

"It is too much for one day's work," he said.

"Don't let that worry you," replied Glidden, good-naturedly. "I charged them $100 for the case, and I can well afford a quarter of it to you."

A WITNESS WITH A CROOKED LEG

A year or two later McKinley found himself pitted against John McSweeney, then considered one of the most brilliant lawyers of the Ohio bar. The case was a suit for damages for malpractice, the plaintiff charging that a surgeon had set his broken leg in such a way as to make him bow-legged on that side. McKinley defended the surgeon. McSweeney brought his client into court and had the injured limb exposed to the view of the jury. It certainly was very crooked and the case looked bad for the surgeon. McKinley had both eyes wide open, however, and fixed them to good purpose upon the man's other leg. As soon as the witness was turned over to him, he asked that the other leg should also be bared. The plaintiff and McSweeney vigorously objected, but the Judge ordered it done. Then it appeared that this second leg was still more crooked than that which the surgeon had set.

"My client seems to have done better by this man than nature itself did," said McKinley, "and I move that the suit be dismissed, with a recommendation to the plaintiff that he have the other leg broken and then set by the surgeon who set the first one."

LOYALTY TO HIS FRIEND

At the National Republican Convention of 1888, McKinley represented Ohio as a delegate-at-large and as an earnest and loyal supporter of John Sherman. At that Convention, after the first day's balloting, the indications were that Mr. McKinley himself might be made the candidate. Then his strength of purpose and his high ideas of loyalty and honor showed themselves, for in an earnest and stirring speech he demanded that no vote be cast for him. From the first, two delegates had been voting persistently for him, although he had not, of course, been formally placed in nomination. Now the number of his supporters rose to fourteen. All the Republican Congress-

men at Washington telegraphed to the Convention urging his nomination. The air became electrified with premonitions of a stampede.

Mr. McKinley had listened to the announcement of the two votes for him on each ballot with mingled annoyance and amusement. But now the case was growing serious. The next ballot might give him a majority of the whole Convention. He had only to sit still and the ripe fruit would drop into his hands. He had only to utter an equivocal protest and the result would be the same. But there was nothing equivocal about William McKinley. On one side was his personal honor; on the other side the Presidency of the United States. In choosing between the two, hesitation was impossible. He sprang to his feet with an expression upon his face and an accent in his voice that thrilled the vast assembly, but hushed it mute and silent as the grave while he spoke:

"I am here as one of the chosen representatives of my State. I am here by resolution of the Republican State Convention, passed without a single dissenting vote commanding me to cast my vote for John Sherman for President and to use every worthy endeavor for his nomination. I accepted the trust because my heart and my judgment were in accord with the letter and spirit and purpose of that resolution. It has pleased certain delegates to cast their votes for me for President. I am not insensible to the honor they would do me, but in the presence of the duty resting upon me, I cannot remain silent with honor.

"I cannot, consistently with the wish of the State whose credentials I bear and which has trusted me; I cannot with honorable fidelity to John Sherman; I cannot, consistently with my own views of personal integrity, consent, or seem to consent, to permit my name to be used as a candidate before this Convention. I would not respect myself if I should find it in my heart to do so, or permit to be done that which would

ever be ground for any one to suspect that I wavered in my loyalty to Ohio or my devotion to the chief of her choice and the chief of mine. I do not request, I demand, that no delegate who would not cast reflection upon me shall cast a ballot for me."

That ended it, and the threatened stampede was averted. But, although the nomination was not forced upon Mr. McKinley, neither could he secure it for Mr. Sherman, although he loyally strove to do so till the end.

LOYALTY TO OLD COMRADES

Loyalty to old friends, absolutely without regard to their worldly station, was a conspicuous trait of McKinley's character.

At the second inauguration among the White House guests were Jack Adams, who runs the President's farm near Canton, and a friend, Mr. Alexander, a tinsmith, from Minerva, Columbiana County, Ohio. Mr. Adams came to Washington at the President's invitation, but had no idea of doing more than "eating one meal in the White House," as he expressed it. Here is Mr. Adams' own story of how he happened to be stopping at the White House during the inauguration week:

"Just before the inauguration of 1897, Mr. McKinley asked me if I did not want to come to Washington. Well, I was pretty busy on the farm just then, so I said no, I would come to the next one. The President laughed, and said to remind him and he would send me a pass. I got it. When my friend Alexander and I went up to the White House the President held out his hand and said: 'I'm glad to see you,' and asked me about my health and my family and how everybody was doing. I told him I had just come to town and got a room. He said: 'Not a bit of it. You are to stay right here in the White House, you and your friend.' I said that I did not like to impose upon him, but he replied that it was no im-

position, and that I must bring my grip and stay the week out as his guest and he would see that I had a good time and do everything for me that he could do. He made out a ticket that passed us to the grand stand to see the parade; also gave us seats at the Capitol and admission to the inauguration ball."

A MIDNIGHT INTERVIEW

Thomas W. Bradley, of Waldon, New York, went to Washington to see Major McKinley about a tariff matter of importance.

"I felt," said Mr. Bradley, in relating the story, "that the practice ought to be stopped, and I went to Washington to lay the matter before the committee on ways and means, of which Mr. McKinley was chairman. I did not reach the hotel until very late at night, just before the committee adjourned. I sent my card up to the chairman's room, asking for five minutes of his time on the morrow. He sent word that every moment of the next day was bespoken, but that he would give me five minutes then. I went up to his room and said: Mr. McKinley, I wanted five minutes to tell you I want forty-five minutes of your time.' He said: 'I am tired almost to death; it is midnight, and you see I am partly undressed for bed. I do not see how I can grant your request.' I told him I represented five hundred working men besides myself. He replied quickly: 'Then your cause is more important than my sleep. Proceed!' We talked together, neither of us noticing the flight of time, till a quarter to three in the morning, when he said: 'Colonel, I believe in you and your cause, and, if you make as good a representation of your case to the committee as you have to me, I think the law you suggest will be recommended.' The law was recommended and passed. After that midnight interview, I never had any difficulty in seeing how it was that William McKinley secured the nomination for and was elected to the Presidency of the United States."

HOW SERGEANT MC KINLEY WON HIS LIEUTENANCY

The editor of *Success* tells this story:

"The Civil War had scarcely broken out when a sturdy lad of seventeen walked into the recruiting office of John C. Fremont, the great Pathfinder, in an Ohio town.

"He simply asked to be enlisted and sent to the front. His eagerness was noticed by the veteran plainsman, who spoke kindly to him and ordered that his name be enrolled.

"There began a life romance which culminated in the White House. The boy was William McKinley. He was assigned to the Twenty-Third Ohio Regiment, of which Rutherford B. Hayes was Colonel.

"At Antietam came an incident which, in my opinion, is one of the most thrilling of that awful war. Lee had pushed his victorious legions into Maryland. Stonewall Jackson was by his side. Longstreet was in the front of the fight,—all on the Southern side. On the Northern side were McClellan and Sheridan, grimly contesting every foot of the advance. On the first day of the battle, September 17, 1862, the troops on both sides fought with such desperation that no less than twenty-three thousand men were wounded or killed. On the second day, from early morning, Lee's terrific fire was directed upon the Federal line, which had been turned against his right. On the banks of the creek, to the left of the bridge was the Twenty-Third Ohio. Colonel Hayes had been wounded shortly before at South Mountain, so he was not in command of his regiment this day. He was in the village a few miles to the rear, watching the smoke of battle in agonized unrest. General Scammon was in command in his stead. Away to the rear was the Commissary Sergeant of the Regiment, waiting for orders. As the hot and dusty day wore on, and evening fell, this Sergeant grew impatient to be at the front, not to fight, but to carry food and drink to his exhausted comrades, who had had neither breakfast nor dinner. Finally he hooked up two

wagons, called for volunteer drivers, and started for the front without orders. As he approached the front, one team of mules was shot down. With the other he pushed on, braving the leaden hail and the bursting shells, and succeeding in reaching the boys of his command.

"How they cheered him as he drove up! A few minutes later, General Scammon rode up to ascertain the cause of the cheering. Instead of reprimanding the boy, he thanked him for his thoughtfulness and bravery and permitted him to distribute the refreshments under fire. With his own hand Sergeant McKinley,—for it was he—passed around cups of steaming hot coffee and liberal rations of bread and meat. The fight was maintained right along. The battle proved to the North that Lee could be defeated.

"Colonel Hayes was so pleased when he heard of this exploit that he asked Governor Todd, of Ohio, to commission the boy a Lieutenant. This was done September 24, 1862.

"Thus in one brave boy's life there has been a triple romance,—his enlistment by a presidential candidate, his recommendation, by another man who became President, for a commission, and finally his own accession to the chief magistracy of the nation."

NELSON A. MILES

THE STORY OF A PICTURE

H. G. KIMBALL tells the following story of General Miles: Kimball was a member of Battery A, Philadelphia, in the Spanish-American War. In a place of honor in his studio stands a handsome photograph of the General. "That," observed Mr. Kimball, quietly, but enthusiasm lighting up his face—"that is my ideal of a soldier. They say he is pompous, self-indulgent, a carpet warrior; but I know better. I saw him at Ponce, and I know he is not so." Then, after

much coaxing, he continued, "Oh, it happened like this, you know. The horses were still on the transport, which was aground outside the harbor, and we had to go in details to look after them. The one I was assigned to was waiting on the pier for a lighter to take it to the transport and relieve the one on duty there already. Suddenly we heard piercing shrieks, mingled with Porto Rican oaths, and there appeared a boy of about ten or eleven years old, who was chased by a couple of men, one of whom kept up a fusilade of stones and execrations as he ran. The boy, who wore only a shirt and pants, fled screaming up the quay, and unhesitatingly plunged head-first off the pier and into the water. The men followed, and the same one coolly continued heaving rocks at the child in the water, and, had he been a good shot, would undoubtedly have killed him.

"The boy was an expert swimmer, however, and, diving, came up again under the pier, where he clung to the piles in fear and trembling. Meanwhile the sentry had arrested the man, who still held a huge stone in his hand. All this had happened very quickly, but not quickly enough to escape the eye of the Commander-in-Chief of the American army, whose headquarters were near the scene of action, and he now sent word to bring up all parties concerned.

"Before the messenger arrived, however, I had scrambled down to help the boy, who was being buffeted by the waves and banged up against the very shelter he had sought. He had pulled off his little shirt, in case he had to swim for his life. The tears were streaming down his cheeks and his teeth were chattering with fear. He was the most miserable looking little object I ever saw. He tried to get further away from me at first, but by dint of repeating 'Americano' and 'not hurto you,' which was the nearest to Spanish I could get, I managed to get him to understand that I was a friend. Still he hesitated.

"Then I became inspired with a happy thought; I offered him three cents, all I had, and eventually he accepted the princely gift and my aid, and I got him up on deck again, just as the orderly from General Miles reached the pier. I had to go too as one of the parties 'concerned.' From what I had been led to infer, I expected I should find the General luxuriously and well housed, but what I found was a small, square room containing a small desk and two wooden chairs. The Commander-in-Chief of the United States army sat in one chair and the interpreter leaned gracefully on the back of another. The General chewed tobacco, and occasionally expectorated out of the window behind which he was sitting. He wore a blue-silk negligee shirt, open at the throat, a leathern-belted pair of blue army trousers and a pair of boots. Hardly a 'dude,' eh?

ONE OF THE ARMY OF CHILDREN

"The interpreter interrogated, and it seems that the poor little lad who had been nearly stoned to death was one of the large army of children who are not wise. They do not know their own fathers. The place is full of them. The man had made him work for nothing and stoned him besides. The boy had been sick and could not work, and the man had beaten him until he ran away, upon which he had followed him and thrown a 'few pebbles' at him. The man admitted he was notoriously bad-tempered, and said he had been a little hasty, perhaps. General Miles then gave him 'Hail Columbia,' and promised that he should have the opportunity of becoming more leisurely in future in a military prison if he ever again molested the boy. Then he inquired what Regiment I belonged to and told me to take the little fellow along and keep him at the Battery A quarters until we left.

"This I did, the kid helping the cook and doing odd jobs, for which he received a few pennies, and apparently getting

along happily. He disappeared shortly before we left, and I don't know what became of him. But the take-pot-luck manner in which General Miles was quartered, and the way he went about, and his lack of pomposity when addressing me—a private—made an impression no amount of adverse criticism can ever efface."

JOAQUIN MILLER

STORIES OF THE POET OF THE SIERRAS

THIS sketch of picturesque incidents concerning the Oregon poet recently appeared in *Outing*:

"Joaquin Miller is like one of the 'big trees' of his beloved Sierras, hale in his latter years, rugged, wind-swept and shaggy, a child of the woods, the rain, the sun and the mountains. He dwells in the green hills overlooking Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco, a little corner of the Pacific coast which also harbors 'Jack London,' another son of the out-of-doors. Joaquin Miller is sixty-five now and he has written twenty-odd books, but his blue eye is keen and his 'spirit unabated,' while he lives the life of as picturesque a recluse as ever clung close to Nature's heart. A recent visitor thus described the home of the poet whom English critics once hailed as the greatest of American singers:

" 'It is a hut of one room, before which are planted a row of young olive trees. Through the open door (it is always open), you look off across hills of vivid green, dotted with clumps of trees. Inside, the room is a veritable jumble. On one side are a couple of venerable bureaus with dusty mirrors and old-fashioned trimmings. Next is a table, beneath which may be glimpsed a huge dimijohn, facetiously labelled 'Radium.' On the other side of the room are hunter's traps, and the huge horns of an extinct Alaska gramnivora which, Joaquin told us, are ultimately destined for Dr. Jordan. Below are boxes,

iron-bound, supposed to contain gold-dust, and all about the wall are pictures of poets, photographs, clippings from magazines, and letters from men of note, all tacked up hit or miss.

" 'But the poet's couch is the feature of the place. It is a canopied affair, covered with the skins of various savage beasts, and with robes made of the hide of the buffalo. It is reclining on this couch that Joaquin is wont to receive his guests. When I saw him last, it was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon of a rainy day, but the poet had not yet risen, and apparently had no intention of doing so that day. He apologized to the extent of quoting from another good gray poet: 'I loaf and invite my soul.' "

"Joaquin works when the spirit moves, on his farm and garden, and has solved the problem of living without hurry and flurry after the dollars. He is like another Thoreau in this respect, but with the red blood and warm heart-beats which were wanting in the chilly and morbidly centred philosopher of New England.

At the time of the Boxer outbreak in China five years ago, Joaquin Miller was lured from his fastness by the persuasions of a sensational newspaper and fared forth across the Pacific as a 'war-correspondent.' Just why this poet and man of sixty was chosen to mix up in the rough-and-tumble toil that needs young sinews and years of hard experience at the game is not wholly clear.

"The writer ran across the Poet of the Sierras in Shanghai. In all that medley of Chinese, English, French, German and American exiles, turbanned Sikh police, and stocky Goorkha Regiments, there was no more picturesque figure than Joaquin Miller. His long hair, curling over his collar, the wide-brimmed slouch hat, the war-like trappings which smacked of the frontier rather than the allied army, were a delight to the guests of the Astor House Hotel. He looked like a picture torn from its native setting and thrust into an alien frame.

"He did not tarry long in the Orient, and his happiest day in Shanghai was when he boarded ship for more congenial Japan and the home-stretch toward his beloved California."

AN IDEAL HOSPITALITY

The story of the coming of Yone Noguchi, the Japanese poet, to this country, and of his reception by Joaquin Miller, shows that the Japanese poets have some of the spirit and mettle of Japanese soldiers.

Master Noguchi, at school near Tokyo, concluding, at fourteen years of age, that he wanted to see the world, sold his schoolbooks for sufficient yen to pay his runaway expenses to Tokyo, where he could join his brother. Tokyo he reached in safety, only to find that his brother had left there and gone to a town sixty miles distant. The young poet, having almost no money left, started bravely to walk the sixty miles, and, favored by weather and roads, he arrived there at nightfall of the third day. He went to the address given him as that of his brother, and found that the latter had, the day before, returned to Tokyo. Having but one piece of money left, he unhesitatingly divided it between a public bath and a theatre, and spent the night out-of-doors. The next morning he started to walk back to Tokyo.

"But," he says naively, "I thought it would not be interesting to go back the way I came, so I take different road!"

This road finally led him, by a journey of eighty miles, to his brother's home.

When, a few years later, he decided to come to America, he collected his resources and arrived in San Francisco with $300. The first night that he was there he attended a meeting of Philippine sympathizers, was filled with enthusiasm, and laid down $100 as his share of the fund. At once his fellow-countrymen in San Francisco seeing this liberality, and needing shoes and shelter and other things, came to him with their

stories, and in three weeks he was penniless. He worked his way to Leland Stanford, there washed dishes and swept out recitation-rooms for six months' education, and finally, hearing of Joaquin Miller, he one day appeared at his door with his hands full of poems.

"Mr. Miller was very good," he says modestly; "he look at my poems. He say 'Come in. Stay with me.'"

Mr. Noguchi lived with Mr. Miller for six years. Later, when he went to London and was the guest of William Michael Rossetti, honored by Owen Seamen in Punch, and feted at some of the clubs on the appearance of the English edition of his poems, he said that he had never seen any hospitality greater than that "Come in. Stay with me."

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN

AS AN ART GATHERER

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT says of him:

"When he heard that a collection of thirty-two 'Caxtons,' gathered by William Morris, was in the market, he bought it in a lump. That gave him more 'Caxtons' than were in the entire Hoe library, but Colonel Hoe had some individual specimens which he would not have exchanged for Mr. Morgan's whole collection. A man of Mr. Morgan's great intelligence, spending money as lavishly as he does, must gain possession of many things of real value, but he is often deceived in his art purchases. Sometimes he buys a spurious article, as when he paid one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the so-called Gainsborough portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire. Sometimes he buys a good thing for an unnecessarily high price, as when he gave half a million dollars for Raphel's Madonna of Padua. Still, with all deductions, his collections are marvelous in extent, variety, and richness. His art gallery in New York City surpasses any other in America. His town

and country houses in England are jewel caskets of art. Whenever he visits Europe he scatters coin among the dealers in books and pictures,—five thousand dollars for a mezzotint engraving, twenty-five thousand dollars for a Persian rug woven for an eighteenth-century Shah, the same for a psalter printed by Johann Faust and Peter Scheffer, thirty thousand dollars for a bronze statuette of Hercules, a million dollars for the Fragonard-Du Barry panels, and so on, *ad infinitum.* Mr. Morgan seems to regard himself and the public as partners in his art excursions. He pays a fortune for a book, a picture, or a collection of gems, ceramics, tapestries, or bronzes and he may put his purchase into one of his own galleries, in New York or London, or he may offer it to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, or the Cooper Union in New York City, or to some foreign museum, as the humor strikes him. He keeps treasures valued at two million, five hundred thousand dollars abroad as an object-lesson to his countrymen on the iniquity of the tariff duties on the works of art. When those duties shall be repealed it is expected that these things will come to America, where they will eventually find their way into public collections.

"Mr. Morgan's function in the art world seems to be to keep things moving. He is incessantly buying art objects and as incessantly giving them away. The one thing he never does with them is to sell them. A few weeks ago he offered several thousand Burns manuscripts to the Athenaeum Library at Liverpool. He gave a two-hundred-thousand-dollar collection of ancient textiles to Cooper Institute. He gave two of the rarest sapphires in the world to the American Museum of Natural History. He gave the Pan-American collection of gems to the *Musee d' Histoire Naturelle*, Paris. He bought the famous Pfungst collection of bronzes for the Metropolitan Museum of Art. One day he telephoned to the curator of that institution, General di Cesnola, and asked if he could not find

time to call at his office. General di Cesnola explained that he was extremely busy, and asked whether the next day would not do as well. 'Certainly,' responded the voice at the telephone; 'any time this summer will do. I only want to give you an assortment of Greek jewels for the museum.' That collection was known to the curator as one of the rarest in the world, worth a trifle of two hundred thousand dollars. He decided that he could find time to go after it that day."

MORGAN AND THE REPORTER

Mr. Morgan is six feet tall, burly, and fond of good living. He has no use for reporters as such, although he likes to talk to some of them as friends. A certain New York newspaper man, a connoisseur in books and art, is on intimate terms with Mr. Morgan the collector, though he has no acquaintance with Mr. Morgan the banker. One day, when Wall Street was seething with sensations, this reporter's employers tried to take advantage of his friendship for the art amateur to secure an interview on financial matters. At the first question Mr. Morgan lay back in his chair and roared with laughter. "Why," he said, "your city editor must be a fool to expect me to talk to you on business. You don't know anything about it. If you want to discuss books and art, I'll be glad to talk with you all day, but tell your city editor that, if he wants to get anything out of me about business, he'll have to send a man that understands it." Of course, when the man who understood business arrived, he did not get past the doorkeeper.

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE

HIS VISIT TO BENJAMIN WEST

IN his early life, when he went to London to study painting, young Morse paid a visit to Benjamin West, the great American painter, who was at that time painting exclusively

for the King, George III., and was at work on a portrait of the monarch. Mr. Morse relates the story as follows:

"I called upon Mr. West, at his house in Newman Street, one morning, and in conformity with the order given to his servant Robert, always to admit Mr. Leslie and myself, even if he was engaged in his private studies, I was shown into his studio. As I entered, a half-length portrait of George III. stood before me upon an easel and Mr. West was sitting with his back toward me, copying from it upon canvas. My name having been mentioned to him, he did not turn, but, pointing with the pencil he had in his hand to the portrait from which he was copying, he said:

"'Do you see that picture, Mr. Morse?'

"'Yes, sir,' I said; 'I perceive it is the portrait of the King.'

"'Well,' said Mr. West, 'the King was sitting to me for that portrait when the box containing the American Declaration of Independence was handed to him.'

"'Indeed,' I answered: 'and what appeared to be the emotions of the King? what did he say?'

"'Well, sir,' said Mr. West, 'he made a reply characteristic of the goodness of his heart,' or words to that effect. 'Well, if they can be happier under the government they have chosen, than under mine, I shall be happy.'"

AN INTERESTING STUDENT EXPERIENCE

Some time later West consented to give Morse some instructions in drawing. Anxious to appear in the most favorable light before West, he had occupied himself for two weeks in making a finished drawing from a small cast of the Farnese Hercules. Mr. West, after strict scrutiny for some minutes, and giving the young artist many commendations, handed it again to him, saying, "Very well, sir, very well; go on and finish it."

"It *is* finished," replied Morse.

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU
WILLIAM J. BRYAN
HENRY G. DAVIS

ALTON BROOKS PARKER
JOSEPH WINGATE FOLK
IRVING BACHELLER

"Oh, no," said Mr. West; "look here, and here, and here," pointing to many unfinished places which had escaped the untutored eye of the young student. No sooner were they pointed out, however, than they were felt, and a week longer was devoted to a more careful finishing of the drawing, until, full of confidence, he again presented it to the critical eyes of West. Still more encouraging and flattering expressions were lavished upon the drawing, but on returning it the advice was again given, "Very well, indeed, sir; go on and finish it."

"Is it not finished?" asked Morse, almost discouraged.

"Not yet," replied West; "see, you have not marked that muscle, nor the articulations of the finger-joints."

Determined not to be answered by the constant "Go and finish it" of Mr. West, Morse again diligently spent three or four days retouching and renewing his drawing, resolved, if possible, to elicit from his severe critic an acknowledgment that it was at length finished. He was not, however, more successful than before; the drawing was acknowledged to be exceedingly good, "very clever, indeed;" but all its praises were closed by the repetition of the advice, "Well, sir, go and finish it."

"I cannot finish it," said Morse, almost in despair.

"Well," answered West, "I have tried you long enough. Now, sir, you have learned more by this drawing than you would have accomplished in double the time by a dozen half-finished beginnings. It is not numerous drawings, but the *character of one,* which makes a thorough draughtsman. *Finish* one picture, sir, and you are a painter."

When Mr. West was painting his *Christ Rejected,* Morse calling on him, the old gentleman began a critical examination of his hands, and at length said, "Let me tie you with this cord, and take that place while I paint in the hands of our Saviour." Morse of course complied; West finished his work, and releasing him said, "You may say now, if you please, you had a hand in this picture."

MORSE'S DAY OF POVERTY

General Strother, of Virginia, in one of his pen-pictures shows the straits of poverty to which Morse was sometimes reduced before he made his great discovery which was to bring him fame and wealth. He writes:

"I engaged to become Morse's pupil, and subsequently went to New York and found him in a room in University Place. He had three other pupils, and I soon found that our professor had very little patronage. I paid my fifty dollars; that settled for one quarter's instruction. Morse was a faithful teacher, and took as much interest in our progress as—more, indeed, than—we did ourselves. But he was very poor. I remember that when my second quarter's pay was due my remittance from home did not come as expected, and one day the professor came in, and said, courteously:

" 'Well, Strother, my boy, how are we off for money?'

" 'Why, professor,' I answered, 'I am sorry to say I have been disappointed; but I expect a remittance next week.'

" 'Next week!' he repeated, sadly; 'I shall be dead by that time.'

" 'Dead, sir?'

" 'Yes, dead by starvation!'

"I was distressed and astonished. I said, hurriedly:

" 'Would ten dollars be of any service?'

" 'Ten dollars would save my life; that is all it would do.'

"I paid the money, all that I had, and we dined together. It was a modest meal, but good, and, after he had finished, he said:

" 'This is my first meal for twenty-four hours. Strother, don't be an artist. It means beggary. Your life depends upon people who know nothing of your art, and care nothing for you. A house-dog lives better, and the very sensitiveness that stimulates an artist to work, keeps him alive to suffering.'

"I remained with Professor Morse three years, and then

we separated. Some time afterward I met him on Broadway, one day. He was about the same as before, a trifle older, and somewhat ruddier. I asked him how he was getting along with his painting, and he told me that he had abandoned it; that he had something better, he believed; and told me about the proposed telegraph. I accompanied him to his room, and there found several miles of wire twisted about, and the battery, which he explained to me. His pictures, finished and unfinished, were lying about covered with dust. Shortly afterward Congress made an appropriation, and Morse was on the high-road to wealth and immortality."

THE DARK HOUR BEFORE DAY

That was a trying day for Morse when the bill granting an appropriation to make a test of his great invention hung in the balance in the United States Senate.

In the gallery of the Senate Professor Morse had sat all the last day and evening of the session. At midnight the session would close. Assured by his friends that there was no possibility of the bill being reached, he left the Capitol and retired to his room at the hotel, dispirited, and wellnigh brokenhearted. As he came down to breakfast the next morning, a young lady entered, and, coming toward him with a smile, exclaimed:

"I have come to congratulate you!"

"For what, my dear friend?" asked the Professor, of the young lady, who was Miss Annie G. Ellsworth, daughter of his friend the Commissioner of Patents.

"On the passage of your bill."

The Professor assured her it was not possible, as he remained in the Senate-Chamber until nearly midnight, and it was not reached. She then informed him that her father was present until the close, and, in the last moments of the session, the bill was passed without debate or division. Professor

Morse was overcome by the intelligence, so joyful and unexpected, and gave at the moment to his young friend, the bearer of these good tidings, the promise that she should send the first message over the first line of telegraph that was opened.

THE MAID WHO WANTED TO BE SENT BY TELEGRAPH

The most amusing incidents are related in the early history of the electric telegraph. Many of the published incidents are undoubtedly fictitious, inventions of those who are fond of extracting amusement from the gravest events. Among those preserved by Professor Morse himself, and therefore worthy of being credited, is the following:

A pretty little girl tripped into the Washington City terminal, and, after a great deal of hesitation and blushing, asked how long it would "take to send to Baltimore?" The interesting appearance of the little questioner attracted Mr. Morse's attention, and he very blandly replied, "*One second.*"

"Oh, how delightful, how delightful!" ejaculated the little beauty, her eyes glistening with delight. "One second, only—here, send this even *quicker*, if you can." And Mr. Morse found in his hand a neatly-folded, gilt-edged note, the very perfume and shape of which told a volume of love.

"I cannot send this note," said Mr. Morse, with some feeling; "it is impossible."

"Oh, do, *do!*" implored the distracted girl; "William and I have had a quarrel, and I shall die if he don't know that I forgive him in a second—I know I shall."

Mr. Morse still objected to sending the note, when the fair one, brightening up, asked, "You will then send *me* on, won't you?"

"Perhaps," said one of the clerks, "it would take your breath away to travel forty miles in a second!"

"Oh, no, it won't—no, it won't, if it carries me to William! The cars in the morning go *so slow* I can't wait for them."

Mr. Morse now comprehended the mistake which the petitioner was laboring under, and attempted to explain the process of conveying important information along the wires. The letter-writer listened a few moments impatiently, and then rolled her burning epistle into a ball, in the excitement under which she labored, and thrust it into her bosom.

"It's too slow," she finally exclaimed, "it's too slow, and my heart will break before William knows I forgive him; and you are a cruel man, Mr. Morse," said the fair creature, the tears coming into her eyes, "that you won't let me travel by the telegraph to see William." And full of emotion she left the office, illustrating the truth of the poet's wish—

"Annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy."

BILL NYE

BEATING THE WIZARD AT HIS OWN GAME

WHEN Bill Nye, in collaboration with James Whitcomb Riley, was touring the country as a lecturer, he stopped at a well-known Chicago hostelry, one evening, and was escorted to a place in the big dining-room directly across the table from a dark gentleman with heavy, black mustachios, and a Mephistophelian goatee. Nye recognized his *vis-a-vis* as Hermann, the magician, but, beyond a quizzical stare, gave no sign that he knew the eminent prestidigitator. Hermann was very well aware that the bald man opposite him was Bill Nye, but did not indicate his recognition by word or manner. Hermann had, in fact, prepared a little surprise for the humorist, and several others seated at the table were in the secret.

Nye was about to lance a leaf from his salad, when he espied, lying beneath it, a superb and scintillant diamond, set in a very fine gold ring. Without showing the least surprise,

he lifted the ring from the salad bowl, slipped it on his finger, conscious all the while that every eye was upon him, and, turning to Riley, who sat next to him, remarked, with his dry, inimitable drawl:

"Strange, how careless I am getting to be in my old age, James. I am forever leaving my jewels in the most unlikely places."

Hermann was dumfounded at the sudden manner in which his trick had miscarried, but he was destined for a still greater shock; for, when the darky waiter who presided over the table brought on the next course, Nye turned to him and, soberly handing him the gem-set ring, said:

"You are a very good waiter, Joe."

"Yes, sah. I guess I is, sah."

"And you always will be a real good waiter, Joe?"

"Yes, sah. I'm boun' ter do ma best, sah."

"I believe you, Joe. I believe you; and, as an evidence of my faith in you, I want you to accept this little trifle. Wear it, and always remember the man who most appreciated your services."

The darky's eyes bulged. Hermann's fork rattled to the floor, and he tugged at his great mustachios, but was far too clever to cut in with an explanation at such an inopportune moment. There were half-suppressed titters all around the board during the rest of the meal, which the professor of occult art did not appear to enjoy. At a late hour that night, Hermann was heard in loud argument with the dusky recipient of the diamond ring, trying, in two languages, to convince him that it was all a joke on the part of Mr. Nye. Finally, after disbursing a tip of more than customary liberality, Hermann got back his ring. He afterwards avowed the stone alone was worth two thousand dollars, and that Bill Nye's nonchalant presentation of it to a grinning menial had spoiled a whole evening's performance in legerdemain.

WILLIAM OSLER

TAKING A PRESCRIPTION LITERALLY

DR. WILLIAM OSLER, formerly of Johns Hopkins, now regius professor of medicine at Oxford, was talking, during his recent Canadian tour, about the importance of precision in the writing of prescriptions.

"Wherever a sentence may have two meanings," said Dr. Osler, "rest assured that the wrong meaning will be taken. Hence, it is important in prescription writing and in directions to patients that the greatest clarity and precision be obtained.

"A young foreigner one day visited a physician and described a common malady that had befallen him.

" 'The thing for you to do,' the physician said, 'is to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning.'

" 'Write it down, doctor, so I won't forget it,' said the patient.

"Accordingly the physician wrote the directions down—namely, that the young man was to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning.

"The patient took his leave, and in a week he returned.

" 'Well, how are you feeling?' the physician asked.

" 'Worse, doctor, worse, if anything,' was the reply.

" 'Ahem. Did you follow my advice and drink hot water an hour before breakfast?'

" 'I did my best, sir,' said the young man, 'but I couldn't keep it up more'n ten minutes at a stretch.' "

ALTON BROOKS PARKER

RED-HAIRED PRESIDENTS

DURING the last Presidential campaign Judge Alton B. Parker was chatting with an auburn-haired visitor on his veranda at Rosemount. Naturally, the conversation turned

to the subject of red hair, which is a characteristic of the Parker family.

"When I was your age," said the Judge to his guest, "my hair was redder than yours,—it was fiery red, in fact, and, in consequence, my fighting instincts were over-developed while I was in school. In the country district where I learned my 'three R's,' it happened that I was the only red-haired youth. When I first attended school the boys had a good deal of fun shouting 'sorrel' and 'red-top.' It never failed to rouse my fighting blood, and I lived a strenuous life."

"But you wouldn't have changed the color of your hair, would you?" asked the visitor, blandly.

"No, indeed," said the Judge; "red hair is all right. My daughter has it, and my little grandson there is as red as he can be. They say it is a sign of a high temper, but it is also a sign of numerous excellent qualities."

"We've had two red-haired Presidents," said the visitor,—"Jefferson, and Jackson, and they were both Democrats."

"That's true," said the Judge, "and don't you think it's about time we had a third?"

THE JUDGE WAS FORGIVING

Judge Alton B. Parker, the Democratic candidate for President in the last election, is now busy practicing law in New York City. In the big skyscraper building on Nassau Street, where his offices are located, he is known to every one of the hundreds of tenants because of his very affable disposition. In his attitude toward human nature the Judge is a decided optimist. He invariably looks for the good qualities in a man rather than for the bad. Even when he personally is done a direct injury by somebody he is able to take an entirely impersonal view of the matter, and is quick to find excuses for the man. His mind does not seem capable of retaining, for any length of time, feelings of restraint.

"I remember once, when we were preparing for a reception at Rosemount to the prominent people of the community, that Mrs. Parker noticed on the invitation list the name of a certain man," said Arthur McCausland, the Judge's private secretary.

"'I hope you are not going to have that individual in the house,' she remarked, quickly, to the Judge: 'surely you havn't forgotten how he tried to injure you.'

"'Well, now, it did escape my memory when I was glancing over that list,' exclaimed Mr. Parker; 'but what of it? He doubtless thought he was right. Let him come, if he wants to.'

"'I simply couldn't be polite to him,' remarked Mrs. Parker.

"The matter worried the Judge. 'It would look pretty marked; it would seem as if I were harboring resentment, wouldn't it,' he said to me, 'if we didn't invite him?'

"I replied that I thought it would. 'Well,' he answered, 'I dislike that sort of thing. Send him an invitation. I know that, if he comes, Mrs. Parker will relent.'"

ROBERT E. PEARY

HOW HE BECAME AN ARCTIC EXPLORER

STURGIS B. RAND, in an instructive article in *McClure's Magazine*, recounts this story of how Peary came to be an Arctic explorer. He says:

"Up to the time of his return from Nicaragua, in 1885, the idea of Arctic exploration had never occurred to him. But the soil was now ripe and the seed was ready.

"'One evening,' he writes, 'in one of my favorite haunts, an old book-store in Washington, I came upon a fugitive paper on the Inland Ice of Greenland. A chord, which as a boy had vibrated intensely in me at the reading of Kane's wonderful book, was touched again. I read all I could upon the subject, noted the conflicting experiences of Nordenskjold, Jensen, and

the rest, and felt that I must see for myself what the truth was of this great mysterious interior.'

"At that time no one had ever attempted to explore the vast unknown interior of Greenland: no one knew whether Greenland was an island or a part of a great polar continent. Peary outlined a plan for an expedition in a paper read before the National Academy of Sciences, but it is characteristic of him that he should go forward on his own responsibility and execute his own plans. Having obtained a leave of absence from the Navy Department, he left for Greenland in May, 1886. Though the expedition was intended only as a preliminary reconnoissance, Peary succeeded in penetrating more than one hundred miles, for the first time reaching the real interior plateau of unchanging arctic snow. Indeed, no white man had ever before attained so great an elevation on the Greenland ice, and none had penetrated so far into the interior. This reconnoissance, though brief, for Peary was absent from Washington barely six months, added much to the world's knowledge, besides enabling Peary to outline practical plans for future explorations, with suggested routes for crossing Greenland.

"Peary was not, however, destined to follow out immediately his plans for further exploration. Indeed, he was to suffer the bitter regret of seeing his work forestalled, his plans carried out by another—for two years later Greenland was crossed for the first time by Nansen. Interest in the Nicaragua Canal having now revived, Peary devoted nearly two years as engineer in charge of the surveys, after which he was sent (in 1888) to superintend the building of the new dry dock at League Island Navy Yard in Philadelphia. In this year he married Miss Josephine Diebitsch, who was to exercise an important influence upon his future work. In all this time his projects for further arctic exploration employed every brief interval of leisure in his exacting navy work; he was

studying the questions of equipment and transportation, which really determine the success of every expedition.

"At last he was ready for a serious and extended expedition. Perhaps no man who ever sailed the polar seas was more thoroughly prepared in every respect. The first and most important of an arctic explorer's equipment is his own physical strength and health. In the very prime of life, Peary was as perfect physically as it is ever given to a man to be. Always a prodigious worker, no excesses had impaired his strength. The first time I saw him he reminded me strongly of the young Sioux braves of the Northwest. Standing more than six feet tall, he had the Indian swiftness, softness, and lightness of step; slender, he had the Indian bigness of chest and suggested 'wind,' and the leanness of flank of the Indian runner. Without giving an impression of special strength, he was all muscle and sinew, unencumbered by an ounce of superfluous weight. Peary had the typical grey eyes of the sure-shooting Western plainsman; a high, fine forehead, and a determined chin. He impressed me, and I find he impresses most people, as a man of few words, and these singularly well chosen. He knew just what he wanted, and went about getting it briskly. Peary has that rare possession of favored men of action, and apparently boundless reserve force. Dr. Frederick Cook, the surgeon of two of his expeditions, told me that Peary's endurance always seemed endless. The accounts of his expeditions contain many instances in which, after all the other men were completely exhausted and disheartened, the strength and nervous energy of their leader seemed to lift up and carry forward the whole burden of the work, to inspire and enliven the weary men and make impossibility possible. His spirit of indomitability, the capacity for effort beyond the strength and courage of other men, are the unmistakable qualities of the great leader; such a spirit is only piqued by danger. 'I think,' said a member of one of his parties, 'he loved to meet emergencies.'"

A STORY OF ARCTIC HEROISM

Mr. Rand tells a story which stirs the blood, of the heroic struggle which Peary made against almost insurmountable obstacles in 1895:

"From the very beginning, misfortunes followed one another thick and fast. A cache of all but indispensable pemmican, 1,400 pounds in all, could not be found, and, though its lack threatened starvation, still they went forward—three men, forty-two dogs, and five sledges. Lee fell ill, leaving all the work to the other men, besides delaying the march. Often, indeed, they dragged Lee on the sledges. The dogs fought, tangled the harness, and one went mad; they had to abandon one sledge after another, they ate raw frozen meat warmed a little in their tea. Presently the men were denying themselves, to make the walrus meat last for the dogs; then the dogs one after another were consumed. And still their faces were set toward the north. Five hundred miles from their home camp, with eleven all but useless dogs and a sick companion, their very life now depended on finding the musk-oxen which Peary had seen on the open shore three years previously, and on their ability when found to kill the quarry. Peary's story of that awful hunting trip is one of the most thrilling in all the annals of bold deeds. Thirty miles from the open country of Independence Bay, Lee, now unable to travel farther, was left in camp with a share of the remaining provisions. Peary and Henson, with one light sledge and the strongest dogs, rushed forward. The rocks of the open ground played havoc with the sledge, so that the men were often forced to help the dogs; their feet-covering was cut and worn; their food disappeared rapidly, and still no game. Suddenly Peary, who was in advance, beckoned Henson to bring the gun. Fastening the dogs to a stake, the negro crept up, quivering with excitement. Peary pointed silently to an arctic hare, but being overcome with hunger, he directed Henson to shoot. Henson was him-

self so weak that, though he lay down and took a dead rest, he missed; a second bullet killed the game. Henson ran back to get the lamp for cooking, but the hunger of the men could not be curbed; seizing the animal, they devoured it raw.

"Then they hunted again to the very verge of desperation, and when at last they suddenly saw a fine herd of musk-oxen they were too unnerved at first to fire. Then they rushed forward and began shooting half blindly. Peary says he could not see his sights, but felt his aim. They killed their prey.

"The finding of the musk-oxen saved them, but more terrible experiences were yet to come. Peary was set on going northward toward the Pole. He had reached a latitude of eighty-one degrees forty-seven minutes, ten miles farther north than he had gone before. Not many miles farther on, and he would have reached the farthest north. Had he secured the alcohol and pemmican of that last cache, he could have continued his journey safely and easily. He stood upon the brink of the rocks and looked down and out over the sea of ice before him. It was smooth and inviting; the dogs could have made fast time; perhaps the Pole itself might have been reached. For ten years he had struggled to reach the farthest north, and now, when he had almost achieved it, he was obliged to beat a retreat. Sadly he turned back, and began the grim, terrible march to the southward. They threw away their bedding, instruments, guns, ammunition, extra clothing, a prayer-book, the tent itself—in fact, everything that might impede them in their struggle for life. They even tore from their nautical almanac the three leaves containing the calculations then required, and discarded the remainder. They had started with forty-two dogs and five sledges; now they had one sledge and two dogs. For five days they subsisted on a few biscuits and a little tea. They killed one dog and ate him, giving the remaining dog a share. At length the last morsel of food was consumed, and the home camp was still twenty miles away.

"And they were constantly haunted by the terrible fear that the Eskimos might have played false, looted the camp, and left them to certain starvation. Two days of this starvation, and at last they arrived, three gaunt men, with a single emaciated dog creeping along a mile behind. To their unspeakable joy, the stores were intact.

"For days they lay and rested, scarcely able to move, sickened by the food they ate, bleeding at the nose, their legs swollen to twice their natural size. The dog gave himself up to eating and sleeping and to hiding food away. For weeks he buried everything that resembled food during his waking hours, as if remembering his terrible experiences, he had determined to cache a store of provisions that would last him for the rest of his days. There they remained, weak, miserable, all but hopeless, until the arrival of the relief party organized by the energy of Mrs. Peary, who had succeeded in interesting a number of wealthy men in her husband's work. Without the courageous assistance and constant encouragement of his wife, the explorer never could have accomplished what he has."

A WIFE'S DEVOTED HEROISM

Camillus Phillips told in *Success,* in May, 1902, a story of wifely devotion and heroism unsurpassed. It is the story of how, when Peary returned from his fearful experiences of 1895, he was sick—sick at heart, disappointed, discouraged. To the world that greeted him, he showed a front brave and unchanged. He spoke of his explorations; and, sometimes, he touched upon their dangers and their toils. But when he was alone with his wife, his voice turned sad, and his mein was downcast. To be a Polar explorer is usually to win or to die. He had neither won nor died. He was merely a beaten man. Day after day, when they were alone together, the wife heard, from lips that had never before syllabled a weakness, the dejected words:

"I am a failure!" She suffered, as he suffered. She tried the means which loving wives employ to reconcile a man to sore discomfiture. Diversion, amusement, consolation,—all failed. Days passed, with the friends about him ignorant of the blight that lay upon his soul; the nights came, and, with them, to the ears of the faithful wife there came the unchanging words in the unchanged, morbid tones:

"Josephine, I am a failure; a complete failure."

Sometimes he spoke of 'Ahnighito,' the immense meteorite that lay amid the Greenland snows. It seemed as if, in a half idle, half-yearning fashion, he might have wished that he could bring it to his country. If only he were the man he used to be, before the frozen hell of the cruel North chilled his life blood!

HIS WIFE'S COURAGE NERVED HIM TO FURTHER ACTION

The months went by; and the woman who loved the broken, hopeless man,—and who, alone, of all the world about him, knew his wretchedness,—resolved upon a great experiment. She consulted no physician; she experienced none of the loving apprehensions that go thronging to the hearts of women who set those they love afresh on dangerous quests. She only knew that the man whose fortunes she shared was changed from his former self; that all his future seemed to lay before him in drear and wasted years; and that, for him, life must be action, and achievement, or else it would be no life at all.

They were in Brooklyn, in May, 1897, when, looking into the eyes that seemed always to say to her those four disheartened words, she pressed her lips together with the firmness of a set purpose, smiled her old inspiring smile, and said:

"How would you like to bring back your big meteorite?"

For the first time since his return, Peary's eyes flashed in response; and his lips set in the line they wear when difficulties arise that must be conquered.

"I could do it!" he exclaimed. "Will you go with me?"

The answer rose, joyfully, from her very heart:

"I will."

"Then," said Peary, "I'll bring it!"

Thenceforward, he was a man transformed. Her divination, born of wifely love, was marvelous in its results. Peary forgot that he was a failure; he forgot his major ambition, the search for the North Pole; he remembered nothing except the fact that there was something left for him to accomplish. His former energy was completely at his command; his spirit flashed as of old, glowing and strong. Within two months, out of no resources, he had contrived to organize a party; he had secured the funds, and the brave ship *Hope* was on her northward way. On October 2, 1897, the navy department of the United States having put at the explorer's disposal the great crane of the New York navy yard, the meteorite was raised from the hold of the *Hope* and deposited upon the quay wall, the most magnificent contribution to the science of meteorology an American has given.

Medals were bestowed then, and many other honors. The Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain, and the Royal Scottish Society, found the conquerer of the hitherto unconquerable "Ahnighito" worthy of their highest awards. The world, that had seemed a thing apart from future struggles, offered praise and admiration; and Josephine, the wife, had by her side the husband as she knew him before, full of fresh hope, of new courage, and of plans for future deeds which should lead to final triumph.

HER ENTHUSIASTIC ZEAL STARTED THE ARCTIC CLUB

The Peary who was to attempt the greatest deed of his career was made in those encouraging days. The ambition to reach the North Pole—ever nascent, never born,—sprang into full being. His whole mind was taken up with this resolve.

EUGENE FIELD

EDWIN BOOTH

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

JOSEPH JEFFERSON

JOAQUIN MILLER

PHINEAS T. BARNUM

Again the means were lacking,—the means had always been lacking. He had given all that he possessed. She had given all that she owned. He consulted her; and, for a time, they lived like two people wrecked amid civilization, and planning for escape into frozen deserts. Meanwhile, a government that could appreciate a good man gave him a five-year leave to immolate himself upon the icy altar of science and the fiery throne of ambition. But the government which could spare the man would not spare the money,—and much money was needed for this final, great essay.

"Robert," she said to him, at length, "there is only one way. If we appeal to the scientific societies, the contributions will come dribbling. Before there is enough for your expedition, your leave will have expired. Let us do the rich men of our country the honor that belongs to them. Go to the millionaires, —to those Americans who, holding fortunes and loving splendid enterprises, will give a thousand, where others loan a dollar and grudge it as they loan it."

Her words were the germ of the Arctic Club, almost instantly organized, and comprising in its membership less than a score of wealthy men who undertook, with a fine magnanimity, to bear the expense of the polar expedition, and to ask no reward beyond the pleasure of aiding in a worthy cause. Preparations were made with the swift perfection which ample resources give. On July 3, 1898, in New York City, Peary and his wife parted. The midnight train bore him to Boston, and so on to Sidney, Cape Breton, whence he was to sail four days afterwards. Another midnight train took her to Washington.

They bade each other farewell as lovers say good-by who may not meet again. And yet they hoped they were to meet again, for she had promised to go to Payer Harbor, and greet him there, only two miles below Cape Sabine, where Greely's party battled against hunger until starvation stretched them on the snow,—skeletons, gaunt and stark. Neither of them knew

the terrible misunderstanding that they, in their haste, had caused. She believed she was to be at Payer Harbor in the year 1900. He believed she was to reach him there in 1899. That error meant that he, for one long, bitter year, was to carry on his mission, to fulfill his pledges to his patrons, to labor heart and soul against the unvanquished forces of Nature in her grimmest mood, while heart and soul within him should be torn with anxiety that would often be near despair. Meanwhile, how was it with her?

In July, 1900, the *Windward* sailed for Payer Harbor, bearing the faithful wife, and the provisions and supplies that were needed in the desert, empty North. A month elapsed. the harbor held the dead memories of the men whom cruel Greenland had claimed so long before, and the living woman, with her remembrance of the husband she so longed to see,—but he was missing.

Stanch of spirit, unfaltering in the fulfillment of his pledge, Peary was at Fort Conger, two hundred and fifty miles to the northward, killing musk-oxen, cacheing the meat, and carrying tea, sugar, pemmican, alcohol, and buscuit as close to the pole as lay within his power, in anticipation of the dash northward that he was to make in 1901. Once more his wife could only wait and hope.

SHE WAS LEFT ALONE IN COMMAND OF THE "WINDWARD"

She took complete charge of the *Windward* and its stores. The natives were attracted to her, and she traded with them, and gathered, in expectation of her husband's return, a huge store of ivory, sealskins, and walrus meat. When she found, among the weaklings of the Greenland "Highlanders," whom her husband had left behind him, some natives with sparks of daring in them, she hired them to make expeditions to Fort Conger, on the chance that some of them might reach him. But the snows were deep, and the natives were liars. They

took her gifts and returned, saying that no traveler could make the awful journey. There was a fireman on the *Windward*—a Newfoundlander named Billy,—who had implored her to let him try his hand at the exploration. At length, she let him go, with three natives and three sledges, while she waited, trading and watching, watching and trading. Days went by, and weeks wore on, yet no longed-for word came of him.

On the night of the fifth of May, 1901, with the old anguish of anxiety upon her mind, she lay down on her couch to sleep, in the cabin of the *Windward,* as she had lain down to sleep nine years before in the cabin of the *Kite,* anchored in McCormick Bay. Sleep came to her, and dreams; and the hours flitted by until, had she been at her home in Washington, the accurate observatory would have fixed the time at three o'clock. Near her, in an adjoining cabin, slept her maid, Martha, and the ship's cook, Charley, who was Martha's husband.

Crash! came the thud of heels on the deck above her. She was awake and up, in a flash of joyous recollection.

"Charley! Charley!" she called; "open the door,—Mr. Peary wants to come in!"

"Ma'am!" exclaimed the man, half dazed with sleep and astonishment, and believing she had gone mad in her anxiety in watching for her husband.

"Open it,—open it, I say!" she reiterated; "Mr. Peary is there, waiting for me!"

Before his clinched hand could strike the panels of the cabin door, it swung ajar and Peary felt around his neck the arms of his delighted wife. He had met Billy, the Newfoundlander, amid the waste of snows, and had hurried southward to give his wife a glad surprise. But even he, mere man that he was, could not know that, waking or sleeping, a loving woman's heart answers to the echo of a loved one's tread more swiftly than feet can run, or voice carry, or thought pass from eye to mind.

WENDELL PHILLIPS

A REFORMER'S BIRTH

IT was the day of the Broadcloth mob in Boston—

While seated by his study-window in Court Street, the young Boston lawyer, glancing up from the pages of his book, and out into the thoroughfare, caught sight of an assembling crowd of people. Men were hurrying toward the City Hall as fast as their feet could carry them; children were shouting at the top of their voices; and occasionally a woman would turn back, such was her curiosity. What did it signify?

His own curiosity prompted him to forsake his book, and to go out into the street. With hurried strides he wended his way towards the City Hall. There he saw a thousand men, clad in broadcloth and all the other paraphernalia of respectability, dragging a man with a rope around his waist.

"Who is that man?" he inquried.

"William Lloyd Garrison," was the reply of a bystander.

At once he looked upon the proceeding with indignation, and discerned a violation of the central right of the Saxon's idea of liberty.

He saw the Mayor entreating the crowd to maintain order and the peace; but, from the lips of that cowered official, he heard no command of authority. The young lawyer was also a military gentleman, and held a commission in a Suffolk Regiment. The Colonel of that Regiment happened to be standing near him.

"Colonel," said the young officer, "why not call out the guards? Let us offer our services to the Mayor."

In ten words the wiser officer taught his young friend more of the government of the United States than nine years' study had taught him.

"You fool!" cried the latter, pointing to the crowd before him, "don't you see that the Regiment is in front of you?"

True to the proverb, that "the blood of the martyrs is the seat of the church," this spectacle of shameless outrage committed against a single, defenceless man, whose only crime was that he had dared to speak out the unvoiced wrongs of the poorest and most abject of beings in the form of man, went home to the heart of Phillips, and stirred his Puritanic blood to the very finger tips.

HOW HE FOUND HIS WIFE

It was while young Phillips was still a member of the Harvard Law School that he first became acquainted with Miss Anna Terry Greene. It was a sort of chance meeting, the outcome of which is best told in the heroine's own words:

"It was in old stage-coach days," she once explained. "I, with other girls, was booked for Greenfield, Mass. Wendell Phillips and Charles Sumner agreed to go also. Sumner broke his engagement: Mr. Phillips went. I talked abolition to him all the way up,—all the time there. He listened, came again, and it sealed his fate."

In October, 1837, Mr. Phillips was married to Miss Greene, but not until she had succeeded in fully converting him to the cause of anti-slavery.

AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE OF THE LECTURE PLATFORM

In the fall of 1859, Wendell Phillips was announced to deliver a literary lecture in the Park Baptist Church, Port Richmond, Staten Island. The political feeling of the time was so bitter that even though the lecture was on a literary subject, a riot was feared. George William Curtis, the Chairman of the Lecture Committee, as well as Phillips, were threatened with vile treatment. Mr. Hamilton Wilcox relates the story of the evening. He says: "Before the lecture, in the early evening, a number of the friends of Phillips posted themselves at the church gate. There were no gas lamps in the street

then, and the light was dim. Nearly every man who entered expected a bloody riot, and was well armed. By eight o'clock a large and excited assemblage occupied the road and sidewalk, loudly objecting to Phillips' speaking; though his subject was not politics. Prominent near the gate was a Virginian named J. M. C. Loud. This worthy was forward in denouncing Phillips as 'an enemy to the Union.' When a lady drove up, Victor LeGal of West Brighton, followed by several roughs, rushed to her carriage-door, and said, 'I advise you, madam, not to go in; there is going to be trouble.'

"'What trouble, sir?' said she calmly.

"'Two hundred of us,' said LeGal, 'have decided to tear this man from the desk, and plant him in the Jersey marshes.'

"The lady looked him steadily in the face, and replied,—

"'I don't think that will be allowed, sir.'

"'Well,' said LeGal, 'if you know you have force enough to prevent it, go ahead!'

"'I do not say any such thing,' answered the lady; 'but this is not a political meeting. I have come to hear a literary lecture, and I think there will be decent men enough here to check any disturbance.'

"The intrepidity of this heroic woman abashed the crowd, and, without doubt, discouraged them from attempting to storm the church in which the lecture was delivered. It was afterward learned that LeGal spoke the real purpose of the leaders of the gang, who meant to row Mr. Phillips to a salt marsh whence he could not escape, and leave him there, to be drowned by the rising tide ere daybreak.

"Mr. Phillips left his carriage at some distance from the church-door, and, wrapped in his cloak, went forward on foot. In the dim light he passed unnoticed through the multitude; but, just as he reached the gate, a rough, who had doubtless helped to disturb anti-slavery meetings in New York, recognized him. Grasping his shoulder, the fellow shouted:

"'Let me introduce you to Wendell Phillips!'

"The ruffian was instantly dragged off, and Mr. Phillips entered unharmed.

"Mr. Curtis, who evidently apprehended trouble (the narrator continues), took the platform, and introduced Mr. Phillips, who proceeded to deliver his address.

"Voices from the street cried, 'Fetch him out! Fetch him out!' The janitor and his aid closed and fastened the outer door, and Mr. Phillips proceeded with his lecture. Some member of the mob outside took a ladder to a window on the south side of the church, and, climbing up, pulled the blind open. Some one inside at once jerked it back, and fastened it shut. This made a loud noise for several minutes. The assembly all looked round, but sat still. Mr. Phillips stopped, and stood watching the matter, till the noise ceased, and then went on with perfect self-possession.

"When the lecture ended,—which it did earlier than the rowdies expected,—the speaker, instead of waiting to be spoken to by his hearers as usual, stepped at once to the pew where Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Curtis sat, and, giving an arm to each, joined the stream of people moving out, being about midway of the line. In the midst of the outgoing congregation he passed unnoticed through the mob, and walked away. When all the audience had passed out, Mr. Shaw in a hurried manner rushed forth, and sprang into his carriage, which was driven quickly off. A rabble pursued it, yelling, cursing, and throwing stones; but, when they had gone some distance, a friend of the speaker shouted, 'You're too late! He's not in there!' Mortified and discouraged, the mob stopped the chase, and dispersed."

PHILLIPS IN TREMONT TEMPLE

Lydia Maria Child relates this interesting story of an anti-slavery meeting in Tremont Temple, Boston:

"I went very early in the morning, and entered the Tremont Temple by a private labyrinthine passage. There I found a company of young men, a portion of the self-constituted body-guard of Mr. Phillips. They looked calm, but resolute and stern. I knew they were all armed, as well as hundreds of others; but their weapons were not visible. The women friends came in gradually by the same private passage. It was a solemn gathering, I assure you; for though there was a pledge not to use weapons unless Mr. Phillips or some other anti-slavery speaker was personally in danger, still nobody could foresee what might happen. The meeting opened very well.

"The anti-slavery sentiment was there in strong force, but soon the mob began to yell from the galleries. They came tumbling in by hundreds. The papers will tell you of their goings on. Such yelling, screeching, stamping, and bellowing I never heard.

"Mr. Phillips stood on the front of the platform for a full hour, trying to be heard whenever the storm lulled a little. They cried, 'Throw him out!' 'Throw a brick-bat at him!' 'Your house is a-fire: don't you know your house is a-fire? Go put out your house.' Then they'd sing, with various bellowing and shrieking accompaniments. 'Tell John Andrew, tell John Andrew, John Brown's dead!' I should think there were four or five hundred of them. At one time they all rose up, many of them clattered down-stairs, and there was a surging forward toward the platform. My heart beat so fast I could hear it; for I did not then know how Mr. Phillips' armed friends were stationed at every door, and in the middle of every aisle. They formed a firm wall, which the mob could not pass. At last it was announced that the police were coming. I saw and heard nothing of them, but there was a lull. Mr. Phillips tried to speak, but his voice was again drowned. Then, by a clever stroke of management, he stooped forward, and addressed

his speech to the reporters stationed directly below him. This tantalized the mob; and they began to call out, 'Speak louder! we want to hear what you're saying;' whereupon he raised his voice, and for half an hour he seemed to hold them in the hollow of his hand. But, as soon as he sat down, they began to yell and sing again, to prevent any more speaking.

WENDELL PHILLIPS AND JEFFERSON DAVIS' NIECE

One day during the war Mr. Phillips spoke before the Lyceum at Gloucester, Massachusetts, and, returning home by the cars the next morning, fell in with a lady who got upon the train at a way station. She was a Southern refugee, who had been suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty, and was supporting herself and her fatherless children by giving an occasional lecture before a country audience. It was a struggle; for the field was full, and she was almost unknown and friendless: but with a brave heart she worked on, never asking a dollar of aid from any society or individual. Mr. Phillips saw her get upon the car, and asked her to take a seat beside him. It was a winter day; and she was thinly clad, shivering from the exposure of a long ride in the open air of the cold morning. Observing this, Mr. Phillips asked,—

"Where did you speak last night?"

She told him it was at a town about ten miles distant from the railway.

"And—I wouldn't be impertinent—how much did they pay you?"

"Five dollars, and the fare to and from Boston."

"Five dollars!" he exclaimed; "why, I always get fifty or a hundred: and your lecture must be worth more than mine,—you can give them facts, I only opinions."

"Small as it is, I am very glad to get it, Mr. Phillips," answered the lady. "I would talk at that rate every night during the winter."

He sat for a moment in silence: then he put his hand into his pocket, drew out a roll of bank-notes, and said, in a hesitating way,—

"I don't want to give offence, but you know I preach that a woman is entitled to the same as a man if she does the same work. Now, my price is fifty or a hundred dollars; and, if you will let me divide it with you, I shall not have had any more than you, and the thing will be even."

The lady at first refused; but, after a little gentle urging, she put the bank-notes into her purse. At the end of her journey, she counted the roll, and found it contained fifty dollars,—every dollar that he had received for his lecture at Gloucester. It may add a point to this simple incident to say (what is the truth) that the lady was a niece of Jefferson Davis.

THOMAS C. PLATT

"KEPT QUIET AND MADE PILLS"

SENATOR THOMAS C. PLATT, of New York, began life as a druggist in the town of Owego, Tioga County, and has never forgotten his experience in pill-making. After the election in 1902, a young Republican candidate for the Assembly whom Platt had put forward for personal reasons, and who was carried away on the Democratic tidal wave which swept over New York City, called on the Senator and said: "It's all up with me. I can never appear in politics again. I am ashamed to show my face in my district after that beating."

"Young man," replied the Senator, "don't you think I am very much in politics to-day? Well, just twenty-two years ago, when I resigned from the United States Senate with Conkling, I was ridiculed as 'me too,' from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and, when the legislature refused to return us to the

Senate, everybody thought that I would never dare to reappear in politics. But I just went back to Owego, kept quiet, and made pills."

After a pause, the Senator added, thoughtfully: "For fifteen years I worked day and night making pills for my enemies, and, somehow, they all died off, and I found myself back in the Senate and in complete control of the organization in this State. Don't be discouraged by your first setback, young man. Turn in and make pills."

THE PRINCIPLE OF PROTECTION

When the last tariff squabble was on a number of importers called on Senator Platt at his office in New York to protest against the proposed increased duties on Oriental rugs. "It will kill the rug business," said the spokesman. "The duty is too high now, and if it is increased to this absurd figure we cannot import rugs and sell them. Why should the duty be increased?"

"Well," replied the Senator, "some of our fellows make rugs up in Amsterdam. They want the duty set higher. That's the principle of protection, you know."

"But, my dear Senator," protested the rug man, "don't you see that with rugs costing us so much to import there will be no chance to get rid of them?"

"Is that a calamity?" inquired Senator Platt. "Why can't we make Oriental rugs in New York? Our fellows up in Amsterdam say they can make them just as good there as anywhere else."

Then the importers entered on a long argument to show the Senator that the making of Oriental rugs is an art cultivated for centuries and that the workmen, the local conditions and the atmosphere are not to be found in New York. "Indeed," the argument concluded, "we can no more produce Oriental rugs in New York than we can produce Titians."

"Oh, well," said the Senator, "none of our fellows are making Titians now, and I'll be glad to help you about those."

POCAHONTAS

HOW SHE SAVED CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

IN one of his attempts to penetrate to the source of the Chickahominy River, Captain John Smith was captured by Opechancanough, brother of the great chief Powhatan. He had made a brave fight, himself killing three of his assailants and wounding several others. While attempting to reach his canoe, he sank, with his buckler on his arm, up to his waist in a bog. The savages dared not approach him, till, benumbed with cold, he threw away his arms and shield in token of surrender. They extricated him from the morass, carried him to their bivouac, and attempted to restore the circulation of his frozen blood by vigorous friction.

Smith, without condescending to beg for his life, requested to speak with the chief. Upon being presented to Opechancanough, he drew from his pocket a portable ivory compass, which he used to guide his course through the woods. He called the chief's attention to the restless play of the needle, at the same time attempting an explanation of the wonderful purpose it was made to serve. In his own account of the interview, he states that he went on to expound the mysteries of astronomy, the alternations of the seasons and the revolution of the earth, "and how the sunne did chase the night about the world continually;" but those who are aware how difficult it is to comprehend these abstruse matters, and to obtain an adequate conception of the Copernican system, even with the aid of diagrams and an orrery, will probably conclude that Smith entirely overrated his skill in pantomime. But, at any rate, the interesting little dial, which was doubtless taken for a god or a medicine, saved him from the immediate death to

which he was doomed, and he was taken in procession to the village of Orapax. Here the warriors performed a hideous war dance around him, to the delight of the assembled squaws and pappooses. He was then plied so bountifully with excellent fare, that he imagined that he was to be fattened for the table—a calumnious supposition, by the way, as the Indians of North America have always been free from the disgusting practice of cannibalism.

Some time after this, Smith was taken to Werowocomoco, the residence of Powhatan, the great chief. He was detained for a time, that the emperor might receive him with becoming ceremony. He was at last introduced into a wigwam of unusual size, in the centre of which was a blazing fire. At one end, upon a rude throne, sat Powhatan, a man of noble stature and of majestic, though severe demeanor. He was dressed in raccoon skins, "the tayles all hanging by." On one side of him was his daughter, Matachanna, on the other his younger and favorite daughter, Matoaka, the "Snow-feather" destined in the coming hour to render herself immortal, under the beautiful bu assumed name of Pocahontas. Against each wall of the wigwam sat a row of women, their faces and shoulders painted red, their hair adorned with the white down of birds, and their necks ornamented with beads.

The queen of Apamatuck brought the guest water with which to wash his hands, and another lady of rank a bunch of feathers with which to dry them. A consultation was then held, at the end of which two large stones were laid before Powhatan. Smith was dragged to the altar thus improvised, and his head placed upon the stones. Some half dozen savages raised their clubs in the air, waiting for Powhatan's signal to beat out the helpless captive's brains. Pocahontas for a moment stayed her father's purpose by her tears and entreaties; but finding all intercession unavailing, she sprang forward, kneeled over Smith's prostrate form, clasped his

head in her arms, and placing her own upon it seemed determined to share his fate. This heroic and generous act touched the hearts of Powhatan and the executioners; the great chief yielded to the solicitations of his daughter, and set the sentence of death aside, resolving to employ Smith as an artisan, to make hatchets, bows and arrows for himself, and bells and beads for Pocahontas.

A FRIENDLY DEED

Some time after the sparing of Captain John Smith because of the daring and romantic conduct of Pocahontas, Powhatan had resolved to fall upon the English, and had made such formidable preparations as would have secured him an easy triumph, had not his intentions been divulged by his daughter. The historian thus records the incident:

"For Pocahontas, his dearest jewel, in that dark night came through the irksome woods and told our Captain great cheer should be sent us by and by; but Powhatan and all the power he could make, would after come kill us all, if they that brought it could not kill us with our own weapons when we were at supper. Therefore, if we would live, she wished us presently to be gone. Such things as she delighted in the Captain would have given her; but, with the tears running down her cheeks, she said she durst not be seen to have any; for if Powhatan should know it, she were but dead, and so she ran away by herself as she came."

THE CAPTURE OF POCAHONTAS

As Pocahontas approached womanhood the English determined upon her capture as a hostage with which to treat with Powhatan who was making the Colonists trouble. At first the Indian princess was greatly troubled, but dried her eyes upon the reflection that the English, to whom she had rendered such signal services, could not treat her with inhumanity. The

vessel sailed down the river to Jamestown, which the princess had not seen since Smith's departure. On their arrival a message was dispatched to Powhatan, to the effect "that his daughter Pocahontas he loved so dearly, he must ransom with the English men, swords, pieces, tooles, he treacherously had stolen." Though the venerable sachem is said to have been much troubled at his daughter's captivity, he was still so deeply offended at the undiplomatic language in which the demand was couched, that he sent no answer for the space of three months. At the end of that time, he liberated seven Englishmen, with as many rusty, disabled fire-locks, one axe, one saw, and one canoe laden with corn. He further offered to make peace and give a bonus of five hundred baskets of corn, if his daughter were restored. He could return no more muskets, however, as they were all mislaid; and he could not compel the whites who remained with him to return, free volunteers as they were in his service. The colonists were not deceived by this transparent ruse, and sent back word that they would release Pocahontas when all the arms and captives were restored, and not before. The stern warrior gave himself no further uneasiness about his daughter, tranquilly abandoning her to her fate, and retaining his prisoners and his muskets. Thus nearly a year passed away. The time need not be supposed to have hung heavily upon the captive princess' hands, for subsequent developments show her to have been engaged in the "very pleasant and diverting pastime of love-making with a worthy young Englishman, John Rolfe by name."

THE ROMANTIC MARRIAGE OF POCAHONTAS

Lossing, the historian, gives this remarkably pictorial and eloquent account of the marriage of Pocahontas:

"It was a day in charming April, in 1613, when Rolfe and Pocahontas stood at the marriage altar in the new and pretty chapel at Jamestown. The sun had marched half way up to-

ward the meridian, when a goodly company had assembled beneath the temple roof. The pleasant odor of the 'pews of cedar' commingled with the fragrance of the wild flowers which decked the festoons of evergreens and sprays that hung over the 'fair, broad windows,' and the commandment tablets above the chancel. Over the pulpit of black-walnut hung garlands of white flowers, with the waxen leaves and scarlet berries of the holly. The communion table was covered with fair white linen, and bore bread from the wheat fields of Jamestown, and wine from its luscious grapes. The font, 'hewn hollow between, like a canoe,' sparkled with water, as on the morning when the gentle princess uttered her baptismal vows.

"Of all that company assembled in the broad space between the chancel and the pews, the bride and groom were the central figures in fact and significance. Pocahontas was dressed in a simple tunic of white muslin, from the looms of Dacca. Her arms were bare even to the shoulders; and, hanging loosely towards her feet, was a robe of rich stuff, presented by Sir Thomas Dale, and fancifully embroidered by herself and her maidens. A gaudy fillet encircled her head, and held the plumage of birds and a veil of gauze, while her limbs were adorned with the simple jewelry of the native workshops. Rolfe was attired in the gay clothing of an English cavalier of that period, and upon his thigh he wore the short sword of a gentleman of distinction in society. He was the personification of manly beauty in form and carriage; she of womanly modesty and lovely simplicity; and as they came and stood before the man of God, history dipped her pen in the indestructible fountain of truth, and recorded a phophecy of mighty empires in the New World. Upon the chancel steps, where no railing interfered, the good Whitaker stood in his sacerdotal robes, and, with impressive voice, pronounced the marriage ritual of the liturgy of the Anglican Church, then first planted on the Western Continent. On his right, in a richly carved

chair of state, brought from England, sat the Governor, with his ever-attendant halberdiers, with brazen hemlets, at his back.

"All then at Jamestown were at the marriage. The letters of the time have transmitted to us the names of some of them. Mistress John Rolfe, with her child—doubtless of the family of the bridegroom—Mistress Easton and child, and Mistress Horton and grandchild, with her maid servant, Elizabeth Parsons, who, on a Christmas eve before, had married Thomas Powell, were yet in Virginia. Among the noted men then present was Sir Thomas Gates, a brave soldier in many wars, and as brave an adventurer among the Atlantic perils as any who ever trusted to the ribs of oak of the ships of Old England. And Master Sparkes, who had been co-embassador with Rolfe in the court of Powhatan, stood near the old soldier with young Henry Spilman at his side. There, too, was the young George Percy, brother of the powerful Duke of Northumberland, whose conduct was always as noble as his blood; and near him, an earnest spectator of the scene was the elder brother of Pocahontas, but not the destined successor to the throne of his father. There, too, was a younger brother of the bride, and many youths and maidens from the forest shades; but one noble figure—the pride of the Powhatan confederacy—the father of the bride, was absent. He had consented to the marriage with willing voice, but would not trust himself within the power of the English, at Jamestown. He remained in his habitation at Werowocomoco, while the Rose and the Totum were being wedded, but cheerfully commissioned his brother, Opachisco, to give away his daughter. That prince performed his duty well, and then, in careless gravity, he sat and listened to the voice of the Apostle, and the sweet chanting of the little choristers. The music ceased, the benediction fell, the solemn 'Amen' echoed from the rude vaulted roof, and the joyous company left the chapel for the

festive hall of the Governor. Thus, "the peace was made stronger, and the Rose of England lay undisturbed upon the Hatchet of the Powhatans, while the father of Pocahontas lived."

POCAHONTAS AT THE ENGLISH COURT

Three years after her marriage, Pocahontas, with her infant son, Thomas Rolfe, accompanied her husband and Sir Thomas Dale to England, where they arrived on the 16th of June, 1616. King James was offended with Rolfe for his presumption in marrying a daughter of a King—a piece of affection for which His Majesty has been styled by a Virginian historian, "An annointed pedant." Captain John Smith was at this time in London, preparing for a voyage to New England; he, however, delayed his departure for the purpose of serving Pocahontas. He drew up a memorial to "the most high and virtuous Princess, Queen Anne," from which we select the following extract:

"Some ten years ago, being in Virginia, and taken prisoner by the power of Powhatan, their chief King, I received from this great savage exceeding great courtesy, especially from his son Nantaquaus, the most manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit I ever saw in a savage, and his sister, Pocahontas, the King's most dear and well-beloved daughter, being but a child of twelve or thirteen years of age, whose compassionate, pitiful heart of my desperate estate, gave me much cause to respect her. After some weeks fatting amongst these savage courtiers at the minute of my execution, she hazarded the beating out of her own brains to save mine, and not only that, but so prevailed with her father that I was safely conducted to Jamestown.

"Such was the weakness of this poor commonwealth, as, had the savages not fed us, we directly had starved. And this relief, most gracious queen, was commonly brought us by this

Lady Pocahontas; notwithstanding all those passages when inconstant Fortune turned our peace to war, this tender virgin still would not spare to come to visit us, and by her our jars have been oft appeased, and our wants still supplied. Were it the policy of her father thus to employ her, or the ordinance of God thus to make her his instrument, or her extraordinary affection to our nation, I know not; but of this I am sure, when her father, with the utmost of his policy and power, sought to surprise me, having but eighteen with me, the dark night could not affright her from coming through the irksome woods, and with watered eyes, give me intelligence, with her best advice, to escape his fury; which, had he known, he had surely slain her. James Town, with her wild train, she as freely frequented as her father's habitation; and during the time of two or three years, she next, under God, was still the instrument to preserve this colony from death, famine and utter confusion, which, if these times had once been dissolved, Virginia might have lain as it was on our arrival to this day.

"Since then, this business having been turned and carried by many accidents from that I left it at, it is most certain after a long and troublesome war, after my departure, betwixt her father and our colony, all which time she was not heard of, about two years after she herself was taken prisoner, being so detained near two years longer; the colony was by that means relieved, peace concluded, and at last, rejecting her barbarous condition, was married to an English gentleman, with whom at present, she is in England; the first Christian ever of that nation, the first Virginian ever spoke English, or had a child in marriage by an Englishman, a matter surely, if my meaning be truly considered and well understood, worthy a Princess' understanding."

Thus recommended, Pocahontas gained the friendship and esteem of the King and Queen, and her acquaintance was eagerly sought by persons of the highest rank, many of whom

declared "they had seen English ladies worse favored, proportioned and behaviored." She was known as the Lady Rebecca. Her portrait was taken at this period, and represented her in the fashionable English costume of the day. The following inscription was appended to it: Matoaka, als Rebecca, Filia Potentiss: Princ: Powhatani Imp: Virginae. Matoaka, als Rebecca, Daughter to the Mighty Prince Powhatan, Emperour of Attanoughkomouck, als Virginia, Converted and Baptized in the Christian Faith, and Wife of the Worshipful Mr. John Rolfe. Aetatis suæ 21 A.D. 1616.

POCAHONTAS' LAST INTERVIEW WITH CAPT. JOHN SMITH

Before his departure from England, Smith paid a visit to Pocahontas at Brentford, whither she had retired with her husband, to escape the smoke and din of the great city.

She had been told, though with what design we are not informed, that he was long since dead, and when he was suddenly introduced into her presence, she was so overwhelmed with joy at his restoration, and with resentment at the imposition, that she turned away and buried her face in her hands. She remained silent for three hours, being left to herself to recover her equanimity. Smith was somewhat annoyed at this result of her emotion, "repenting himself to have writ that she could speak English." She finally yielded to entreaty and conversed freely with Smith and other guests. She thus addressed the Captain: "You promised my father that whatever was yours should be his, and that you and he would be all one. Being a stranger in our country, you called Powhatan father; and I for the same reason will now call you so." But Smith represented to her how jealous the King and court were of any undue assumption of royal or noble state in those who were of plebeian descent and urged, in combating her proposition, that if his majesty had been offended with her husband for having married one of royal birth, how much more so would he be likely

to be if a lady of royal birth were to bestow the title of father upon an adventurer like himself. But Pocahontas could not understand his reasoning, and continued in a loftier tone: "You were not afraid to come into my father's country, and cause fear in him and all his people but me, and are you here afraid to let me call you father? I tell you then I will call you father, and you shall call me child; and so I will forever be of your kindred and country."

JOSIAH QUINCY

A NOBLE TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER

JOSIAH QUINCY pays this remarkable tribute to his mother. Speaking of their life together, he says:

"In the society of my mother the natural affections of a son were strengthened by the cultivated affection of a friend. We lived together for about seven years, with a mutual confidence and respect of which there are few parallels, and could be none superior. Our interest in each other was complete. I had no thought which I could not confide to her. I had no wish she did not gratify. The bonds which united us, in feelings and opinions, were the purest and the strongest human nature is capable of maintaining. Her temper was amiable, and full of vivacity,—the delight of the social circle,—and I can conceive of nothing stronger than the mutual love and respect which bound us together. Of a long life, the whole of which has been singularly happy, I can recall no happier portion than the period that I thus passed with my mother. I had every source of rational enjoyment for the present. I had no cause of apprehension for the future. I cannot express too strongly my sense of the wisdom, and of the kindness, with which she conducted her intercourse with me, and I attribute such success as I have had in life to the principles and spirit which she early infused into me by her advice and example."

A HASTY AND HAPPY COURTSHIP

Edmund Quincy, in his biography of his father, has this brief account of his courtship:

"Miss Morton, at the time of her first visit to Boston, was about twenty years old, not handsome, but with an intelligent face and pleasing person, with very winning manners and most agreeable powers of conversation. My father's fate was decided at their first interview. In a week from the day that he first met her and learned the fact of her existence, he was engaged to be married to her! It is proper to say, however, that he did not commend the abstract prudence of his conduct in this particular, fortunate as its results happened to be, or advise his sons, or any ingenuous youth who might seek his counsel, to imitate the precipitate energy of his example. But I have no doubt that my readers would rather have his own account than mine of this interesting passage of his life."

A POLITICIAN'S TRICK

Josiah Quincy's son tells this story of the political life of his father's time:

"My father used to tell this characteristic story of Matthew Lyon's method of managing his constituents: In those days of few newspapers and tedious postal communication, it was the custom of the members from the remoter and more thinly settled sections of the country to write political letters to their constituents, giving an account of what is now called 'the situation,' which were printed and distributed under their frank. One day my father asked Lyon how he avoided offending those of his constituents to whom he neglected to send his political missives, as it was quite impossible that he should remember them all. 'I manage it in this way,' he replied. 'When I am canvassing my district, and I come across a man who looks distantly and coldly at me, I go up cordially to him and say, 'My dear friend, you got my printed letter last session, of

course?' 'No, sir,' replies the man with offended dignity, 'I got no such thing.' 'No!' I cry out in a passion. 'No!! *Confound that post-office!*' Then I make a memorandum of the man's name and address, and when I get back to Washington I write him an autograph letter, and all is put to rights."

A SPECIMEN OF REVOLUTIONARY WIT

There is an interesting story recorded in Josiah Quincy's diary which recalls a bright flash of Revolutionary wit. He writes:

"President Adams came to town to view the 'Declaration of Independence,' by Colonel Trumbull, now exhibiting at Faneuil Hall. President Adams, Trumbull, Professor Farrar, William S. Shaw, dined with me. Colonel Trumbull said, that every portrait in his picture was taken from a real sitting of the individual, or from some existing picture of him, except that of Benjamin Harrison, which was only from general description, received from his son, the recently distinguished General Harrison. Adams said, that the portrait bore a general resemblance, but was not sufficiently corpulent. He well remembered, that, when engaged in signing the Declaration of Independence, a side conversation took place between Harrison, who was remarkably corpulent, and Elbridge Gerry, who was remarkably the reverse. 'Ah, Gerry,' said Harrison, 'I shall have an advantage over you in this act.' 'How so?' said Gerry. 'Why,' replied Harrison, 'when we come to be hung for this treason, I am so heavy, I shall plump down upon the rope and be dead in an instant; but you are so light, that you will be dangling and kicking about for an hour in the air.'"

LAFAYETTE AND MRS. HANCOCK

In 1824, when Quincy was Mayor of Boston, he was riding in the parade in a carriage with Lafayette. "As he was passing through the streets," says Quincy's son, "that morning,

in the midst of all the tumult of welcome, Lafayette remembered his old friend, and said to my father, 'Pray tell me, is the widow of John Hancock still alive?' 'O yes,' was the answer, 'and I have no doubt that we shall see her at one of the windows as we pass by.' 'If you see her, have the goodness to let me know it,' replied Lafayette. As they were passing along what is now Tremont Street, fronting the Common, my father espied the venerable dame seated in an honorable post of observation on a balcony overlooking the scene. 'There is Hancock's widow, General,' said he. 'Tell the coachman,' said the General, 'to draw up opposite the place.' This being done, Lafayette rose and saluted her with a profound bow, which she returned by as profound a curtsey, the crowd cheering the pair with great enthusiasm. And hers was the first private house he entered in Boston."

THOMAS BRACKETT REED

A SOUVENIR HUNTER

MR. ALLEN, who was elected to fill the vacancy in the House caused by the retirement of Thomas B. Reed, states that Reed greatly disliked to be approached by autograph seekers and souvenir "fiends." In this connection he tells of an amusing instance in which Reed turned the tables on a particularly offensive specimen.

It appears that one day at the close of the session Reed was much put out to discover that some one had taken his hat, leaving instead a battered tile much too small for him. But Mr. Reed put the old hat on, and so was not in the best of humor when he left the Capitol.

Just as he was leaving the grounds, a finely dressed individual rushed up to Reed, and grasping his hand and shook it effusively, exclaiming: "I am sure that this is the famous

Thomas B. Reed! Although a stranger in Washington, I recognized you at once!"

With a frigid bow, Reed sought to escape; but unavailingly. The stranger was not to be squelched. "Ah!" cried he exultingly, "you're not going to get away so easily! You must give me some souvenir of our meeting."

"Why, certainly, my dear sir," instantly responded Reed, who had been observing the beauty of the silk hat worn by the stranger, "we'll exchange hats." And suiting the words to the action, the man from Maine quickly effected the transfer, bowed politely to the souvenir hunter, and was off before the latter could realize what had occurred.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS

A friend once said to Reed:

"You are well experienced in this world's affairs, what do you take to be the object of life? Money?"

"No."

"Individual happiness?"

"Not wholly. Right action. A man should take a part in the affairs of his fellow men and live up to the dictates of his conscience in acting. He should be of some use. If he has desires, all the better. A desire for anything that will help others and satisfy you is a good thing. A man has a right to desire money or place or public praise, but he has no right to any selfish feeling in the matter. He ought to desire to be liberal and earn his reward by service of some kind."

"Do you think the world offers as much to individuals as it ever did?"

"If we can trust history, it does. The literature of earlier times seems more complaining than our own. Men were just as dissatisfied a thousand years ago as they are now. Man seems always to have craved a great deal more than he could obtain. Individually, I think, the age is richer with oppor-

tunities than for ages. The system under which we live is somewhat defective, and many suffer by it; but it is changing and the world grows better. The unselfish man will find enough, I fancy, if he honestly fulfills his duty to his fellow men. It is all a question of peace of mind, and that can be obtained in various ways,—the best one, by doing right."

ONE WAY TO MAKE A FRIEND

Congressman R. G. Cousins, of Iowa, was the late Speaker "Tom" Reed's most constant companion in Washington for eight or ten years before the "Czar" retired in disgust from public life. When Mr. Cousins entered Congress Mr. Reed was at the zenith of his power. Benjamin Harrison was President, and Reed, backed by a powerful cabal of House leaders, was eager to lead a revolt against Harrison's renomination with the intention of securing the nomination himself. But Mr. Reed was too proud to admit even to his most enthusiastic supporters that he had a yearning for the presidency. Cousins, being then young and gawky, stood in awe of Reed, though having great admiration for him. Reed enjoyed nothing more than to add to the misery of green young members by making observations calculated to embarrass them.

One day Cousins entered the room of a hotel in which Reed was the centre of a group of House leaders. The Iowan has a nervous habit of scratching the back of his left hand with the fingers of his right. Observing this, and wishing to create a laugh, Mr. Reed called out:

"Did you ever have the itch, young man?"

Inspired by desperation, the embarrassed young Hawkeye man sent his reply hurling at the imperious Reed:

"I've never had the Presidential itch."

Reed's full-moon face turned crimson. The guffaws of his companions, every one of whom bore wounds of his fierce wit, resounded through the hall. In sheer fright at his own

audacity, Cousins fled the room in the midst of the hubbub. But the big Speaker sent for the young Iowan the next day, and from that time forward the two were like Damon and Pythias to the day of Mr. Reed's death.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

HIS FIRST LEDGER

MR. ROCKEFELLER once related to a friend, that while in Cleveland, Ohio, slaving away at humble tasks in his youth, he kept a small ledger in which he entered all his receipts and expenditures. It was nothing more than a small paper-backed memorandum book. In the course of this conversation Mr. Rockefeller said:

"When I looked this book up the other day, I thought I had nothing but the cover to it, but, on examination, I perceived that I had utilized the cover to write on. In those days I was very economical, just as I am economical now. Economy is a virtue. I hadn't seen my little ledger for a long time, when I found it among some old things. It is more than forty-two years ago since I wrote what it contains. I called it 'Ledger A,' and I wouldn't exchange it now for all the ledgers in New York City and their contents. A glance through it shows me how carefully I kept account of my receipts and disbursements. I only wish more young men could be induced to keep accounts like this nowadays. It would go far toward teaching them the value of money, and that is a most important thing.

"Every young man should take care of his money. I think it is a man's duty to make all the money he can, keep all he can, and give away all he can. I have followed this principal religiously all my life, as is evidenced in this book. It tells me just what I did with my money during my first few years in business. Between September, 1855, and January, 1856, I re-

ceived just fifty dollars. Out of this sum I paid for my washing and my board, and managed to save a little besides. I find, in looking through the book, that I gave a cent to Sunday school every Sunday. It wasn't much, but it was all that I could afford to give to that particular object. What I could afford to give to the various religious and charitable works, I gave regularly. It is a good habit for a young man to get into.

"During my second year in Cleveland, I earned twenty-five dollars a month. I was beginning to be a capitalist," said Mr. Rockefeller, with fine sarcasm, "and I suppose I ought to have considered myself a criminal for having so much money. I paid all my own bills at this time, and had some money to give away. I also had the happiness of saving some. I am not sure but what I was more independent then than now. I couldn't buy the most fashionable cut of clothing, but I dressed well enough. I certainly did not buy any clothes I couldn't pay for, as do some young men I know of. I didn't make any obligations I could not meet, and my earnest advice is for every young man to live within his means. One of the swiftest 'toboggan slides' I know of, is for a young fellow just starting out into the world to go into debt.

"During the time between November, 1855, and April, 1856, I paid out just nine dollars and nine cents for clothing. And there is one item that was certainly extravagant, as I usually wore mittens in the winter. This item is for fur gloves, two dollars and a half. In this same period I gave away five dollars and fifty-eight cents. In one month I gave ten cents to foreign missions, fifty cents to the mite society, and twelve cents to the Five Points Mission, in New York. These little contributions of mine were not large, but they brought me into direct contact with church work, and that has been a benefit to me all my life. It is a mistake for a man to think that he must be rich to help others."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE PRESIDENT'S AUDIENCE

ONE busy day a clergyman called at the White House, and expressed a wish to see President Roosevelt.

The doorkeeper, to whom he addressed himself, took his name and asked him to sit down and wait. In the reception room were, perhaps, fifty other citizens awaiting the termination of various errands; while probably as many more, of higher degree, were cultivating patience in an inner room. After pacing thoughtfully to and fro for a few minutes, the clergyman again made known his request, and, upon receiving a repetition, in substance, of the previous reply, resumed his walk, but could not dismiss the matter from his mind. In a few moments he returned to the doorkeeper.

"See here!" he said. "At home I have a very large congregation, any member of which can reach me any minute of the day or night without being kept waiting. In addition to my own flock, as I have lived in the community many years, nearly the entire population is accustomed to turn to me for advice or help. I am accessible to them all, at all times. Now it seems strange to me that the President can't see me without all this delay."

"How many does your congregation number?" asked the doorkeeper.

"Well, my own congregation is about six hundred. But, counting all of those with whom I have to deal, I should say it is not less than five thousand. I never keep any of them waiting, sir."

"Five *thousand!*" said the doorkeeper. "Huh! How large a congregation do you think the President of the United States has? He has eighty millions, sir. *Eighty millions!* Do you suppose he can see every one of *them,* whenever they come?"

ROOSEVELT AS A POLICEMAN

"I was once impressed in a rather interesting way," said Julien T. Davies, the prominent New York lawyer, "with Roosevelt's readiness to sacrifice pleasure for business. When he was police commissioner of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin gave their famous ball.

"It was certain that there would be a great crowd outside the Bradley Martin house, on the night of the event, and that the police would have their hands full in keeping a clear passageway for carriages and guests. Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt had received invitations to the function. A few days before the day set for it Mrs. Martin happened to meet the police commissioner.

" 'Of course you are coming to my ball,' she asked him.

" 'Mrs. Roosevelt will be there,' he answered, 'and I won't be far away. I'll be out in the street in front of the house directing the police.'

"It was as he said. While distinguished men and beautiful women, many of them friends of the police commissioner, were alighting from their carriages and passing into an environment that was all that wealth and art could make it, Mr. Roosevelt was conspicuous in the street, as busy as any patrolman with that surging crowd."

A PROPHECY FULFILLED

Away back in 1884, at the convention which nominated Blaine, George William Curtis and Theodore Roosevelt were both delegates. When the strife was fiercest some one expressed surprise at the youth of Mr. Roosevelt. Curtis observed in his quiet, modulated tones:

"You'll know more, sir, later; a deal more, or I am much in error. Young? Why, he is just out of school almost, yet he is a force to be reckoned with in New York. Later the Nation will be criticising or praising him. While respectful to the

gray hairs and experience of his elders, none of them can move him an iota from convictions as to men and measures once formed and rooted. He has integrity, courage, fair scholarship, a love for public life, a comfortable amount of money, honorable descent, the good word of the honest. His political life will probably be a turbulent one, but he will be a figure, not a figurehead, in future development,—or, if not, it will be because he gives up politics altogether."

HOW ROOSEVELT TAMED MEDORA JIM

One day a bunch of us were gathered in the office of the Bad-Lands *Cowboy,* which I edited and published, in addition to running a stage line to the Black Hills and doing a few other "stunts" for pleasure and profit. There were only two public places in Medora which were not "booze joints." Probably for this reason Roosevelt had a habit of dropping into one of them, the office of the *Cowboy,* and chatting with the men who liked to smell printers' ink and feel civilized; and the very fact that Roosevelt frequented the sanctum was a guaranty that the place was never lonesome, for he was immensely popular with the best element there. Occasionally, however, some representatives of the wilder sort in the cow-country strayed into the Bad-Lands corral, and, on the occasion to which I refer, one of the real "bad men" of the region looked in on us and enlivened the session with a great deal of language that hadn't been washed or sheared.

There was a little lull after Jim's loquacity had run its length. Just then I happened to be watching Roosevelt and wondering about how much he would stand for in this line. He knew, as well as any man in the room, that Jim was the real thing when it came to badness, and that it would take very little provocation to start him on a stampede that would result in his "shooting up the town" according to approved "bad man" standards.

Suddenly Roosevelt began to "skin his teeth." Looking Jim straight in the eye, and speaking in a low, quiet voice, he said:

"Jim, I like you; but you are the nastiest talking man I ever listened to."

More than one man in that room caught his breath at these words, and instantly every eye there turned to Jim's hand to see if it were going to move in the direction of his Colts. But the hand did not move, and something like an honest blush of shame flushed Jim's cheek. He dropped his chin a little, looked sheepish, and then said:

"I don't belong to your outfit, Mr. Roosevelt, and I'm not beholden to you for anything. All the same, I don't mind sayin' that mebbe I have been a little too free with my talk."

That was the first and last time I ever heard a "sure 'nough bad man" of the old cattle days offer an apology, and I do not hesitate to say that if any other man save Theodore Roosevelt had made the remark which called out Jim's apology he might have been shot on the spot. So long as Roosevelt visited Medora, Jim was one of his most loyal friends.

THE COLONEL'S BEEF-STEW

An incident illustrating Roosevelt's devotion to the men of his Regiment in the Spanish-American War was told by Trooper Burkholder, of the Rough Riders, who belongs in Phoenix, Arizona.

"Only us few men who were with him," said Burkholder, "know how considerate he was of us at all times. There was one case in particular that illustrates this better than any I can recall. It happened after the fight at La Quasina. The men were tired with the hard march and the fighting, and hunger was gnawing at every stomach. Besides we had our first men killed there, and, taking it all in all, we were in an ugly humor. The usual shouting, cracking of jokes, and

snatches of song were missing, and everybody appeared to be in the dumps.

"Well, things hadn't improved a bit, in fact, were getting worse along toward meal time, when the Colonel began to move about among the men, speaking encouragingly to each group. I guess he saw something was up, and no doubt he made up his mind then and there to improve at least the humor of the men. There's an old saying that a man can best be reached through his stomach, and I guess he believes in that maxim. Shortly afterward we saw the Colonel, his cook, and two of the troopers of Company I strike out along the narrow road toward the town, and we wondered what was up.

"It was probably an hour or so after this, and during a little resting spell in our work of clearing ground and making things a little camp-like, that the savory and almost forgotten odor of beef stew began to sweep through the clearing. Men who were working stopped short and began to sniff, and those who had stopped work for a breathing spell forgot to breathe for a second. Soon they joined in the sniffing, and I'll wager every one of us was sniffing as hard as he knew how. Oh, but didn't that smell fine! We were'nt sure that it was for us, but we had a smell of it anyway. Quickly drooping spirits revived, and as the fumes of the boiling stew became stronger the humor of the men improved. We all jumped to our work with a will, and picks, shovels and axes were plied in race-horse fashion, while the men would stop now and then to draw a long breath and exclaim: 'Wow! but that smells good.'

HAD "REAL ONIONS" IN IT

"We were finally summoned to feed, and then you can imagine our surprise. There was a big boiler and beside it a crowd of mess-tent men dishing out real beef stew! We could hardly believe our eyes, and I had to taste mine first to make sure it wasn't a dream. You should have seen the expressions

on the faces of the men as they gulped down that stew, and we all laughed when one New York man yelled out: 'And it's got real onions in it, too!'

"After we had loaded up we began to wonder where it all came from and then two Troop I men told how the Colonel had purchased the potatoes and onions while his own cook secured the meat from Siboney.

"You probably won't believe it, but the bushel of potatoes cost Colonel Roosevelt almost $60, and he had to pay thirty odd good American dollars to get the onions, but then he knew what his men wanted, and it was always his men first with him. There was a rush to his tent when we learned this, and if you ever heard the cheering I'm sure you wouldn't wonder why the Rough Riders all love their Colonel.

"I see," said Burkholder, "that in his address to the men at Camp Wikoff the Colonel told how he had to hurry at the San Juan Hill fight to save himself from being run over by the men. That's just like him to say that; but he probably forgets that more than half of the men never ran so fast before and never will again, as they had to run to keep up with him. If Colonel Roosevelt lived in Arizona we would give him any office he wanted without any election nonsense."

Mason Mitchell, an actor and a member of Troop K, was wounded at Santiago on July 1st, during the artillery fire just before the famous charge of San Juan Hill. He was lying down when a piece of shell struck him on the shoulder and ploughed its way around, lodging in his right breast.

"I was just about to rise," he said, "when the shell struck me. Pieces of it also struck two other men. It toppled me over and sent me sprawling down the hill until I rolled up against another Rough Rider, who had been a New York policeman. He also was wounded, and we lay there until another member of my troop named Van Schaick, also a New Yorker, came along. He wet his handkerchief from his can-

teen and bathed my wounds. After that I was picked up and taken to a field hospital and later transferred to Key West.

"Colonel Roosevelt displayed conspicuous courage, cheering on his men, and constantly exposed to the Spanish fire."

ELIHU ROOT

NO JURISDICTION OVER CREEKS

ELIHU ROOT, who recently returned to New York from Washington, is keenly missed in the official family of President Roosevelt, where his wit had proved itself a constant and ever-trustworthy quantity.

"One of the best instances of his readiness in repartee," says Secretary Hitchcock, "was told to me by Root's private secretary. It happened when a delegation of Creek Indians had come east to see me on some matters of importance to them; but being misdirected they got by mistake into the War Department. Of course their interpreter merely asked for the Secretary, and the redmen were ushered into Mr. Root's office.

"What was said and done for the first few minutes must have been funny, for the conversation was all at cross-purposes; but at last something was dropped which showed what the visitors wanted, when quick as a flash Root said:

" 'Oh, I see! Gentlemen, you have come to the wrong man. I have jurisdiction over navigable rivers, but not over Creeks,' and he bowed them out."

WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY

THE DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET

ADMIRAL SCHLEY gives the following account of the great battle off Santiago:

"I knew of Cervera's proposed move twenty-four hours before the squadron dashed out of the harbor. How did I know

it? By intuition. I had studied the situation carefully, and was certain that Cervera must move within forty-eight hours. I watched every vessel in that fleet for three days before the dash was made. I not only watched them, but I knew every move they made.

"You see, we discovered that by watching a certain space away across the hills, we could see columns of smoke rise up into the air at certain periods. It was not hard to connect this smoke with the funnels of the vessels of the squadron, and thus I was kept informed as to their whereabouts. Every time one of the vessels moved the tell-tale smoke followed her course, and so did I. So all the night before the dash was made a thousand pairs of sleepless eyes on board our vessels watched the mouth of the harbor as a cat watches a mouse, Not for one minute did we lose sight of the Spanish squadron.

"One hour before the Spaniards appeared my quartermaster on the *Brooklyn* reported to me that Cervera's fleet was coaling up. This was just what I expected, and we prepared everything for a hot reception. Away over the hills great clouds of smoke could be faintly seen rising up to the sky. A little later and the smoke began to move towards the mouth of the harbor. The black cloud wound in and out along the narrow channel, and every eye on board the vessels in our fleet strained with expectation. The boys were silent for a full hour and the grim old vessels lay back like tigers waiting to pounce upon their prey. Suddenly the whole Spanish fleet shot out of the mouth of the channel. It was the grandest spectacle I ever witnessed. The flames were pouring out of the funnels and as it left the channel the fleet opened fire with every gun on board. Their guns were worked as rapidly as possible, and shells were raining around like hail.

"It was a grand charge. My first impression was that of a lot of maddened bulls, goaded to desperation, dashing at their tormentors. The storm of projectiles and shells was the hottest

imaginable. I wondered where they all came from. Just as the vessels swung around the *Brooklyn* opened up with three shells, and almost simultaneously the rest of the fleet fired. Our volley was a terrible shock to the Spaniards, and so surprised them that they must have been badly rattled. When our fleet swung around and gave chase, we not only had to face the fire from the vessels, but were bothered by a cross-fire from the forts on either side, which opened up on our fleet as soon as the Spaniards shot out of the harbor. The engagement must have lasted three hours, but I hardly knew what time was. I remember crashing holes through the *Maria Teresa,* and giving chase to the *Colon.*

"I was on the bridge of the *Brooklyn* during the whole engagement, and at times the smoke was so dense that I could not see three yards ahead of me. The shells from the enemy's fleet were whistling around and bursting everywhere, except where they could do some damage.

On another occasion while talking of the destruction of Cervera's fleet off Santiago, Admiral Schley said: "I took it for granted that every man on the ship was just as much interested in how the fight was going as I was, but the men behind the casements, and those below decks, of course, could not see what was going on. During the battle I sent orderlies among them telling them what was happening, and what effect their shots were having.

"Then when the *Vizcaya* struck and only the *Colon* was left, I sent orderlies down to the stoke hole and engine-room, where the men were working away like heroes in the terrible temperature. 'Now, boys,' I sent them word, 'all depends on you. Everything is sunk except the *Colon,* and she is trying to get away. We don't want her to, and everything depends on you.' They responded nobly, and we got her."

Of the death of young Ellis, the only man killed on the *Brooklyn,* the Rear Admiral said: "He was a bright lad,

from Brooklyn, who enlisted to go before the mast, but he was a hard worker, studied navigation with the younger officers of the ship, and had risen to the rank of yeoman.

"As I stood talking with Captain Cook, while we were finishing the *Viscaya,* it seemed that our shots were falling a little short. I turned to Ellis, who stood near, and asked him what the range was. He replied, 'Seventeen hundred yards.' I have pretty keen eyesight, and it seldom deceives me as to distances, and I told him I thought it was slightly more than that. 'I just took it, sir, but I'll try again,' he said, and stepped off to one side about eight feet to get the range.

"He had just raised his instrument to his eye when a shell struck him full in the face and carried away all of his head above the mouth. A great deal of blood spurted around, and the men near were rattled for a moment.

"Shells are queer things," said the Rear Admiral, after a moment's silence. "I noticed one man standing with his hand grasping a hammock rail as a shell struck the ship, ricocheted and burst. One piece of the metal cut the rail on one side of his hand, another on the other side, so that he was left standing with a short section of the rail still grasped in his hand. Another portion of the shell passed over his shoulder and another between his legs. He was surprised, but wasn't hurt."

"If we could have gotten by the *Brooklyn,* and I believed we could," said Admiral Cervera to Commodore Schley and Captain "Bob" Evans, in the cabin of the *Iowa,* "I could have gotten away. My orders to concentrate fire on the *Brooklyn* were carried out, but your ship has a charmed life, sir;" and Cervera, with tears in his eyes, added: "My career is ended. I shall go back to Spain to be killed or die in disgrace."

Commodore Schley put out his hand and rested it on Cervera's shoulder. He speaks Spanish, and the liquid language flowed easily as he said: "Admiral, you are a brave man, and coming out, as you did, in the face of a superior force, is but

an exemplification of that bravery. Your country can but do you honor."

A BATTLE RELIC FOR ADMIRAL SCHLEY

A few days after the battle off Santiago a boat's crew with diving apparatus was sent from the *Brooklyn* to examine the *Infanta Maria Teresa* the flag-ship of Admiral Cervera. Among the terrible wreckage made by the big guns and the exploded magazines, they found a standard compass by which the ship was steered, and which had tumbled down with the bridge. It was a heavy thing, but they brought it over, and, by permission of Captain Cook, presented it to Admiral Schley.

It was a curious sight and withal a pleasing one to see these men, bubbling over with affection for the commander, shuffle on to the quarterdeck, where Admiral Schley was reading. One of the men representing the entire crew, and two men following him and carrying the thing, stepped close to the Admiral, and then the spokesman, in a stammering way, said: "Sir, the crew would like to make you a present."

Schley was on his feet in an instant, his glasses in his hand and his paper on the deck. The spokesman hesitated.

"Well, my men," said the Admiral, with an encouraging smile, and the spokesman hitching at his trousers, continued: "We found this compass on the Spanish Admiral's ship, and we thought as how we would like to give it to you to remember how you whipped them."

"Well, my men," said the Admiral, with a tremor in his voice, "I am much obliged to you, but the great credit of that victory belongs to you boys—the men behind the guns. Without you no laurels would come to our country. Thank you."

There was a hearty three cheers from the men, and the gunner's mate, Donnelly, thinking that something should be said in answer, touched his cap and blurted out: "We hopes, sir, as how you'll steer a straighter course than the other fellow

who owned it," and there was another approving cheer as the men dispersed.

With the usual twinkle of his eye bejeweled with a tear, the Admiral said, as he turned away: "I'd rather have a thing like this than the adulations of my entire country."

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

HOW HE CAME TO BE COLONEL

SOME years since Stephen W. Lester told in *Success* the story of how Sheridan came to win his star. Lester was an eye-witness and tells the story as follows:

"History holds no brighter page than that which records the career of Philip Henry Sheridan, but few there are who know how large a part chance played in shaping that career. I was an eyewitness of some of the events of which I write, and the rest of the story I had in after years from the General's own lips. Sheridan was graduated from West Point, in 1853, and during the following eight years was in almost continuous service at posts beyond the limits of civilization. This fact prohibited him from forming intimate relations with men in civil life able to aid his promotion, nor did he become associated on the frontier with any officers who then or afterwards held high rank, and who could have assisted a deserving comrade by affording him opportunity for distinction. His friends and kinsmen in Ohio were of humble station and had no power to brighten his prospects. Thus, at the outbreak of the Civil War, there were few officers in the army whose chances of obtaining high command were so slight as those of the friendless Lieutenant of foot then occupying a lonely post in Oregon.

"Indeed, it was not until late in 1861 that Sheridan's first opportunity came to him. He was promoted to be Captain in the Thirteenth Infantry, a new regular Regiment of which William T. Sherman had been made Colonel, and joined his

new command at Jefferson Barracks, just below St. Louis, in November. But he was not to have the field service for which he was chafing, without another period of weary waiting. Instead, he was assigned to special duty in the supply department, and, after a brief period of service on the staff of General Samuel R. Curtis, was sent into Illinois and Wisconsin to purchase horses. In the meantime the battle of Shiloh was fought, and General Henry W. Halleck, leaving St. Louis, assumed command in person of the combined armies operating against the Confederate stronghold at Corinth. These events made Sheridan doubly eager to get near the field of active operations, and he found an excuse to return to St. Louis from Chicago, where he was buying horses, hoping that something would happen to enable him to get to the front. Colonel George Thom, who was then chief topographical engineer on General Halleck's staff, had remained in St. Louis to finish some business, but was on the eve of following his chief to Tennessee, when he fell in with Captain Sheridan on the street. Sheridan informed Thom, whom he had known very well in Oregon, of his desire for active service.

" 'Well,' said Thom, 'I am going up the Tennessee to headquarters at once; come along with me, and I will find work for you until something better turns up.'

"Thereupon, Thom called on Colonel John C. Kelton, whom General Halleck had left in charge of headquarters at St. Louis, and asked him to issue an order to Sheridan to report to General Halleck at Pittsburg Landing. Kelton did not want to assume the responsibility of ordering Sheridan forward, but Thom agreed to shoulder whatever of blame followed, assuring Kelton that he wanted Sheridan on his own work in Tennessee, and would ask General Halleck to assign him. Upon that understanding Kelton reluctantly issued the order asked for, and Sheridan, on reporting to General Halleck at Pittsburg Landing, was assigned to duty under Thom, who

put him to work corduroying roads and getting the trains up from the landing. It was rough, hard work. 'But,' Sheridan tells us in his *Memoirs,* 'it was near the field of active operations, and I determined to do the best I could at it till the opportunity for something better might arise.' Soon he was made commissary and quartermaster at headquarters, where his work attracted the favorable attention of General Halleck; and then came the opportunity that was to make him one of the famous captains of modern times.

"While General Halleck was spading his way toward Corinth, Governor Austin Blair of Michigan, arrived to look over the troops which he had sent into the field. About this time, also, Gordon Granger, who had been Colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry, was made a Brigadier-General. The men of the Second, under his discipline, had become magnificent troopers. When he was promoted and the Lieutenant-Colonel assumed command, the Regiment soon showed the need of a master at its head. Who was to become its Colonel was a matter of serious consideration among the line officers. Most of them preferred a regular soldier, with all his harshness and crotchets, to a volunteer without any experience. Governor Blair was persuaded to take the same view of the matter when he visited Pittsburg Landing, and it was finally decided that General Halleck should be asked to name a good man for the post. It was my pleasure and honor to be a bugler in the Second Michigan Cavalry, and, being on duty at headquarters, I was thus a silent but keenly interested witness to the interview between General Halleck and Governor Blair. When the Governor, who was accompanied by some of the officers of the Regiment, had made known his errand, General Halleck turned to General Ulysses S. Grant, who chanced to be present, and asked: 'How would Captain Sheridan do?'

"'He is just the man for them,' was General Grant's reply.

"'Convey my compliments to Captain Sheridan,' said Gen-

eral Halleck, turning to an orderly, 'and tell him that I wish to see him at once.'

"A few minutes later a short, nervous man of thirty or thereabouts appeared upon the scene, and, having saluted Generals Halleck and Grant, was introduced to Governor Blair as Captain Sheridan.

" 'Captain,' said the Governor, 'these gentlemen you see with me are officers of the Second Michigan Cavalry. General Granger, as you probably know, has been their Colonel, and they have got along so well that, now that he has left them, they want another educated soldier in his place. General Halleck and General Grant here have been good enough to recommend you for the post, and it is yours.'

"Sheridan's eyes kindled at this unexpected news, and a rosy glow came into his face.

" 'Governor,' said he, 'I thank you for the honor you have done me, and promise you that, while I am its Colonel, the guidons of the Second Michigan shall never trail in the dust.'

"A jolly time followed at General Halleck's headquarters, and one officer most enthusiastic, as he put his glass to his lips, said: 'Here's to Phil., and here is to the star he will soon win.'

" 'No, gentlemen,' Sheridan retorted, 'my ambition is satisfied. I am now a Colonel of cavalry, and that is all the rank I desire or expect.'

"That was May 26, 1862. The next day Sheridan joined his Regiment, and a week later was given command of a Cavalry Brigade with headquarters at Booneville, Missouri. His future was then in his own hands, and he took good care of it, showing in his first independent battle that strength of resource in the heat of a contest of which he was master. That battle was fought under conditions as exacting as were ever imposed upon a soldier. The entire force under his command numbered less than eight hundred men when, on July 1, 1862, he was attacked by four thousand, five hundred mounted Confederates

under Chalmers. After a brave resistance, he fell back to 'an advantageous position on the edge of a swamp,' where he could hold his assailants at bay. Finding, however, that the enemy was passing around his left and threatening his camp, he determined to make a bold dash on the right and convert the defense into an offensive movement. Selecting four of his best saber companies, he sent them several miles around the enemy's left to attack in rear and flank, while he was to make a simultaneous charge in front. The plan worked admirably. The four companies appeared suddenly in the enemy's rear, not having been seen till near enough to fire their carbines; and, having emptied these, they charged with drawn sabers on the astonished enemy, who took them for the advance guard of a much larger force. Before the enemy could recover from the confusion of this attack, they were fiercely charged by Sheridan with his remaining handful of men, and fled from the field."

This brilliant affair, in which two small Regiments defeated nine, won for Colonel Sheridan the admiration and respect of his superiors, along with his first star, his commission as a Brigadier-General dating from the battle of Booneville. He was not commissioned Colonel of the Second Michigan until after the war. A little more than four months from the day when, as an infantry Captain, he began corduroying roads at Pittsburg Landing, Sheridan was in command of a division of five thousand men which he led into the battle of Perryville. The rest is history.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS

A SPEECH THAT MADE A REPUTATION

AT fourteen years of age, the death of his parents having left Alexander H. Stephens in possession of a small sum of money, he attended school for a year, but began to consider it useless to continue without means to commence a regular

course in preparation for some profession. He realized that he never would be strong enough to do much heavy farm work, and his highest ambition was then to educate himself sufficiently to become a merchant's clerk, and thus earn money enough to continue his studies; for, as he says, "I had already acquired a thirst for knowledge which nothing but a little money prevented me from satisfying."

The next week, happening to attend Sunday school in a neighboring township, he met the superintendent, Mr. Mills, who urged him to continue his studies, and, noticing the boy's eagerness, offered to send him to the Washington, Georgia, Academy.

Young Stephens at once accepted the offer, and, in a few months, by his diligence, had prepared himself to enter the University of Georgia, at Athens, where he ranked first in his class during the four years of his course. After leaving the University, at nineteen, he taught a private school for a year, receiving a salary of $500, but refused an offer of $1,500 to teach a year, as he did not think himself suited for that work. After due consideration, he decided to be a lawyer, and to this end he read Blackstone's *Commentaries,* and prepared himself, untutored, so thoroughly that, in three months, he was admitted to the bar for the northern circuit of Georgia.

His health was always poor, and his body so frail that the work he accomplished was nothing short of wonderful, and his record under such circumstances but emphasizes the fact that, by a right spirit of determination, we can, to a great extent, become the architects and builders of our own fortunes. Young Stephens, when he had attained his majority, weighed only ninety-four pounds. Perhaps there is nothing else so discouraging to ambition and attainment as continued ill health; but sickness, to Alexander H. Stephens, served but as a goad, nerving him to take advantage of every wind of fortune to assist him on his course. Often a whole night was spent over

a law book. He had begun to feel that divine discontent that urged him to feel satisfied with nothing but his best efforts. At that time he wrote in his diary: "My desires do not stop short of the highest places of distinction. And yet, how can I effect my purpose? I am poor and have no friends, and have no prospect of increasing my means, while time is passing with rapid flight, and I effecting nothing. My soul is bent upon success in my profession."

But in spite of this rather gloomy view of himself, he was accomplishing much, for he was mastering his profession and getting in touch with men and affairs by his habits of observation and by a thorough reading of the one newspaper he could afford to take.

At twenty-two, he had won his first case in court, though opposed by an able lawyer. The case was an important one, as it involved the custody of a child. In speaking of the young lawyer's able plea, a relative of the defeated party said: "When that little fellow began to argue and all the Judges fell to crying, I knew that Isaac would have to give up Martha Ann!" That speech made Alexander H. Stephens' reputation, enabling him to rank with the first lawyers of Georgia. He was soon elected to the State Legislature, and at thirty-one his district first sent him to Congress, where he became one of the foremost members.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

GENIUS BUDDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE began her literary work which was to bring her so much fame under difficulties which would have been prohibitive to most women.

Professor Stowe's salary was small, and their means straitened, so that his wife kept but one assistant in household affairs, "Miss Anna," the young woman who for years was a

faithful nurse to the children and has ever been kindly remembered by the whole family. It is related by a sister-in-law, that one morning, when this girl had been sent out upon an errand, Mrs. Stowe was trying to get through some household work, and three babies, none of them yet able to walk, were crying upon the floor. Mother Beecher, the Doctor's third wife, who had been a Mrs. Jackson, of Boston, came in just then and after helping to pacify the screaming twins, and the sobbing boy who vociferated for his mother was taken in her arms, Mrs. Beecher suggested to Mrs. Stowe that she might employ her talents to better effect, than in doing housework. "Try writing for the magazines again. I am sure you could succeed, and by far less labor and much pleasanter occupation, you can earn enough to pay a woman to do the work." Mrs. Stowe acted upon the advice and soon found acceptance for her pen creations, which helped wonderfully in lightening the burdens of her daily life.

THE BIRTH OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"

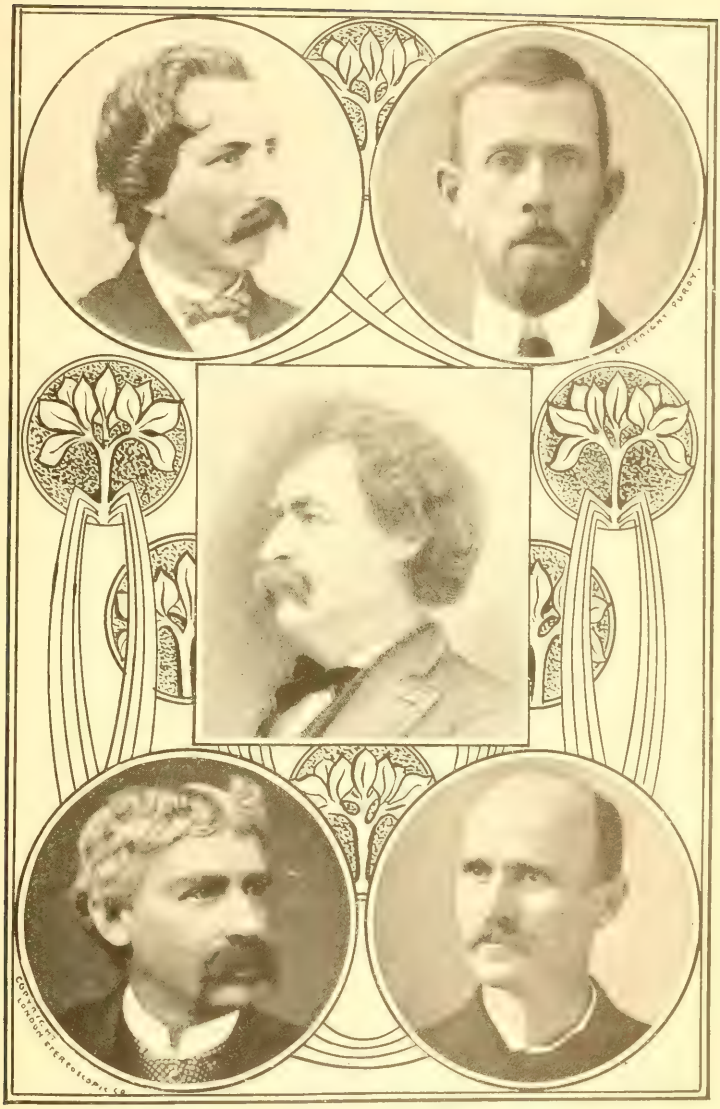
Florence Thayer McCray, in her interesting *Life of Mrs. Stowe* gives the following account of the source of the impulse and creation of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*:

"Dr. Gamelial Bailey, who had been driven from Cincinnati under such aggravating circumstances some years before, had in 1847 established a journal, *The National Era* at Washington, D. C., which became one of the leading organs of the anti-slavery party. He was a man of literary predilections and was wise enough to secure for his magazine the influence of the best writers. He had associated with himself as assistant or correponding editor, John G. Whittier, a young man who had served his apprenticeship in the poet's corner of Garrison's *Free Press,* in Thayer's Philadelphia *Gazette,* and as editor of the *American Manufacturer,* and the *Gazette* of Haverhill, Mass. He had suffered for his opinions as ex-

pressed in *The Liberator,* and spoken in ringing tones in his poems, which are properly called *Voices of Freedom,* in several journals and at all needful times. In the first volumes of *The National Era,* may be found many of his grandest poems, and also the poems of the Cary sisters, Lucy Larcom, and the bright and witty articles of Grace Greenwood, whom Dr. Bailey had early called to his aid.

"In perusing this magazine Mrs. Stowe noticed the incident of a slave woman escaping with her child across the floating ice of the river, from Kentucky into Ohio, and it became the first salient point of her great work and is seen in the history of Eliza. She began to meditate and dream over a possible story that should graphically set forth the bare ugliness, and repulsive features of the system of negro slavery. The black husband who remained in Kentucky, going back and forth on parole and remaining in bondage rather than forfeit his word of honor to his master, suggested the character of Uncle Tom. Once suggested, the scenes of the story began rapidly to form in her mind, and as they are prone to do in the practical forces of energetic character, emotions and impressions instantly crystalized into ideas and opinions. The whole wonderful scheme was defined, before the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* put her pen to paper. She has related that the closing scene, the death of Uncle Tom, came to her as a material vision while sitting at the Communion one Sunday in the little church at Brunswick. She was perfectly overcome by it, and could scarcely restrain the violent emotion that sprang into tears and shook her frame. She was carried out of herself.

"Aristotle wrote, 'No great genius was ever without some mixture of madness, nor can anything grand or superior be spoken except by the agitated soul.' It was the fire of outraged feeling which inspired this memorable work. She hastened home and wrote, and, her husband being away, she



ARTEMUS WARD

SIMEON FORD

MARK TWAIN

BRET HARTE

BILL NYE

read it aloud to her older children. Her burning sentences so touched their young hearts that they wept with her, and cried out that slavery was the most accursed thing in the world. Some days afterwards Professor Stowe, having returned, was passing through her room, and noticing many sheets of closely written paper upon his wife's table, he took them up and began to read. His casual curiosity soon merged into interest and deepened into astonishment. He sought his wife with words of enthusiastic praise, and said, 'You can make something out of this.'

"'I mean to,' was the quiet reply of his wife. From this time on, Harriet Beecher Stowe was possessed by the theme; it dominated all other concerns, and held her a willing captive until it was done. She said a year or two before her death, 'I did not think of doing a great thing, I did not want to be famous. It came upon me, and I did as I must, and perforce, wrote it out, but I was only as the pen in the hands of God. What there is good and powerful in it came from Him. I was merely the instrument. It is strange that he should have chosen me, hampered and bound down as I was with feeble health and family cares. But I had to do it.'

"A glance at her domestic situation may give an idea of what it was to undertake the writing of a book at this time. Mrs. Stowe was the mother of six children, the youngest of whom was then a babe of a few months. He was born in the spring of 1851, and it was during the following summer and fall that this great labor was performed. Mrs. Stowe, in addition to her own little flock had a number of pupils whom she had taken into her family, and her father, the famous Lyman Beecher had come on from Cincinnati, and was occupied with the revision and publication of one of his books, and he and his step-daughter, Mrs. Laura Dickinson, who acted as his amanuensis, became members of the Stowe household. Catering to and caring for the comfort of this large family, which

comprised more than a dozen members, of all ages, from the venerable doctor to his tiny, helpless grandson, would seem to be quite enough for one frail little woman to do. In her position as Professor's wife there were also various duties as hostess and entertainer constantly incumbent upon her, but she was not discouraged. Her vocation was upon her and most nobly she assumed it. She has said, 'I knew my work must be done, my children cared for, dinner prepared and put upon the table and a thousand and one things seen to, but this was always uppermost in my mind, and it got itself done, somehow.'

"Scenes, incidents and conversations rushed upon her with such vivid clearness and strength that they could not be denied. During her varied domestic and maternal duties, the idea ran on, an undercurrent of logical argument illustrated with suggestive incidents, and she could hardly wait to get at her pen and fix it upon paper, as she sat with her portfolio on her knee by the kitchen fire, in the moments snatched from her domestic duties.

"Harriet Beecher Stowe had none of the dependence upon small accessories, which was a peculiarity of authors as great as Wordsworth, who when writing, habitually fingered the button of his coat; Ben Johnson, who inhaled clouds of his beloved snuff, and Schiller, who could not get inspiration without the aroma of half-decayed apples which he kept in the drawer of his desk, to the discomfiture of his friend Goethe, who was made extremely ill when once attempting to write thereon.

"Her theme was sufficient stimulus, and no particular conditions were necessary to the easy working of her mind. A friend who had an intimate knowledge of her literary methods recently said to the writer concerning the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*: 'When the inspiration came, and she was in the midst of a thrilling or pathetic scene, she sat with her manuscript on her knee and wrote, no matter what were the dis-

tractions.' This power of self-withdrawal is a rare gift even among the greatest of novelists. Silence, comfort, and seclusion are the indispensable conditions for most writers. As Lowell says:

" 'Thy work unfinished, bolt and bar the door;
Where they see *two* the sky-gods come no more.'

" 'The book,' as Professor Stowe once said, 'was written in sorrow, in sadness, and obscurity, with no expectation of reward save the prayers of the poor, and with a heart almost broken in view of the sufferings which it describes, and the still greater suffering which it dared not describe.'

"When two or three chapters were written, Mrs. Stowe sent a letter to Dr. Bailey, of the *National Era,* telling him she had projected a story which might run through several numbers of the paper, and offering it to him if he desired it. He instantly applied for it, and the weekly installments were started. The story, and her duty on this subject were so much more real and imperative to her than any other thing in life, that the copy was all ready for the type-setters. In shaping her material Mrs. Stowe had but one object; to show the system of slavery as it existed. No idea of sensational success would permit her to exaggerate or pervert facts. She had, however, the tact to preceive that its presentation in unrelieved gloom of sadness, would not command readers. She therefore summoned all her experience of the wit and drollery of the African race, at the same time developing a sincere desire to show that the evils of slavery were the natural outgrowth of a bad system which retaliated upon its victims, and its administrators, many of whom were not to blame, with almost equally baleful force.

REJECTED BY PUBLISHERS

"While *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was in course of publication in the *Era* Mrs. Stowe proposed its publication in book form, to

Messrs. Phillips and Sampson of Boston. They respectfully declined the proposition, but about that time a young Boston publisher, Mr. John P. Jewett, recognizing its strength and possible future as a bone of contention, made overtures to her for its publication. He remarked to Professor Stowe that in his opinion it would bring his wife 'something handsome.' Upon hearing this Mrs. Stowe replied, with a twinkle in her eyes, she hoped it would bring her enough to purchase what she had not had for a long time, a new silk dress. Mr. Jewett reminded her that it was an unpopular subject, and while a small volume might sell, he should not feel warranted in bringing out a large work. Mrs. Stowe tersely answered that he must act his own judgment in that matter, that she could not abridge or curtail her work. That the story made itself and when it was finished, she would stop.

THE CLOUDS FOLLOWED BY SUNSHINE

"Not until the last chapters of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* were written and the last sheets were folded and sent to the post-office by a trusty messenger, did she realize how great had been the strain upon her body, heart and mind. It was only when the last page of proof was examined and corrected, that the exaltation and creative fire which had for so many months possessed the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* fell and died out, leaving her in despair, trembling and quite cast down. Because she feared the results to her personally, because she dreaded impending events, because she lost belief in the truth and justice of the cause which she had thus presented? Not for an instant. It was that it seemed so hopeless to reach the hearts of the people, so futile to remonstrate and urge a turning to the right, so impossible to break down the greed, prejudiced and conventionalism which hedged in this system. For some days she lay with closed eyes, inert and plunged in reactionary feeling which destroyed hope and courage. But

not for long. Her spirit rose. She felt that she must give her work, if possible, a hearing with the best minds of the age. She must leave nothing undone, which even remotely promised to further the success of her book.

"Consequently, she occupied her time for several weeks writing letters, and when the book appeared sent a copy of it with her letter to the English Royal Consort, Prince Albert. There was another to Thomas Babington Macaulay, whose father, Zachary Macaulay, she knew to have been an anti-slavery laborer, of whom Mrs. Stowe afterwards said, 'whose place in the hearts of the English Christians was little below saintship.' Her book was sent, with the hope that the son might sympathize.

"Charles Dickens had more than once expressed his sympathy with the slave, and to him she wrote, sending her book. She addressed another appeal and copy of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* to Charles Kingsley, and another to Lord Carlisle, who had been influential in giving freedom to the blacks in the British Colonies.

"*Uncle Tom's Cabin* was published in book form in March, 1852. The despondency and uncertainty of the author as to whether any one would read her book, was soon dispelled. Ten thousand copies were sold in a few days, and over three hundred thousand within a year. Eight powerful presses running day and night for months were barely able to keep pace with the demand for it. It was read everywhere, by all classes of people. Talk of it filled the atmosphere. Heated discussions occasioned by it, resounded in cottage, farm-house, business office and palatial residences, all over the land. The pity, distress, and soul-felt indignation in which it had been written, were by it transferred to the minds and consciences of her readers, and the antagonism it everywhere engendered, threw the social life of this country and England, into angry effervescence through all its stratas.

"Within a year *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was scattered all over the world. Translations were made into all the principal languages and into several obscure dialects, in number variously estimated from twenty to forty. The librarian of the British Museum, with an interest and enterprise which might well put our own countrymen to blush, has made a collection which is unique and very remarkable in the history of books. American visitors may see there, thirty-five editions of the original English and the complete text, and eight of abridgments and adaptations. Of translations into different languages there are nineteen; viz., Armenian 1; Bohemian 1; Danish 2 distinct versions; Dutch 1; Finnish 1; Flemish 1; French 8 distinct versions and 2 dramas; German 5 distinct versions and 4 abridgments; Hungarian 1 complete version, 1 for children and 1 versified abridgment; Illyrian 2 distinct versions; Italian 1; Polish 2 distinct versions; Portuguese 1; Roman or Modern Greek 1; Russian 2 distinct versions; Spanish 6 distinct versions; Swedish 1; Wallachian 2 distinct versions; Welsh 3 distinct versions.

"At the end of the first six months, Professor Stowe one day tore open a letter from Mr. Jewett, the publisher of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* and found enclosed a check for ten thousand dollars, which the sender begged him to accept as the first installment of the author's royalty on *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* 'Why, Harriet,' said he, 'it is more money than I ever saw in all my life.'"

CHARLES SUMNER

NO WOMAN NEED APPLY

W. W. STORY has preserved an amusing instance of the young law-student's absorption in the pursuit of knowledge and of his preference for the society of men over that of women. "Of all men I ever knew at his age," says Mr.

Story, "he was the least susceptible to the charms of women. Men he liked best, and with them he preferred to talk. It was in vain for the loveliest and liveliest girl to seek to absorb his attention. He would at once desert the most blooming beauty to talk to the plainest of men. This was a constant source of amusement to us, and we used to lay wagers with the pretty girls, that with all their art they could not keep him at their side a quarter of an hour. Nor do I think we ever lost one of these bets. I remember particularly one dinner at my father's house, when it fell to his lot to take out a charming woman, so handsome and full of *esprit* that anyone at the table might well have envied him his position. She had determined to hold him captive, and win her bet against us. But her efforts were all in vain. Unfortunately, on his other side was a dry old *savant*, packed with information; and within five minutes Sumner had completely turned his back on his fair companion, and engaged in a discussion with the other, which lasted the whole dinner. We all laughed. She cast up her eyes deprecatingly, acknowledged herself vanquished, and paid her bet. He had what he wanted—sensible men's talk. He had mined the *savant*, as he mined everyone he met, in search of ore, and was thoroughly pleased with what he got."

T. DE WITT TALMAGE

EMANCIPATION FROM MANUSCRIPT

A DELIGHTFUL little reminiscence from Dr. Talmage's own pen, probably somewhat antedating his Belleville experience, is worth recalling here. It may serve as a hint to other young and aspiring preachers, who cherish dreams of becoming famous as "eloquent divines."

"We entered the ministry," he writes, "with a mental horror of extemporaneous speaking. Each week we wrote two sermons and a lecture all out, from the text to the amen.

We did not dare to give out the notice of a prayer-meeting unless it was on paper. We were a slave to manuscript, and the chains were galling; and three months more of such work would have put us in the graveyard. We resolved on emancipation. The Sunday night was approaching when we expected to make violent rebellion against this bondage of pen and paper. We had an essay about ten minutes long on some Christian subject, which we proposed to preach as an introduction to the sermon, resolved, at the close of that brief composition, to launch out on the great sea of extemporaneousness.

"It so happened that the coming Sabbath night was to be eventful in the village. The trustees of the church had been building a gasometer back of the church, and the night I speak of the building was for the first time to be lighted in the modern way. The church was, of course, crowded—not so much to hear the preacher as to see how the gas would burn. Many were unbelieving, and said that there would be an explosion, or a big fire, or that in the midst of the service the lights would go out. Several brethren, disposed to hang on to old customs, declared that candles and oil were the only fit material for lighting a church, and they denounced the innovation as indicative of vanity on the part of the newcomers. They used oil in the ancient temple, and it was that which ran down on Aaron's beard, and anything that was good enough for the whiskers of an old-time priest was good enough for a country meeting-house. These sticklers for the oil were present that night, hoping—and I think some of them secretly praying—that the gas might go out.

"With our ten-minute manuscript we went into the pulpit, all in a tremor. Although the gas did not burn as brightly as its friends had hoped, still it was bright enough to show the people the perspiration that stood in beads on our forehead. We began our discourse, and every sentence gave us the feeling that we were one step nearer the gallows. We spoke very

slowly, so as to make the ten-minute notes last fifteen minutes. During the preaching of the brief manuscript we concluded that we had never been called to the ministry. We were in a hot bath of excitement. People noticed our trepidation, and supposed it was because we were afraid the gas would go out. Alas! our fear was that it would not go out. As we came toward the close of our brief we joined the anti-gas party, and prayed that before we came to the last written line something would burst and leave us in the darkness. Indeed, we discovered an encouraging flicker amid the burners, which gave us the hope that the brief which lay before us would be long enough for all practical purposes, and that the hour of execution might be postponed to some other night. As we came to the sentence next to the last the lights fell down to half their size, and we could just manage to see the audience as they were floating away from our vision. We said to ourselves, 'Why can't these lights be obliging and go out entirely?' The wish was gratified. As we finished the last line of our brief, and stood on the verge of rhetorical destruction, the last glimmer of light was extinguished. 'It is impossible to proceed," we cried out; 'receive the benediction!'

"We crawled down the pulpit in a state of exhilaration; we never before saw such handsome darkness. The odor of the escaping gas was to us like 'gales from Araby.' Did a frightened young man ever have such fortunate deliverance? The providence was probably intended to humble the trustees, yet the scared preacher took advantage of it.

"But after we got home we saw the wickedness of being in such dread. As the Lord got us out of that predicament, we resolved never again to be cornered in one similar. Forthwith the thraldom was broken, we hope never again to be felt. How demeaning that a man with a message from the Lord Almighty should be dependent upon paper-mills and gasometers!"

MARK TWAIN

HIS GOOD TURN TO GENERAL GRANT

HAMILTON GARLAND told in the *Success* Magazine some years ago an exceedingly interesting story of how Mark Twain, as the world knows him best, or Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, as he was christened, served General U. S. Grant a good turn. It was in the fall of 1880, Garland tells us, when Mr. Clemens, calling on General Grant, said to him: "General, why don't you write your memoirs?"

"Oh, I'm not a writer," replied the General; "I am not fitted for that. Sherman could write, and so could Hallock, but I have no gift that way."

Mr. Clemens took issue with him, and said that it was his duty to do so, as there were points concerning the war which only the principal actor in it could clear up. "As you know, General, I have some books published myself, and I know my publishers would be very glad to take up your book at any time. I am not connected with them in any way, except as an author, but I am sure they would do very well by you. If you like, I will present the matter for you."

The General, however, seemed to consider such a book quite out of the question, and nothing further was said about it. Mr. Clemens went abroad soon afterward, and did not return for several years. Immediately upon his return he heard of General Grant's condition, which was at that time deplorable. Ferdinand Ward had failed, involving the General and his sons and many of their friends in a most disgraceful financial entanglement. In addition to this, the General himself was ill and rapidly growing old.

One rainy night in the autumn, as Mr. Clemens was leaving a theatre on Broadway, he heard a voice which was entirely strange to him utter these suggestive words, "They say General Grant is going to write his memoirs, after all."

Mr. Clemens saw neither the man nor his companion, but regarded the voice as essentially providential. He was at that time a partner in the extremely successful firm of Charles L. Webster and Company, and considered himself in luck to have heard so early in the transaction the news of General Grant's intention to write the book.

Early the next morning he sent in his card at the General's residence, and was received by the latter in the library, where he was evidently at work at that very time upon the story of his life. The house in which he lived was on Sixty-sixth Street, near Central Park, and, being quite feeble at the time, he spent most of his days at home.

"Well, General," said Mr. Clemens, "I hear that you are writing your story, after all?"

"Yes, I've written three chapters already, and the editors seem to like them very well. The fact is," he added, with a look that expressed a certain timidity, "I'm glad to be able to earn a little money in this way, just now."

"I hope you'll get well paid for them," said Mr. Clemens.

"I think I'm very well paid," he replied; "I get five hundred dollars apiece for them."

Mr. Clemens expressed great surprise. "Why, General, you can't afford to let that matter go at that rate. Five thousand dollars would be cheap for them."

The General remained unmoved. "I'm getting more than Sherman got," he replied, quietly, "and I'm satisfied."

"What about the book?" inquired Mr. Clemens, seeing that the General was indeed thoroughly satisfied with the serial rights.

The General took up a paper which lay on the table before him. "I'm about to sign a contract; here it is."

Mr. Clemens was deeply interested. "Would you mind letting me see that paper, General?"

"Not at all," the latter replied, handing the document to

Mr. Clemens, who read it in amazement. At the end he said, in his peculiar drawling voice, "General, why don't you just give it to them?"

"I don't understand you?"

"Why, if I were you," continued Mr. Clemens, "I wouldn't bother about any royalty at all." Then, changing his tone and becoming serious, he said, "General Grant, you should have four times the royalty named in this paper. This contract is absurd; you must not sign away your valuable rights."

"But, you see," the General explained, "the publishers not only give me ten per cent., but they bear all the expenses of publication."

Mr. Clemens was amused and astonished at the General's simplicity. "Suppose they do; that's their business. You ought to have seventy-five per cent. of all the profits, the publishers to do all the work, pay all the advertising, clerk hire, and every other expense. Why, General, there is a fortune for you in this book, and you must not allow yourself to be deprived of your just share."

The General still remained unmoved and unconvinced. "They guarantee me twenty-five thousand dollars, which is the amount Sherman got, and I'm quite satisfied."

Mr. Clemens persisted. "The way to test this matter is to go to these people with my proposition, demand seventy-five per cent. of the profits on the basis I have just named, or twenty-two and a half per cent. on subscription sales,—that is, sales by agents,—or thirty per cent. on trade sales; they'll take it," concluded Mr. Clemens.

"You must be mistaken," the General replied, showing that what Mr. Clemens said had had its effect; "no publisher would give that."

Mr. Clemens arose. "I'm a publisher, and I'm here to do just that. You try your people on my proposition, and, if they don't come to it; return to me and I'll make my offer good."

"I guess I'll let them have it. They guarantee me twenty-five thousand dollars out of it, you know," the General said, at length, as if the matter were settled.

Mr. Clemens then said to him, very earnestly: "General, you mustn't sacrifice yourself in this way. You are ignorant of these matters. You know all about war, and I know a whole lot about the book business. You take my advice; you need money, and here is a chance to earn money—a great deal of money. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do to convince you that I'm in earnest; I'll draw a check right here for fifty thousand dollars on your royalty account, and guarantee you as much more when the manuscript is put into my hands. I calculate you are worth just ten times as much as I am as an author,—in this case, at least. I realized, on my last book, upward of sixty thousand dollars. Even if you publish at two dollars and fifty cents and sell through the trade, you'll get, say, seventy-five cents on every copy; that will make you, say, five hundred thousand dollars; or, to make a conservative estimate, we will say three hundred thousand dollars. You see, I've been publishing subscription books for twenty years, and I know what can be done. Your book will sell on sight, and, in my judgment, will sell six hundred thousand copies. There is a fortune in the book, and I know it, and I'm willing to guarantee it."

At this point the General's son, Colonel Frederick D. Grant, who had been listening, took the contract from his father's hand and said, "Mr. Clemens has convinced me that we have not sufficiently investigated this matter; we must look into it a little further before you sign this paper. I'll go to the company at once with a proposition such as Mr. Clemens suggests, and see what they say."

"They'll take it," said Mr. Clemens, with a smile; "no doubt of that."

The General thanked him for his interest and courtesy, and

the interview closed. Mr. Clemens went away, feeling quite sure that the other publishers would accept the proposition, and that he had helped to put a large sum into the General's hands.

The publishers listened to Colonel Grant's demands in silence, and asked time to consider. It was, they said, a most extraordinary royalty, and it was necessary to figure very carefully before returning an answer. In a very few hours, however, they replied that they had decided to acquiese in General Grant's demands. However, when Colonel Grant brought the new contract to his father to sign, the old General very quietly said, "No, if the business is to be as profitable as these people seem to think it, then it must go to Mr. Clemens, who has enabled us to secure such a splendid offer."

This decision, so characteristic of Grant, remained unalterable; the contract with C. L. Webster and Company was at once signed, and the old warrior, weak and suffering from a painful ulcer in his throat, set to work in grim earnest. He had a premonition of the short time in which he would be able to do this work, and he knew now the importance of it. He was rearing a bulwark between his wife and children and the forces of want, and it was his hope that he might be able, in this way, to shield them when he should be no longer in the flesh.

The firm advanced him money as he needed it, and pushed the printing of the book as fast as the manuscript appeared from his pen. Everything that could be done to make his task easy was done by Mr. Clemens. Many times the humorist went out of his way to please the General.

The closing scene of this remarkable transaction took place at Mount McGregor, when the old commander was nearing his last day on earth. He had finished what he considered the important and essential parts of his life's story. His hand refused to write any more. The book was almost entirely in type, and he was waiting with great eagerness to see it completed and from the press.

Mr. Clemens visited him there for the last time. The General had gone beyond speech, for the ulcer had developed into a malignant cancer, which had at length laid hold upon the vocal chords, silencing him forever. He could only write with painful care, on a pad which he held on his knee.

"Well, how is the book coming on?" was his penciled inquiry.

"Very well," replied Clemens; "it will be out very soon."

The General wanted to know definitely what might be expected from it in the way of exact results.

To this Mr. Clemens was able to reply, "General, there is in the bank, now, royalty on advance sales aggregating nearly three hundred thousand dollars. It is at Mrs. Grant's order, General, and you need not fear for her future."

The General's face lighted with pleasure, and he expressed his satisfaction and his warm gratitude to Clemens by gesture and by means of the pencil in his hand.

Mr. Clemens shook hands with the old commander and went down the hill feeling deeply pleased to have been able thus to comfort a dying man. His own troubles were afar off, and when they came had nothing to do with the book, the sales of which were even greater than he had anticipated.

Thus it was that General Grant died with the knowledge that his wife was provided for far beyond any of his most hopeful anticipations. That it was due to the generosity and the enthusiasm of Mark Twain there is no shadow of doubt.

HERBERT H. VREELAND

THE EVOLUTION OF A RAILROAD MAN

MR. VREELAND tells this story of how he worked up from the ranks as a railroad man:

"I first entered the railroad business in 1875," said Mr. Vreeland, "shoveling gravel on one of the Long Island Rail-

road Company's night construction trains. Though this position was certainly humble enough, it was a great thing to me then to feel myself a railroad man, with all that that term implied; and when, after a few months' trial, I was given the job of inspecting ties and roadbed at a dollar a day, I felt that I was well on the road to the presidency.

"One day the Superintendent asked my boss if he could give him a reliable man to replace a switchman who had just made a blunder leading to a collision, and had been discharged. The reply was: 'Well, I've got a man here named Vreeland, who will do exactly what you tell him to.' They called me up, and, after a few short, sharp questions from the train-master, I went down to the dreary and desolate marsh near Bushwick, Long Island, and took charge of a switch. For a few days I had to camp out near that switch, in any way that might happen, but finally the officers made up their minds that they could afford me the luxury of a two-by-four flag house with a stove in it, and I settled down for more railroading.

"The Bushwick station was not far away, and one of the company's division headquarters was there. I soon made the acquaintance of all the officials around that station and got into their good graces by offering to help them out in their clerical work at any and all times when I was off duty. It was a godsend to them, and exactly what I wanted, for I had determined to get into the inside of the railroad business from bottom to top. Many's the time I have worked till eleven or twelve o'clock at night in that little station, figuring out train receipts and expenses, engine cost and duty, and freight and passenger statistics of all kinds; and, as a result of this work, I quickly acquired a grasp of railroad details in all stages, which few managers possess, for, in one way and another, I got into and through every branch of the business.

"My Bushwick switch was a temporary one, put in for construction purposes only, and, after some months' use, was dis-

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN

THOMAS C. PLATT

ROBERT FULTON

THOMAS A. EDISON

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE

continued, and I was discharged. This did not suit me at all, and I went to one of the officials of the road and told him that I wanted to remain with the Long Island Railroad Company in any capacity whatsoever, and would be obliged to him if he would give me a job. He said, at first, that he hadn't a thing for me to do, but finally added, as if he was ashamed to suggest it, that, if I had a mind to go down on another division and sweep out and dust cars, I might do it. I instantly accepted, and thereby learned the details of another important railroad department.

"Pretty soon they made me brakeman on an early morning train to Hempstead, and then I found that I was worth to the world, after two years of railroad training, just forty dollars a month, plus a perquisite or two obtained from running a card-table department in the smoking-cars. I remember that I paid eighteen dollars of my munificent salary for board and lodging, sent twenty dollars home for the support of my mother and sister, and had two dollars a month and the aforesaid perquisites left for 'luxuries.'

"It was at about this time, thus early in my career, that I first came to be known as 'President Vreeland.' An old codger upon the railroad, in talking to me one day, said, in a bantering way: 'Well, I suppose you think your fortune is made, now you have become a brakeman, but let me tell you what will happen. You will be a brakeman about four or five years, and then they will make you a conductor, at about one hundred dollars a month, and there you will stick all your life, if you don't get discharged.' I responded, rather angrily, 'Do you suppose I am going to be satisfied with remaining a conductor? I mean to be President of a railroad.' Ho, ho, ho!' laughed the man. He told the story around, and many a time thereafter the boys slyly placed the word 'President' before my name on official instructions and packages sent to me.

"A conductor on one of the regular trains quarreled one

morning with the superintendent, and was discharged. I was sent for and told to take out that train. This was jumping me over the heads of many of the older brakemen, and, as a consequence, all the brakemen on that train quit. Others were secured, however, and I ran the train regularly for a good many months.

"Then came an accident one day, for which the engineer and I were jointly responsible. We admitted our responsibility, and were discharged. I went again to the Superintendent, however, and, upon a strong plea to be retained in the service, he sent me back to the ranks among the brakemen. I had no complaint to make, but accepted the consequence of my mistake.

"Soon after this, the control of the road passed into other hands. Many were discharged, and I was daily expecting my own 'blue envelope.' One day, I was detailed to act as brakeman on a special which was to convey the President and Directors of the road, with invited guests, on a trip over the lines. By that time I had learned the Long Island Railroad in all its branches pretty well, and, in the course of the trip, was called upon to answer a great many questions. The next day I received word that the Superintendent wanted to see me. My heart sank within me, for a summons of this kind were ominous in those days. But I duly presented myself at the office, and was asked, 'Are you the good-looking brakeman who was on the special yesterday, who shows his teeth when he smiles?' I modestly replied that I was certainly on the special yesterday, and I may possibly have partly confirmed the rest of the indentification by a smile, for the Superintendent, without further questioning said: 'The President wants to see you, up-stairs.'

"I went up and in due time was shown into the presence of the great man, who eyed me closely for a minute or two, and then asked me abruptly what I was doing. I told him I was braking Number Seventeen. He said: 'Take this letter

to your Superintendent. It contains a request that he relieve you from duty, and put somebody else in your place. After he has done so, come back here.'

"All this I did, and, on my return to the President, he said, 'Take this letter at once to Admiral Peyron, of the French Fleet, and this to General Hancock on Governor's Island. They contain invitations to each to dine with me to-morrow night at my home in Garden City with their staffs. Get their answers, and, if they are 'Yes,' return at once to New York, charter a steamer, call for them to-morrow afternoon, land them at Long Island City, arrange for a special train from Long Island City to Garden City, take them there, and return them after the banquet. I leave everything in your hands. Good day.'

"I suppose this might be considered a rather large job for a common brakeman, but I managed to get through with it without disgracing myself, and apparently to the satisfaction of all concerned. For sometime thereafter, I was the President's special emissary on similar matters connected with the general conduct of the business, and while I did not, perhaps, learn so very much about railroading proper, I was put in positions where I learned to take responsibility and came to have confidence in myself."

LEW WALLACE

A RUDE AWAKENING

GENERAL LEW. WALLACE, according to his own words, was a poor student in his young manhood. He grew tired of his college course after six weeks and returned home. But his failure at college furnished the turning-point in his career. He says:

"I shall never forget what my father did when I returned home. He called me into his office, and took from a pigeon-

hole in his desk a package of papers neatly folded and tied with red tape. He was a very systematic man, because, perhaps, of his West Point training. The papers proved to be the receipts for my tuition, which he had carefully preserved. He called off the items, and asked me to add them. The total, I confess, staggered me.

" 'That sum, my son,' he said, with a tone of regret in his voice, 'represents what I have expended to provide you with a good education. How successful I have been, you know better than anyone else.'

" 'After mature reflection, I have come to the conclusion that I have done for you, in that direction, all that can reasonably be expected of any parent; and I have, therefore, called you in to tell you that you have now reached an age when you must take up the lines yourself. If you have failed to profit by the advantages with which I have tried so hard to surround you, the responsibility must be yours. I shall not upbraid you for your neglect, but rather pity you for the indifference which you have shown to the golden opportunities you have been enabled to enjoy through my indulgence.' "

"What effect did his admonition have on you? Did it awaken or arouse you?" General Wallace was asked.

"It aroused me, most assuredly. It set me to thinking. The next day, I set out with a determination to accomplish something for myself. My father's injunction rang in my ears. New responsibilities rested on my shoulders, as I was, for the first time in my life, my own master. I felt that I must get work on my own account.

"After much effort, I finally obtained employment from the man with whom I had passed many afternoons strolling up and down the little streams in the neighborhood, trying to fish. He was the County Clerk, and he hired me to copy what was known as the complete record of one of the courts. I worked for months in a dingy, half-lighted room, receiving for my

pay something like ten cents a hundred words. The tediousness and the regularity of the work made a splendid drill for me, and taught me the virtue of persistence as one of the avenues of success. It was at this time I began to realize the deficiency in my education, especially as I had an ambition to become a lawyer. Being deficient in both mathematics and grammar, I was forced to study evenings. Of course, that was very exacting, after a full day's hard work; but I was made to realize that the time I had spent with such lavish prodigality could not be recovered, and that I must extract every possible good out of the golden moments then flying by all too fast."

JOHN WANAMAKER

SUCCESS AS A MERCHANT

A FRIEND who knew him during the years of his early struggles to establish himself in business, writes concerning their acquaintance:

"John was certainly the most ambitious boy I ever saw. I used to take him to lunch with me, and he used to tell me how he was going to be a great merchant. He was very much interested in the temperance cause, and had not been with me long before he persuaded most of the employees in the store to join the temperance society to which he belonged. He was always organizing something. He seemed to be a natural-born organizer. This faculty is largely accountable for his great success in after life."

"So earnest did he become in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, that he was appointed the first salaried Secretary of the Philadelphia branch, at a stipend of one thousand dollars a year. Never since has a Secretary enrolled so many members in the same space of time. He passed seven years in this arduous work, married a sympathetic and beautiful girl whom he met at a church service, and at twenty-four

yielded to the fever of ambition and once more plunged into money-making.

"This is the most interesting period of his life, for it proved his mettle in more ways than one. With Nathan Brown, his brother-in-law, in April, 1861, he rented the store at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market Streets, and purchased a small stock of clothing and furnishing goods. The partners had a capital of only three thousand, five hundred dollars. They could not afford a horse and wagon, so John purchased a two-wheeled push-cart and delivered his first order himself. The profits of that first day's business amounted to just thirty-six dollars. The young partners invested every cent of it in an advertisement in the Philadelphia *Inquirer* next day."

A MEMORY OF ALEXANDER T. STEWART

Concerning the late Alexander T. Stewart, Mr. Wanamaker said, in an interview with Frank G. Carpenter, recently:

"A. T. Stewart was a genius. I have been surprised again and again as I have gone through the Broadway and Tenth Street (New York) building, walking in that dead man's shoes, to find what a knowledge he had of the needs of a mercantile establishment. Mr. Stewart put up a building which is to-day, I believe, better arranged than any of the modern structures which are being erected. He seemed to know just what was needed. I met him often when I was a young man. I used to buy goods of him, and I have reason to think that he took a liking to me. One day, I remember, I was in his woolen department buying some stuffs for my store here, when he came up to me and asked if I would be in the store for fifteen minutes longer. I replied that I would. At the end of fifteen minutes he returned and handed me a slip of paper, saying:

"'Young man, I understand that you have a mission school in Philadelphia; use that for it.'

"Before I could reply he had left. I looked down at the slip of paper. It was a check for one thousand dollars."

ARTEMUS WARD

THE STORY OF A LECTURE

ARTEMUS WARD'S friend, Melville D. Landon, "Eli Perkins," depicts him, as he gave a lecture in London:

"During the lecture, Artemus was as solemn as the grave. Sometimes he seemed to forget his audience, and stood gazing intently at his panorama. Then he would start up and say:

"'If you should feel dissatisfied with anything here to-night, I will admit you all free in New Zealand,—if you will come to me there for orders. Any respectable cannibal will tell you where I live. This shows that I have a forgiving spirit. I really don't care for money. I only travel round to see the world and to exhibit my clothes. These clothes I have on were a great success in America.

"'How often do large fortunes ruin young men! I should like to be ruined, but I can get on very well as I am. I am not an artist. I don't paint myself—though perhaps, if I were a middle-aged lady, I should,—yet I have a passion for pictures—I have had a great many pictures—photographs—taken of myself. Some of them are very pretty, rather sweet to look at for a short time,—and, as I said before, I like them. I've always loved pictures. I could draw on wood at a very tender age. When a mere child, I once drew a small cartload of raw turnips over a wooden bridge. The people of the village noticed me. I drew their attention. They said I had a future before me. Up to that time, I had an idea it was behind me.

"'Time passed on. It always does, by the way. You may possibly have noticed that time passes on. It is a kind of

way time has. I became a man. I haven't distinguished myself at all as an artist—but I have always been more or less mixed up with art. I have an uncle who takes photographs—and I have a servant who takes—anything he can get his hands on.

" 'When I was in Rome—Rome in New York State, I mean,—a distinguished sculpist wanted to sculp me. But I said 'No!' I saw through the designing man. My model once in his hands—he would have flooded the market with my busts—and I couldn't stand it to see everybody going around with a bust of me. Everybody would want one, of course—and wherever I should go I should meet the educated classes with my bust, taking it home to their families. This would be more than my modesty could stand—and I should have to return to America—where my creditors are. I like Art, I admire dramatic Art,—although I failed as an actor. It was in my schoolboy days that I failed as an actor. The play was 'The Ruins of Pompeii'—I play the Ruins. It was not a very successful performance—but it was better than the 'Burning Mountain.' He was not good. He was a bad Vesuvius.

" 'The remembrance often makes me ask: 'Where are the boys of my youth?' I assure you this is not a conundrum. Some are amongst you here—some are in America—some are in jail. Hence arises a most touching question: 'Where are the girls of my youth?' Some are married—some would like to be. Oh, my Maria! Alas! she married another. They frequently do. I hope she is happy—because I am. Some people are not happy—I have noticed that.

" 'A gentleman friend of mine came to me one day with tears in his eyes. I said, 'Why these weeps?' He said he had a mortgage on his farm—and wanted to borrow two hundred pounds. I lent him the money—and he went away. Sometime after, he returned with more tears. He said he must leave me forever. I ventured to remind him of the two hundred pounds he borrowed. He was much cut up. I thought

I would not be hard on him—so I told him I would throw off one hundred pounds. He brightened up, shook my hand, and said: 'Old friend, I won't allow you to outdo me in liberality. I'll throw off the other hundred.'

" 'As a manager, I was always rather more successful than as an actor. Some years ago, I engaged a celebrated living American skeleton for a tour through Australia. He was the thinnest man I ever saw. He was a splendid skeleton. He didn't weigh scarcely anything; and I said to myself: 'The people of Australia will flock to see this tremendous curiosity. It is a long voyage, as you know, from New York to Melbourne, and, to my utter surprise, the skeleton had no sooner got out to sea than he commenced eating in a most horrible manner. He said he had never been on the ocean before, and he said it agreed with him. I thought so! I never saw a man eat so much in my life. Beef, mutton, pork; he swallowed them all like a shark; and between meals he was often discovered behind barrels, eating hard-boiled eggs. The result was that, when we reached Melbourne, this infamous skeleton weighed sixty-four pounds more than I did! I thought I was ruined, but I wasn't. I took him on to California, another very long sea voyage, and when I got him to San Francisco, I exhibited him as a fat man.

" 'This story hasn't anything to do with my entertainment, I know, but one of the principal features of my entertainment is that it contains so many things that don't have anything to do with it. My orchestra is small, but I am sure it is good, so far as it goes. I give my pianist ten pounds a night—and his washing. I like music, but I can't sing. As a singist I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are sadder even than I am.

" 'I found music very soothing when I lay ill with fever in Utah; and I was very ill. I was fearfully wasted. My face was hewn down to nothing, and my nose was so sharp I

didn't dare to stick it into other people's business—for fear it would stay there—and I should never get it out again. And on those dismal days a Mormon lady—she was married—though not so much as her husband—he had fifteen other wives—she used to sing a ballard commencing, 'Sweet bird, do not fly away!'—and I told her I wouldn't. She played the accordion divinely—accordionly I praised her.

" 'I met a man in Oregon who hadn't any teeth—not a tooth in his head—yet that man could play on the bass drum better than any one else I ever met. He kept a hotel. They have queer hotels in Oregon. I remember one night when they gave me a bag of oats for a pillow. I had nightmares, of course. In the morning, the landlord said, 'How do you feel, old hoss, hay?' I told him I felt my oats.

" 'At San Francisco, I went to the Chinese theatre. A Chinese play often lasts two months. Commencing at the hero's birth, it is cheerfully conducted forward till he is either killed or married. The night I was there, a Chinese comic vocalist sang a Chinese comic song. It took him six weeks to finish it; but, as my time was limited, I went away at the expiration of two hundred and fifteen verses. There were eleven thousand verses to this song—the chorus being, 'Tural, lural, dural, ri fol day'—which was repeated twice at the end of each verse, making, as you will at once see, the appalling number of twenty-two thousand 'tural, lural, dural, ri fol days'—and the man still lives.' "

GEORGE WASHINGTON

HIS MODESTY

AN anecdote is related of this gentleman, which displays in a strong and amiable light, the exalted force of his feelings, and the truly noble cast of his manners. When Colonel Washington (the immortal saviour of his country) had closed

his career in the French and Indian War, and had become a member of the House of Burgesses, the Speaker, Robinson, was directed, by a vote of the house, to return their thanks to that gentleman, on behalf of the Colony, for the distinguished military services which he had rendered to his country. As soon as Colonel Washington took his seat, Mr. Robinson, in obedience to this order, and following the impulse of his own generous and grateful heart, discharged the duty with great dignity; but with such warmth of coloring and strength of expression, as entirely confounded the young hero.

He rose to express his acknowledgments for the honor; but such was his trepidation and confusion, that he could not give distinct utterance to a single syllable. He blushed, stammered, and trembled, for a second; when the speaker relieved him by a stroke of address that would have done honor to Louis XIV. in his proudest and happiest moment. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said he, with a conciliating smile; "your modesty is equal to your valor; and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess."

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT

The military career of Washington had been for a time interrupted by a question of etiquette. An order was issued in favor of the officers holding the King's commission outranking the provincial appointments. Washington, who knew the worth of his countrymen, and the respect due himself, would not submit to this injustice, and the estate of Mount Vernon now requiring his attention, he withdrew from the army to its rural occupations. He was not, however, suffered to remain there long in inactivity. The arrival of General Braddock, with his forces, in the river, called him into action at the summons of that officer, who was attracted by his experience and accomplishments. Washington, anxious to serve his country, readily accepted an appointment as one of the Gen-

eral's military family, the question of rank being thus dispensed with. He joined the Army on its onward march at Winchester, and proceeded with it, though he had been taken ill with a raging fever, to the Great Crossing of the Youghiogany. Here he was compelled to remain with the rear of the Army, by the positive injunctions of the General, from whom he exacted his "word of honor" that he "should be brought up before he reached the French fort." This he accomplished, though he was too ill to make the journey on horseback, arriving at the mouth of the Youghiogany, in the immediate vicinity of the fatal battle-field, the evening before the engagement.

In the events of that memorable 9th of July, 1755, he was destined to bear a conspicuous part. From the beginning, he had been a prudent counsellor of the General on the march, and it was by his advice that some of its urgent difficulties had been overcome. He advised pack-horses instead of baggage-wagons, and a rapid advance with an unencumbered portion of the force before the enemy at Fort Du Quesne could gain strength; but Braddock, a brave, confident officer of the European school, resolutely addicted to system, was unwilling or unable fully to carry out the suggestions. Had Washington held the command, it is but little to say that he would not have been caught in an ambuscade. It was his last advice, on arriving at the scene on the eve of the battle, that the Virginia Rangers should be employed as a scouting party, rather than the regular troops in the advance. The proposition was rejected.

The following day, though still feeble from his illness, Washington mounted his horse and took his accustomed station as aide to the General. It was a brilliant display, as the well-appointed Army passed under the eye of its martinet commander on its way from the encampment, crossing and recrossing the Monongahela towards Fort Du Quesne—and

the soldierly eye of Washington is said to have kindled at the sight. The march had continued from sunrise till about two o'clock in the afternoon, when, as the advanced column was ascending a rising ground covered with trees, a fire was opened upon it from two concealed ravines on either side. Then was felt the want of American experience in fighting with the Indian. Braddock in vain sent forward his men. They would not, or could not, fight against a hidden foe, while they themselves were presented in open view to the marksmen. Washington recommended the Virginia example of seeking protection from the trees, but the General would not even then abandon his European tactics. The regulars stood in squads shooting, their own companions before them. The result was an overwhelming defeat, astounding when the relative forces and equipment of the two parties is considered. Braddock, who, amidst all his faults, did not lack courage, directed his men while five horses were killed under him. Washington was also in the thickest of the danger, losing two horses, while his clothes were pierced by four bullets. Many years afterwards, when he visited the region on a peaceful mission, an old Indian came to see him as a wonder. He had, he said, levelled his rifle so often at him, without effect, that he became persuaded he was under the special protection of the Great Spirit, and gave up the attempt. Braddock, at length, fell in the centre of the field, fatally wounded. Nothing now remained but flight. But four officers out of eighty-six were left alive and unwounded. Washington's first care was for the wounded General; his next employment, to ride to the reserve camp of Dunbar, forty miles, for aid and supplies. Returning with the requisite assistance, he met the wounded Braddock on the retreat. Painfully borne along the road, he survived the engagement several days, and reached the great meadows to die and be buried there by the broken remnant of his Army. Washington read the funeral service, the Chaplain being disabled.

AN IDEAL HUSBAND

James Parton gives this interesting picture of Washington's domestic life:

The General and his wife lived happily together, but it is evident that, like most heiresses, she was a little exacting, and it is highly probable that the great Washington was sometimes favored with a curtain lecture. The celebrated authoress, Miss Bremer, is our authority for this surmise. She relates that a gentleman once slept at Mount Vernon in the room next to that occupied by the master and mistress of the mansion; and when all the inmates were in bed, and the house was still, he overhead, through the thin partition, the voice of Mrs. Washington. He could not but listen, and it was a curtain-lecture which she was giving her lord. He had done something during the day which she thought ought to have been done differently, and she was giving him her opinion in somewhat animated and quite decided tones. The great man listened in silence till she had done, and then, without a remark upon the subject in hand, said:

"Now, good sleep to you, my dear."

What an example to husbands!

When Washington was appointed to command the Revolutionary Armies, it is plain from his letters home that one of his greatest objections to accepting the appointment was, the "uneasiness," as he termed it, that it would cause his wife to have him absent from home.

General Washington was a very rich man; his wife was very rich, and her three children were heirs to great wealth. He had a little principality to govern. Besides the farms about his own residence on the Potomac, with several hundred slaves upon them, he possessed wild lands in most of the best locations then known, as well as shares in several incorporated companies. He derived an important part of his influence from the greatness of his wealth and the antiquity of his family

—things which were then held in much more respect than they are now. Washington's estate was not worth more than three-quarters of a million dollars; but it gave him far more personal consequence in the country than ten times such a fortune could to-day. The rich planter then, living as he did on a wide domain of his own, the owner of those who served him, riding about in his coach and six, and with no near neighbors to restrain, censure, or outshine him, was a kind of farmer-prince.

It was fortunate for Washington that he came to this wealth when his character was mature. Being a younger son, he had no expectations of wealth in his youth, and he was brought up in a very hardy, sensible manner, on an enormous farm, not a fourth part of which was cultivated. His father dying when he was eleven years old, he came directly under the influence of his mother, who was one of the women of whom people say, "There is no nonsense about her." She was a plain, illiterate, energetic, strong-willed lady, perfectly capable of conducting the affairs of a farm, and scorning the help of others. When she was advanced in years, her son-in-law offered to manage her business for her.

"You may keep the accounts, Fielding," was her reply, "for your eyesight is better than mine; but I can manage my affairs myself."

On another occasion General Washington asked her to come and live with him at Mount Vernon.

"I thank you, George," said she; "but I prefer being independent."

And so to the last she lived in her own plain farm-house, and superintended the culture of her own acres, not disdaining to labor with her own hands. When La Fayette visited her he found her at work in her garden, with her old sun-bonnet on, and she came in to see him, saying:

"I would not pay you so poor a compliment, Marquis, as to stay to change my dress."

THE FIRST INAUGURATION

It was on the 30th of April, 1789, that the first ceremony of inaugurating a President took place. At nine o'clock in the morning religious services were performed in all the churches in the city. At twelve o'clock, the Military Companies of New York halted before the door of Washington's residence, and half an hour after the procession moved in the following order: First, the Troops; next, the Committee of both houses of Congress in carriages; next, the Presidentl-elect in a grand State-coach; next, his Aide-de-Camp and his Secretary in one of the General's own carriages, and the procession was closed by the carriages of the foreign ministers and a train of citizens. When the head of the procession had reached the hall, it halted, the Troops were drawn up on each side of the pavement, and between them General Washington and his attendants walked to the building and ascended to the Senate-Chamber, where the Vice-President advanced to meet him, and conducted him to a chair of state.

The whole assembly sat in silence for a minute or two, when the Vice-President rose and informed General Washington that all things were now ready for him to take the oath which the Constitution required; and, so saying, he conducted the President-elect to a balcony, in full view of the people assembled in the street and covering the roofs of the houses. In the centre of this balcony there was a table covered with crimson velvet, in the middle of which, upon a cushion of the same material lay a richly bound Bible. The eyes of a great multitude were fixed upon the balcony at the moment when Washington came into view, accompanied by the Vice-President, the Chancellor of the State of New York, and other distinguished official persons. He was dressed in a manner which displayed the majesty of his form to excellent advantage. His full suit of dark-brown cloth was relieved by a steel-hilted sword, by white silk stockings and silver shoe-buckles; and his hair was

powdered and gathered into a bag behind, in the fashion of that day. The crowd greeted him with enthusiastic cheers. Coming forward to the front of the balcony, he bowed several times to the people, with his hand upon his heart, and then retreated to an arm-chair near the table, and sat down.

When all was hushed into silence, Washington again rose, and came forward, and stood in view of all the people, with the Vice-President on his right, and Chancellor Livingston, who was to administer the oath, on the left. When the Chancellor was about to begin, the Secretary of the Senate held up the Bible on its crimson cushion; and while the oath was read, Washington laid his hand upon the open book. When the reading was finished, he said, with great solemnity of manner:

"I swear; so help me God!"

After which, he bowed and kissed the book. The Chancellor, then, waving his hand toward the assembled people, cried out in a loud voice:

"Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"

The preconcerted signal was then given, and, at once, all the bells in the town rang a triumphant peal; the cannons were fired; and the people gave cheer upon cheer. The President now bowed once more to the multitude, and returned to the Senate-Chamber, where he resumed his seat in the chair of state. When silence was restored, he rose and began, in a low, deep, and somewhat tremulous voice, to read that noble inaugural address, so full of dignity, wisdom, and pathos.

MAJOR ANDRÉ AND HIS CAPTURE

William Sandison re-told some years ago in *Success* this always picturesque and tragic story of Major André:

No two single personal events of the Revolutionary War have more excited the imagination than the capture and execution of the American spy, Nathan Hale, and the British

spy, Major André. The disposition of Hale, on the part of the British, was, in a measure, responsible for the manner in which André was executed. Like the blowing up of the *Maine,* it called for vengeance. Vengeance was not, however, in the mind of Washington, whose sole aim in hanging André was to bring the War home to the British imagination, and he did. There have been a number of versions of the capture of Major André. Probably, that which is nearest correct is given in a letter from General King, whose men, Paulding, Van Wart and Williams, were the captors. According to this letter, which has only recently been published, André, in his captivity, made a confidant of General King. André had reached a point where he thought he was safe. He was assailed by three men, who ordered him to stand. He said: "I hope, gentlemen, you belong to the lower party." "We do," said one. "So do I. I am a British officer on business of importance, and must not be detained." Thereupon, one of them took his watch from him, and ordered him to dismount. The Major then said to them: "I am happy to find I am mistaken; you belong to the upper party, and so do I; and, to convince you of it, here is General Arnold's pass"—handing it to them. "Arnold's pass?" said a captor; "you said you are a British officer—where is your money?"

"Gentlemen, I have none about me," he replied.

"You a British officer; pooh! a good watch and no money! Let us search him."

They then examined his saddle, but found none. Said one: "He has money in his boots. Let's take them off and see." Seeing they had such a thirst for money, he proposed that they carry him to King's Bridge, and they would get all they wanted. But they knew better. Then he proposed that two of them guard him, and one of them carry a letter to any party they might name. But they feared they would all be arrested, and so decided to deliver him to General King."

TRAGIC STORY OF ANDRÉ'S EXECUTION

There stand, to-day, within rifle shot of each other, in the quaint old village of Tappan, New York, two buildings in which was enacted the most stirring dramas of the Revolution.

In one, then, as now, a low-set stone house, with great gables and long, low-hanging eaves, George Washington paced up and down for five mortal hours on the second day of October, 1780, awaiting the fatal moment when Major André should be executed. The great Commander was alone that day, with doors locked and shutters barred, fighting out the most momentous crisis of his life. Fiercely the conflict raged in his breast—the war between duty and inclination.

In the other, still intact, and in almost the same condition as it was one hundred and twenty years ago, was the English officer condemned to death. The front parlor of this "76 House" was filled with officers and men. Just back of this, in the prison room, André was confined. Small and dark, and not more than six or seven feet wide, it must have been a dreary cell for its inmate. At the rear of the hall, and in a large room, the entire width of the house, is the fire-place in front of which Major André sat and penned his last memorable letter to Washington asking to be shot, that he might die like a soldier instead of being hanged like a malefactor. Had Washington consulted his personal feelings in this matter, it is more than likely that the execution would never have taken place. True, André was a spy, caught in the act, but his high rank and the peculiar conditions which surrounded the case led all to be very considerate and to regret his fate. Coming of a good family, well educated, prominent in social circles, and holding an important military position, his prospects had been bright and promising. Washington saw many good qualities in the young officer, and none could appreciate them more than he. Pity was strong within him, but the hard sense of duty strove to put all other feelings aside. The popular feel-

ing of both Armies was with the prisoner, and, had Washington cared to favor indulgence, he would have had no censure to fear from any quarter. There were probably few men in the Army with a more tender and benevolent nature than his; but that was a time when he had to raise himself above the contagious, impulsive sympathy of those about him, and to discard all personal considerations.

Operations had been secretly under way for a long time to undermine the loyalty of one of his most trusted officers, General Benedict Arnold. The enormity of the evil which would have resulted, had the treason been successful, was undeniable. Many anonymous hints had been dropped that treachery might be expected in other quarters. All these conditions convinced the Continental Commander that there was but one course to pursue, and that was to make a strong and lasting example in André's case. There was no knowing how far the enemy had carried the scheme of corruption. Taking counsel with his officers, he found that their opinions agreed with his own, that a strong, rigorous warning should be given the enemy.

André's frank, open, gentlemanly manner, all through the trial, had made many friends for him; and, when the day of his execution arrived, there was hardly a dry eye in the great crowd that gathered to witness the scene. Americans and British alike were moved to tears and deeply regretted the fate of the promising young officer. It is not true, as some writers have asserted, that Washington watched the execution from his window. He was deeply grieved and gladly would have saved André, had it been possible. Instead of watching the execution, he shut himself up in his room from an early hour until noon, when all was over.

This was one of the most trying ordeals in Washington's whole career. Though many have regarded it as hard-heartedness, it was in reality an extremely difficult task to suppress his own strong feelings and rise above those surrounding him,

that he might do a duty which was repugnant to him, but which was imperative for his country's good. Duty won.

The people of the secluded little town of Tappan still regard these old places with veneration. Many travelers visit the town, which is an easy drive back from the Hudson River. The registers in both houses show that, in a single year, over three thousand people have visited there. They come from all parts of the world to see the old headquarters and the prison, upon which the fingers of time have made so little change.

André's grave faces the Sun and the breeze on "Treason Hill," a little way back of his old prison-house. Cut on the stone are these words, which were written by Washington's own pen, and which serve to show his appreciation of the man whom a harsh fate had compelled him to condemn to death: "He was more unfortunate than criminal. An accomplished man and gallant officer."

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

PICTURE OF A SLAVE BOY'S CHILDHOOD

THE stories which follow are taken from Booker T. Washington's most remarkable book entitled *Up From Slavery—An Autobiography.* Here is his story of childhood:

"I was born a slave on a plantation in Franklin County, Virginia. I am not quite sure of the exact place or exact date of my birth, but at any rate I suspect I must have been born somewhere and at some time. As nearly as I have been able to learn, I was born near a cross-roads post-office called Hail's Ford, and the year was 1858 or 1859. I do not know the month or the day. The earliest impressions I can now recall are of the plantation and the slave quarters—the latter being the part of the plantation where the slaves had their cabins.

"My life had its beginning in the midst of the most miserable, desolate, and discouraging surroundings. This was so,

however, not because my owners were especially cruel, for they were not, as compared with many others. I was born in a typical log cabin, about fourteen by sixteen feet square. In this cabin I lived with my mother and a brother and sister till after the Civil War, when we were all declared free.

"Of my ancestry I know almost nothing. In the slave quarters, and even later, I heard whispered conversations among the colored people of the tortures which the slaves, including, no doubt, my ancestors on my mother's side, suffered in the middle passage of the slave ship while being conveyed from Africa to America. I have been unsuccessful in securing any information that would throw any accurate light upon the history of my family beyond my mother. She, I remember, had a half-brother and a half-sister. In the days of slavery not very much attention was given to family history and family records—that is, black family records. My mother, I suppose, attracted the attention of a purchaser who was afterward my owner and hers. Her addition to the slave family attracted about as much attention as the purchase of a new horse or cow. Of my father I knew even less than of my mother. I do not even know his name. I have heard reports to the effect that he was a white man who lived on one of the near-by plantations. Whoever he was, I never heard of his taking the least interest in me or providing in any way for my rearing. But I do not find especial fault with him. He was simply another unfortunate victim of the institution which the Nation unhappily had engrafted upon it at that time.

"The cabin was not only our living-place, but was also used as the kitchen for the plantation. My mother was the plantation cook. The cabin was without glass windows; it had only openings in the side which let in the light, and also the cold, chilly air of winter. There was a door to the cabin—that is, something that was called a door—but the uncertain hinges by which it was hung, and the large cracks in it, to say nothing

of the fact that it was too small, made the room a very uncomfortable one. In addition to these openings there was, in the lower right-hand corner of the room, the 'cat-hole,'—a contrivance with which almost every mansion or cabin in Virginia possessed during the ante-bellum period. The 'cat-hole' was a square opening, about seven by eight inches, provided for the purpose of letting the cat pass in and out of the house at will during the night. In the case of our particular cabin I could never understand the necessity for this convenience, since there were at least a half-dozen other places in the cabin that would have accommodated the cats."

NAMING HIMSELF

Mr. Washington tells this story of how it became necessary to give himself a name on first entering school:

"My second difficulty was with regard to my name, or rather *a* name. From the time when I could remember anything, I had been called simply 'Booker.' Before going to school it had never occurred to me that it was needful or appropriate to have an additional name. When I heard the school-roll called, I noticed that all of the children had at least two names, and some of them indulged in what seemed to me the extravagance of having three. I was in deep perplexity, because I knew that the teacher would demand of me at least two names, and I had only one. By the time the occasion came for the enrolling of my name, an idea occurred to me which I thought would make me equal to the situation; and so, when the teacher asked me what my full name was, I calmly told him 'Booker Washington,' as if I had been called by that name all my life; and by that name I have since been known. Later in my life I found that my mother had given me the name of 'Booker Taliaferro' soon after I was born, but in some way that part of my name seemed to disappear and for a long while was forgotten, but as soon as I found out about it I revived it,

and made my full name 'Booker Taliaferro Washington.' I think there are not many men in our country who have had the privilege of naming themselves in the way that I have."

ON HIS WAY TO COLLEGE

The story of Booker Washington's attempt to gain an education is one of the most heroic in all modern life:

"By walking, begging rides both in wagons and in the cars, in some way, after a number of days, I reached the city of Richmond, Virginia, about eighty-two miles from Hampton. When I reached there, tired, hungry, and dirty, it was late in the night. I had never been in a large city, and this rather added to my misery. When I reached Richmond, I was completely out of money. I had not a single acquaintance in the place, and, being unused to city ways, I did not know where to go. I applied at several places for lodging, but they all wanted money, and that was what I did not have. Knowing nothing else better to do, I walked the streets. In doing this I passed by many foodstands where fried chicken and half-moon apple pies were piled high and made to present a most tempting appearance. At that time it seemed to me that I would have promised all that I expected to possess in the future to have gotten hold of one of those chicken legs or one of those pies. But I could not get either of these, nor anything else to eat.

"I must have walked the streets till after midnight. At last I became so exhausted that I could walk no longer. I was tired, I was hungry, I was everything but discouraged. Just about the time when I reached extreme physical exhaustion, I came upon a portion of a street where the board sidewalk was considerably elevated. I waited for a few minutes, till I was sure that no passers-by could see me, and then crept under the sidewalk and lay for the night upon the ground, with my satchel of clothing for a pillow. Nearly all night I heard the

tramp of feet over my head. The next morning I found myself somewhat refreshed, but I was extremely hungry, because it had been a long time since I had had sufficient food. As soon as it became light enough for me to see my surroundings I noticed that I was near a large ship, and that this ship seemed to be unloading a cargo of pig iron. I went at once to the vessel and asked the Captain to permit me to help unload the vessel in order to get money for food. The Captain, a white man, who seemed to be kind-hearted, consented. I worked long enough to earn money for my breakfast, and it seems to me, as I remember it now, to have been about the best breakfast that I have ever eaten.

"My work pleased the Captain so well that he told me if I desired, I could continue working for a small amount per day. This I was very glad to do. I continued working on this vessel for a number of days. After buying food with the small wages I received there was not much left to add to the amount I must get to pay my way to Hampton. In order to economize in every way possible, so as to be sure to reach Hampton in a reasonable time, I continued to sleep under the same sidewalk that gave me shelter the first night I was in Richmond. Many years after that the colored citizens of Richmond very kindly tendered me a reception, at which there must have been two thousand people present. This reception was held not far from the spot where I slept the first night I spent in that city, and I must confess that my mind was more upon the sidewalk that first gave me shelter than upon the reception, agreeable and cordial as it was."

A QUEER COLLEGE EXAMINATION

It is doubtful if any man ever passed a more unique examination for entrance into a collegiate institution than that described by Mr. Washington in the following story:

"As soon as possible after reaching the grounds of the

Hampton Institute, I presented myself before the head teacher for assignment to a class. Having been so long without proper food, a bath, and change of clothing, I did not, of course, make a very favorable impression upon her, and I could see at once that there were doubts in her mind about the wisdom of admitting me as a student. I felt that I could hardly blame her if she got the idea that I was a worthless loafer or tramp. For some time she did not refuse to admit me, neither did she decide in my favor, and I continued to linger about her, and to impress her in all the ways I could with my worthiness. In the meantime I saw her admitting other students, and that added greatly to my discomfort, for I felt, deep down in my heart, that I could do as well as they, if I could only get a chance to show what was in me.

"After some hours had passed, the head teacher said to me: 'The adjoining recitation-room needs sweeping. Take the broom and sweep it.'

"It occurred to me at once that here was my chance. Never did I receive an order with more delight. I knew that I could sweep, for Mrs. Ruffner had thoroughly taught me how to do that when I lived with her.

"I swept the recitation-room three times. Then I got a dusting-cloth and I dusted it four times. All the wood-work around the walls, every bench, table, and desk, I went over four times with my dusting-cloth. Besides, every piece of furniture had been moved and every closet and corner in the room had been thoroughly cleaned. I had the feeling that in a large measure my future depended upon the impression I made upon the teacher in the cleaning of that room. When I was through, I reported to the head teacher. She was a 'Yankee' woman who knew just where to look for dirt. She went into the room and inspected the floor and closets; then she took her handkerchief and rubbed it on the woodwork about the walls, and over the table and benches. When she was

unable to find one bit of dirt on the floor, or a particle of dust on any of the furniture, she quietly remarked, 'I guess you will do to enter this institution.'

"I was one of the happiest souls on earth. The sweeping of that room was my college examination, and never did any youth pass an examination for entrance into Harvard or Yale that gave him more genuine satisfaction. I have passed several examinations since then, but I have always felt that this was the best one I ever passed."

A GREAT ORATORICAL VICTORY

Mr. James Creelman was present in Atlanta, Georgia, at the time Booker T. Washington won his first great recognition as an orator of remarkable power at the Atlanta Exposition. He telegraphed the following story to the New York *World*:

"While President Cleveland was waiting at Gray Gables to-day, to send the electric spark that started the machinery of the Atlanta Exposition, a Negro Moses stood before a great audience of white people and delivered an oration that marks a new epoch in the history of the South; and a body of Negro Troops marched in a procession with the citizen soldiery of Georgia and Louisiana. The whole city is thrilling to-night with a realization of the extraordinary significance of these two unprecedented events. Nothing has happened since Henry Grady's immortal speech before the New England Society in New York that indicates so profoundly the spirit of the New South, except, perhaps the opening of the Exposition itself.

"When Professor Booker T. Washington, Principal of an industrial school for colored people in Tuskegee, Ala., stood on the platform of the Auditorium, with the Sun shining over the heads of his auditors into his eyes, and with his whole face lit up with the fire of prophecy, Clark Howell, the successor of Henry Grady, said to me, 'That man's speech is the beginning of a moral revolution in America."

"It is the first time that a Negro has made a speech in the South on any important occasion before an audience composed of white men and women. It electrified the audience, and the response was as if it had come from the throat of a whirlwind.

"Mrs. Thompson had hardly taken her seat when all eyes were turned on a tall tawny Negro sitting in the front row of the platform. It was Professor Booker T. Washington, President of the Tuskegee (Alabama) Normal and Industrial Institute, who must rank from this time forth as the foremost man of his race in America. Gilmore's Band played the *Star Spangled Banner,* and the audience cheered. The tune changed to *Dixie* and the audience roared with shrill 'hi-yis.' Again the music changed, this time to *Yankee Doodle,* and the clamour lessened.

"All this time the eyes of the thousands present looked straight at the Negro orator. A strange thing was to happen. A black man was to speak for his people, with none to interrupt him. As Professor Washington strode to the edge of the stage, the low, descending Sun shot fiery rays through the windows into his face. A great shout greeted him. He turned his head to avoid the blinding light, and moved about the platform for relief. Then he turned his wonderful countenance to the Sun without a blink of the eyelids, and began to talk.

"There was a remarkable figure; tall, bony, straight as a Sioux Chief, high forehead, straight nose, heavy jaws, and strong, determined mouth, with big white teeth, piercing eyes, and a commanding manner. The sinews stood out on his bronzed neck, and his muscular right arm swung high in the air, with a lead-pencil grasped in the clinched brown fist. His big feet were planted squarely, with the heels together and the toes turned out. His voice rang out clear and true, and he paused impressively as he made each point. Within ten minutes the multitude was in an uproar of enthusiasm—handkerchiefs were waved, canes were flourished, hats were tossed

in the air. The fairest women of Georgia stood up and cheered. It was as if the orator had bewitched them.

"And when he held his dusky hand high above his head, with the fingers stretched wide apart, and said to the white people of the South on behalf of his race, 'In all things that are purely social, we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress,' a great wave of sound dashed itself against the walls, and the whole audience was on its feet in a delirium of applause, and I thought at that moment of the night when Henry Grady stood among the curling wreaths of tobacco-smoke in Delmonico's Banquet-Hall, and said, 'I am a Cavalier among Roundheads.'

"I have heard the great orators of many countries, but not even Gladstone himself could have pleaded a cause with more consummate power than did this angular Negro, standing in a nimbus of sunshine, surrounded by the men who once fought to keep his race in bondage. The roar might swell ever so high, but the expression of his earnest face never changed.

"A ragged, ebony giant, squatted on the floor in one of the aisles, watched the orator with burning eyes and tremulous face until the supreme burst of applause came, and then the tears ran down his face. Most of the Negroes in the audience were crying, perhaps without knowing just why.

"At the close of the speech Governor Bullock rushed across the stage and seized the orator's hand. Another shout greeted this demonstration, and for a few minutes the two men stood facing each other, hand in hand.

AN INSPIRING OCCASION

One of the most inspiring occasions at which Booker T. Washington has won marvelous oratorical victories, was at the dedication of the Robert Gold Shaw monument in Boston. The exercises connected with the dedication were held in Music Hall, in Boston, and the great hall was packed from top

to bottom with one of the most distinguished audiences that ever assembled in the city. Among those present there were more persons representing the famous old anti-slavery element than it is likely will ever be brought together in the country again. The late Hon. Roger Wolcott, then Governor of Massachusetts, was the presiding officer, and on the platform with him were many other officials and hundreds of distinguished men. A report of the meeting which appeared in the Boston *Transcript* will describe it better than any words of mine could do:

"The core and kernel of yesterday's great noon meeting in honor of the Brotherhood of Man, in Music Hall, was the superb address of the Negro President of Tuskegee. 'Booker T. Washington received his Harvard A. M. last June, the first of his race,' said Governor Wolcott, 'to receive an honorary degree from the oldest University in the land, and this for the wise leadership of his people.' When Mr. Washington rose in the flag-filled, enthusiasm-warmed, patriotic, and glowing atmosphere of Music Hall, people felt keenly that here was the civic justification of the old abolition spirit of Massachusetts; in his person the proof of her ancient and indomitable faith; in his strong thought and rich oratory, the crown and glory of the old war days of suffering and strife. The scene was full of historic beauty and deep significance. 'Cold' Boston was alive with the fire that is always hot in her heart for righteousness and truth. Rows and rows of people who are seldom seen at any public function, whole families of those who are certain to be out of town on a holiday, crowded the place to overflowing. The city was at her birthright *fete* in the person of hundreds of her best citizens, men and women whose names and lives stand for virtues that make for honorable civic pride.

"Battle-music had filled the air. Ovation after ovation, applause warm and prolonged, had greeted the officers and friends of Colonel Shaw, the sculptor, St. Gaudens, the Memo-

rial Committee, the Governor and his staff, and the Negro soldiers of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts as they came upon the platform or entered the hall. Colonel Henry Lee, of Governor Andrew's old staff, had made a noble, simple presentation speech for the Committee, paying tribute to Mr. John M. Forbes, in whose stead he served. Governor Wolcott had made his short, memorable speech, saying, 'Fort Wagner marked an epoch in the history of a race, and called it into manhood.' Mayor Quincy had received the monument for the city of Boston. The story of Colonel Shaw and his black Regiment had been told in gallant words, and then, after singing of

"Mine eyes have seen the glory
Of the coming of the Lord,

Booker Washington arose. It was, of course, just the moment for him. The multitude, shaken out of its usual symphony-concert calm, quivered with an excitement that was not suppressed. A dozen times it had sprung to its feet to cheer and wave and hurrah, as one person. When this man of culture and voice and power, as well as a dark skin, began and uttered the names of Stearns and of Andrew, feeling began to mount. You could see tears glisten in the eyes of soldiers and civilians. When the orator turned to the colored soldiers on the platform, to the color-bearer of Fort Wagner, who smilingly bore still the flag he had never lowered even when wounded, and said, 'To you, to the scarred and scattered remnants of the Fifty-fourth, who, with empty sleeve and wanting leg, have honored this occasion with your presence, to you, your commander is not dead. Though Boston erected no monument and history recorded no story, in you, and in the loyal race which you represent, Robert Gold Shaw would have a monument which time could not wear away.' Then came the climax of the emotion of the day and the hour. It was Roger Wolcott, as well as the Governor of Massachusetts, the

individual representative of the people's sympathy, as well as the Chief Magistrate who had sprung first to his feet and cried, 'Three cheers to Booker T. Washington!' "

DANIEL WEBSTER

A NARROW ESCAPE

AS Daniel Webster was about to be admitted to the Bar in Boston, Mass., his father being one of the Judges of the County Court in New Hampshire, procured for him the appointment of Clerk of the Court, with emoluments equal to about fifteen hundred dollars a year. His father thought the appointment would gratify his son personally, and more especially, as it would afford him money; which at that time was wanted. He lost no time in communicating the news of this good fortune to his son at Boston, and in requesting him to hasten home, to enter on the duties and the emoluments of the office. He thought on the happening of this event, that no young man in all New England was more fortunate than his son. Daniel Webster told what had occurred, to his friend Mr. Gore, who, forseeing the destiny of his student, unhesitatingly advised him not to accept the appointment. He admitted that it was a high compliment to so young a man, but he advised him to pursue his profession, and he gave such cogent reasons, that Mr. Webster concluded to decline it.

The difficulty of satisfying his father that the course he had resolved to pursue, was the best, now arose in his mind. To aid Mr. Webster and his brother Ezekiel in obtaining an education, their father had resorted to borrowing money, and there was a mortgage for it to be paid. A debt was a sore incumbrance, more so in those days than at the present time. Ezekiel Webster was doing his best, and was then in Boston teaching a select school to earn money towards discharging that mortgage. Edward Everett, since so highly distinguished, was,

by-the-by, one of his pupils. The desire to relieve his excellent father from all pecuniary responsibility on his account, now that he had the power to do it, was of course, very great, but the sacrifice of his future prospects was in the scale, weighing against the Clerkship, and its emoluments. In this dilemma, his friend Mr. Rufus Green Emery, be it mentioned to the credit of his fame, on hearing what the difficulty was, put gold into Mr. Webster's pocket, and sent him home to see his father personally on the subject. I have heard Mr. Webster tell the story, and it is a pity that I should mar it. On arriving at home he found his father sitting in his easy chair, not knowing one word of what had passed in Boston, or of his intentions as to the Clerkship. He received his son affectionately, and with a manner that seemed to say, "our anxieties are now ended." His father lost no time in telling him how "readily and how handsomely his request had been complied with. I had not," said he to his son, "more than mentioned it, before it was done." "His eyes," said Mr. Webster, "were brimful of tears of gratitude, as he told it to me."

"Judge," said he, "of my father's disappointment and manifest vexation, when I told him I must resign the office. He could not at first believe his own ears. He, of course, wanted to know the reason. I told him I could do better! I laid down the gold to pay the mortgage, and all the debts on my own and my brother's account. I wrote a letter thanking the Judges for the honor they had done me, and most respectfully resigned the office to which they had appointed me. Thereupon I hastened back to Boston. I then for the first time held up my hand and took the oath of office.

WEBSTER'S FASCINATING POWER OVER THE PUBLIC

A gentleman traveling through Portsmouth, gives an account of the gatherings of the people and of the enthusiasm displayed concerning Webster:

"He says his carriage was brought to the door, and he was about to get into it, when the hostler said, 'Sir, are you going to leave the town? Mr. Webster is to speak to-night!' The gentleman finding all classes so much delighted to hear that Mr. Webster was going to speak, ordered his horses to the stable, and put off his journey until the morrow. At early candlelight he went to the Hall where the meeting was held. It was filled to overflowing, but some persons seeing that he was a stranger gave way, and he found a convenient place to stand; no one could sit. A tremendous noise soon announced that the orator himself had arrived; but as soon as the meeting was organized, another arose to made some remarks upon the object of the Caucus. He was heard with a polite apathy. Another and another came, and all spoke well; but this would not do, and if Chatham had been among them, or St. Paul, they would not have met the expectations of the multitude. The admired orator at length arose, and was for a while musing upon something, which was drowned by a constant cheering; but when order was restored, he went on with great serenity and ease to make his remarks, without apparently making the slightest attempt to gain applause.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S FIRST LOVE

Daniel Webster removed in 1808 to Portsmouth, which was then the largest and wealthiest town in New Hampshire as well as its only seaport. A lady, who lived then in the town, has recorded, in the most agreeable manner, her recollections of the great orator of that period. She was the minister's daughter. It was the custom in those days for strangers to be shown into the minister's pew. One Sunday her sister returned from church, and said there had been a remarkable person in the pew with her, who had riveted her attention, and that she was sure he had a most marked character for good or for evil. At that time Webster was exceedingly slender,

and his face was very sallow; but his noble and spacious forehead, his bright eyes, deep set in his head, and the luxuriant locks of his hair, together with the intelligent and amiable expression of his countenance, rendered his appearance striking in the extreme. In a few days the stranger was at home in the minister's family, of which he was the life and soul.

"I well remember," says this lady, "one afternoon, that he came in when the elders of the family were absent. He sat down by the window, and, as now and then an inhabitant of the town passed through the street, his fancy was caught by their appearance and his imagination excited, and he improvised the most humorous imaginary histories about them, which would have furnished a rich treasure for Dickens, could he have been the delighted listener instead of the young girl for whose amusement this wealth of invention was expended."

Another of his Portsmouth friends used to say that there never was such an actor lost to the stage as he would have made, had he chosen to turn his talents in that direction.

The young lawyer prospered well in this New Hampshire town, and he was soon in the receipt of an income which for that day was considerable. In June, 1809, about a year after his arrival, he suddenly left Portsmouth, without having said a word to his friends of his destination. They conjectured, however, that he had gone to Salisbury to visit his family. He returned in a week or two, but did not return alone. In truth, he had gone home to be married, and he brought back his wife, Grace Fletcher, with him. She was a lady most gentle in her manners, and of a winning, unobtrusive character, who immediately made all her husband's friends her own. The lady quoted above gives so pleasant a description of their home and character, that I will quote a few sentences from it:

"Mrs. Webster's mind was naturally of a high order, and whatever was the degree of culture she received, it fitted her to be the chosen companion and the trusted friend of her gifted

husband. She was never elated, never thrown off the balance of her habitual composure by the singular early success of her husband, and the applause constantly following him. It was her striking peculiarity that she was always equal to all occasions; that she appeared with the same quiet dignity and composed self-possession in the drawing-room in Washington, as in her own quiet parlor. It was only when an unexpected burst of applause followed some noble effort of her husband that the quickened pulse sent the blood to her heart, and the tears started to her eyes. Uniting with great sweetness of disposition, unaffected, frank, and winning manners, no one could approach her without wishing to know her, and no one could know her well without loving her. When Mr. Webster brought this interesting companion to Portsmouth, the circle that gathered around them became more intimate, and was held by more powerful attractions. There never was a more charming room than the simple parlor, where, relieved from the cares of business, he gave himself up to relaxation."

In due time a daughter was born to them, the little Grace Webster who was so wonderfully precocious and agreeable. Unhappily, she inherited her mother's delicate constitution, and she died in childhood. Three times in his life, it is said, Daniel Webster wept convulsively. One of these occasions was when he laid upon the bed of this darling girl, who had died in his arms, and turned away from the sight of her lifeless body. All the four children of Mrs. Webster, except her son, Fletcher, appear to have inherited their mother's weakness.

Charles, a lovely child, both in mind and in person, died in infancy. Her daughter Julia, who lived to marry the son of a distinguished family in Boston, died in her thirtieth year. Edward, her third son, served as Major in the Mexican War, and died in Mexico, aged twenty-eight. Fletcher, the most robust of her children, commanded a Regiment in the Army of the Potomac, and fell in one of its disastrous conflicts.

Beyond the general impressions of her friends, we know little of the life of this estimable woman. She lived retired from the public gaze, and the incidents of her life were of that domestic and ordinary nature which are seldom recorded. In this dearth of information, the reader will certainly be interested in reading one of her letters to her husband, written soon after the death of their little son Charles. It shows her affectionate nature, and is expressed with all the tender eloquence of a bereaved but resigned mother. The following is the letter:

"I have a great desire to write to you, my beloved husband, but I doubt if I can write legibly. I have just received your letter in answer to William, which told you that dear little Charlie was no more. I have dreaded the hour which should destroy your hopes, but trust you will not let this event afflict you too much, and that we both shall be able to resign him without a murmur, happy in the reflection that he has returned to his heavenly Father, pure as I received him. It was an inexpressible consolation to me, when I contemplated him in his sickness, that he had not one regret for the past, nor one dread for the future; he was patient as a lamb during all his sufferings, and they were at last so great, I was happy when they were ended.

"I shall always reflect on his brief life with mournful pleasure, and, I hope, remember with gratitude all the joy he gave me; and it has been great. And oh, how fondly did I flatter myself it would be lasting.

" 'It was but yesterday, my child, thy little heart beat high;
And I had scorned the warning voice that told me thou must die.'

"Dear little Charles! He sleeps alone under St. Paul's. Oh, do not, my dear husband, talk of your own final abode; that is a subject I never can dwell on for a moment. With you here, my dear, I can never be desolate! Oh, may Heaven in its mercy long preserve you! And that we may ever wisely

improve every event, and yet rejoice together in this life, prays your affectionate—G. W."

JOSEPH WHEELER

HOW THE TRENCHES WERE DUG

WHEN the American line had fought its way to the top of the hills at El Paso and San Juan and Caney, in the Santiago campaign during the Spanish-American War, General Wheeler issued an order that every command should dig trenches in preparation for the conflict that he knew would break out again in the morning. But the soldiers had thrown away most of their trenching tools during the fierce rifle charges, and as darkness fell upon the scene of battle they threw themselves upon the ground and went to sleep from sheer exhaustion. Adjutant Hood of the Rough Riders, noticing this condition of affairs, rode over to General Wheeler's tent, and informed the good old veteran that the men were played out. Wheeler at the time was lying upon his cot more dead than alive, but there was a smile upon his lips, and his never-failing good humor twinkling in his eyes, when Adjutant Hood said:

"General, I am afraid our men can't dig the trenches."

"What men?" asked the General.

"The cavalry division," said the Adjutant.

General Wheeler sat up in bed and began pulling on his boots.

"Send me the man," he directed.

"What man?" asked the Adjutant.

"The man who can't dig trenches."

"But it is not one man; it is many men. They are just played out."

"But you can surely find one man who says he can't dig the trench. I only want one. Get him and bring him to me."

"But there are—"

"I don't care how many there are, go get me one."

The Adjutant had never faced such a man as Wheeler before, and he did not know just what to make of the conversation. The little old General was as smooth and suave and courteous as could be, and Hood had nothing to do but ride back to the line. In some way he managed to round up a colored trooper belonging to the Ninth Cavalry, and brought him back to the division headquarters. He stood looking sheepishly at the ground, when Wheeler addressed him.

"Are you the man who says he can't dig these trenches?" asked the General.

The negro's feet shuffled uneasily on the ground.

"I'se one of 'em, boss, but there's a—"

The General stopped him, and walked out of his tent.

"You can go to sleep now, my man, and I'll go up and dig your trench for you. When the sun comes up to-morrow morning the Spaniards are going to open on us, and every man who isn't protected is not only in danger of being killed, but will be unable to help us maintain our own position. The trenches have to be dug, and if you are unable to dig yours I'll just go out and do it for you. Where's your pick?"

With the most business-like air in the world, Wheeler slid into his coat, and turned toward the big cavalryman. The latter's eyes opened as he saw the proceedings, and they began to bulge out when the General motioned to him to lead the way to his camp. For half a minute his voice stuck in his throat, and then he said:

"Boss, you ain't fit to dig no trenches. If they done got to be dug, I'll just naturally do it myself. I'm dog tired, but that ain't work for you."

Wheeler stopped and looked at the man with a flicker of amusement in his eyes.

"I know it isn't work for me to do," he said, "but I am

going to need soldiers in the morning, and I am going to save your life, if possible. Do you think now that you can dig the trench?"

The negro started up the hill without a word. Then the General turned to Adjutant Hood, with a voice as pleasant as sunshine in May.

"He seems to have changed his mind," he said. "Now you find me another man who can't dig trenches."

The Adjutant bowed and rode off. He never came back. In the morning the trenches were dug.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THE BEGINNINGS OF A POET

FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD gives this interesting account of the opening of Whittier's career as a poet. He says:

It was about this time that William Lloyd Garrison was writing for the Newburyport *Herald.* He was but three years older than Whittier, and being an indentured apprentice, and not sure of his ground with his employer, the printer, he carefully preserved his incognito as contributor. He was destined to exert a powerful influence upon the character and career of Whittier. In 1826 he established in Newburyport the *Free Press,* and we learn that the Whittier family, having subscribed for it, were greatly pleased with the humanitarian tone of its articles.

Whittier remembers with singular pleasure the first sight of his poem printed in the "Poet's Corner" of the county newspaper. He was employed with one of the elders mending fences when the news-carrier came along on horseback, and, taking the paper from his saddle-bags, threw it over to them. Whittier took it, and was overjoyed to see his lines. He stood rooted to the spot, and had to be called several times

before he could return to sublunary affairs. This poem was probably *The Deity.*

One day when he was hoeing in the cornfield in the summer of 1826 word came that a carriage had driven up to the house, and that the visitor had inquired for one John Greenleaf Whittier. The youth hastened towards the house in great astonishment, and entered the back door because he was not presentable, having on neither coat, waistcoat, nor shoes—only a shirt, pantaloons, and straw hat. Who could have driven out to see *him?* After being shod and apparelled, his heart still in a flutter, he appeared before the stranger, who proved to be Garrison. The good sister Mary, it appeared, had revealed the secret of the authorship of the poems, and the generous young editor had come from Newburyport on a friendly visit. We can imagine how the praise affected the poet; for the manner and tones of Garrison were always hearty, and often very tender, and conveyed an impression of absolute sincerity. His position as editor gave weight also to his words. To be sure, the *Free Press* was a local newspaper, and in one sense obscure; but it was conducted with ability and conscience, and it reached the best readers in the county. For a young man who had never left his father's farm this was a recognition unexpected and overwhelming. It was a glimpse of fame.

The father was called in, and the prospects of the son were discussed — the father remonstrating against "putting notions in his son's head." With warm words Garrison set forth the capabilities which the early verses indicated, and urged that the youth be sent to some public institution for such training as his talents demanded. His clear and intelligent counsel made a deep impression, although at first the obstacles seemed insuperable. The father had not the money for the purpose; the farm did not produce more than enough for the necessary expenses of the family. But the son pon-

dered upon the matter and determined to make every effort to secure a higher and more complete education. A way was opened for him that very year—not by charity or loan, but by the labor of his own hands. A young man, who worked for the elder Whittier on the farm in summer, used to make ladies' slippers and shoes during the winter. Seeing the desire of young Whittier to earn money for his schooling, he offered to instruct him in the "mystery." The youth eagerly accepted the offer, and during the following season he earned enough to pay for a suit of clothes and for his board and tuition for six months.

Whittier, after making an "appropriation bill" for the approaching term at the academy, found himself "square" but without a surplus. At the end of three months he still had a single Mexican quarter of a dollar, which he had at the outset, not having spent a penny except as previously arranged for board, tuition, and books.

WHITTIER'S COURAGE

The writer of the above also tells this story:

I remember in some conversation the topic of personal courage came up, and Mr. Whittier disclaimed for himself the possession of that quality.

"But," I said "you always seemed to have the courage of your opinions under any trying circumstances."

"Oh, well," he returned, "a man, if he *is* a man, must face some things. I recollect a time when I came out of a meeting, in the old anti-slavery days, that some rough fellows threatened us, and I turned and faced them, and so holding their eyes went out. No other way would have done, you know. The thing for a man to do was to face 'em, not to turn his back on 'em, or run."

It was of no use to tell Mr. Whittier that this was the highest kind of courage. He might have recognized the fact

as connected with another, but with himself, never. What would have called forth from him hearty appreciation and admiration if another had been the hero, only appeared in the most commonplace aspect as his own act.

EMMA WILLARD

THE HOSTESS OF LAFAYETTE

DR. JOHN LORD, the biographer of Mrs. Willard, relates this interesting historical incident:

"In 1825 General Lafayette revisited the country whose independence and nationality he had done so much to secure. His services to the cause of American independence, his friendship with Washington, his labors in behalf of constitutional liberty in France, his sufferings in an Austrian prison, and the mingled gallantry and sentiment, allied with rank, which early gave him prominence and fame, made him an idol of the American people. I well remember with what enthusiasm he was greeted in my native town; how proud I was, with others, a boy of fifteen, to shake his hand, and how popular he made himself by his recognition of old friends. I remember well the public receptions, the lunches, the *fetes*, the triumphal arches, festooned with flowers, the floral processions, the speeches of prominent men, with which he was welcomed as a second Washington. I doubt if popular enthusiasm has since been called out in this country with such unbounded *eclat*. The great Webster may have excited equal popular admiration and curiosity in his speeches at Bunker Hill and Plymouth Rock, but the ovations he received were limited to a small extent of country—in and around Boston—the tribute to genius, to intellectual ascendency. The ovation to Lafayette was national, and given from patriotic gratitude, for respect to moral and chivalrous excellence—a deeper sentiment than intellectual admiration, which necessarily is confined to a few.

"Mrs. Willard, with her admiration for great men, which verged on extravagance, with her ardent patriotism—ever a marked peculiarity with her—and her intensely sympathetic nature, kindled by the general ardor, was peculiarly demonstrative. Her enthusiasm knew no bounds. And hence it was an epoch in her life—a proud day, when she welcomed the patriotic hero and statesman to Troy, and received a visit from him in her seminary.

"It was an honor which made a profound impression on her soul, and called out the following lines, sung by a chorus of young ladies:

" 'And art thou, then, dear hero, come?
And do our eyes behold the man,
Who nerved his arm and bared his breast
For us, ere yet our life began?
For us and for our native land,
Thy youthful valor dared the war;
And now, in winter of thine age,
Thou'st come, and left thy loved ones far.
Then deep and dear thy welcome be,
Nor think thy daughters far from thee,
Columbia's daughters, lo! we bend,
And claim to call thee father, friend.

" 'But wasn't our country's rights alone
Impelled Fayette to Freedom's van?
No, 'twas the love of human kind—
It was the sacred cause of man;
It was benevolence sublime,
Like that which sways the eternal mind!
And, benefactor of the world,
He shed his blood for all mankind.
Then deep and dear thy welcome be,

Nor think thy daughters far from thee.
Daughters of human kind we bend,
And claim to call thee father, friend.'

"The General was much affected, and, at the close of the singing, with eyes suffused with tears, he said: 'I cannot express what I feel on this occasion; but will you, Madam, present me with three copies of those lines, to be given by me, as from you to my three daughters?' The local papers of the day add many details of this visit of Lafayette to Troy, where he received an unusually enthusiastic welcome. But there was nothing more beautiful than the arbor of evergreens, two hundred feet long, which the Seminary erected in a night, and the parade of girls dressed in white with appropriate banners."

FRANCES E. WILLARD

TEACHING COLLEGE BOYS

WHEN Miss Willard was Professor of Aesthetics in the Northwestern University, she heard a number of classes of young men. It was entirely a new thing for the boys to recite to a lady, and they tested her in various ways. Miss Willard says: "On entering one day, I saw written on the blackboard, 'Miss Willard runs the Freshmen like a pack of girls.' Without admitting by word or look that I had seen the flattering sentence, I went to the blackboard behind my desk, and while with one hand I erased it, with the other I was looking into my note-book for illustrations of different rhetorical styles, and sending the young men to the blackboards around the room each to write out a specimen sentence.

Another time they entombed a howling cat in the large drawer of my desk, and its orchestral accompaniment did not intermit one moment during the hour of my recitation, but if ever any one had the appearance of being stone-deaf I think

I may claim to have been the person and that was the occasion.

Their last attempt was on this wise: The recitation room door began to creak vigorously, the weather being damp. A young man would enter the class a minute late, open the door the whole arc of its liberty, and close it carefully while the squeaky creak went on, disturbing us not a little. The moment he had taken his seat, another young man just a minute later would open the door, enter, and close it in the same percussive manner, and so on until a dozen, perhaps, came in—there were no more mischievous ones in my large class of seventy. I made no comment, went on with the class as best I could, but that night a trusty student who was working for his board at Rest Cottage, armed with a lantern, a piece of soap and the key to that recitation room, so limbered up those hinges that there was a surprised look on the faces of the boys when next day the door swung to and fro as if on velvet instead of iron.

I was reminded of these occurrences in the anteroom of Moody's great Tabernacle in Boston, where I spoke one Sunday afternoon in 1877 to five thousand people or more. Some excellent ladies who accompanied me said in anxiety when I was about to go before the audience, 'Aren't you frightened? Doesn't it make your heart beat faster to step out, one lone woman in sight of that great amphitheater?' And it came instantly to my mind to reply, 'You never taught the Freshman class in Northwestern University or you would not expect one who has done that to be frightened at anything.'"

WINNING A CAR FULL OF MEN

In her *Glimpses of Fifty Years,* Miss Willard relates this charming incident: I was coming from New Orleans alone after attending the Louisiana W. C. T. U. Convention in that city in 1881. Mrs. Judge Merrick, my generous hostess, had provided me with such a lunch as rarely falls to mortal lot. As usual, I had a section which I hardly left during the trip, and

as has happened several times in my experience, I was the only lady in the car. The porter provided me with a table and I had open my well-worn traveling bag, "Old Faithful," and was writing letters and articles uninterruptedly. By some mischance, I do not now remember what, we were side-tracked twelve hours and no food could be had. In traveling, my constant preoccupation makes me peculiarly uncommunicative. I have gone from Chicago to Boston without speaking to any one except the porter, indeed almost without seeing any one. But as the day wore on and our car stood there motionless, my thoughts went out to those stalwart men about me, those hungry travelers. After much reflection and some quiet observation, I selected a man in whom by intuition I believed, and catching his eye, beckoned him to come to my side. I had spread out my tempting lunch in all its fascinating forms and colors and I said, "Will you do me the favor to divide this among my fellow-travelers?" Those words were a magic spell! The glow of gratitude upon his face was worth doing without one's meals twenty-four hours to enjoy. The grace and courtesy with which he acknowledged my thoughtfulness, the gathered group of men who came to take away a fragment of the feast, the doffing of hats, and charm of manner were worthy of any drawing-room. Poor fellows! they had been trying to get themselves some coffee and had gone to the engine for hot water. I had sugar and cream, but my coffee was cold and such an ado as they made to see that it was heated, and such solicitude lest I should not keep refreshments for my own needs!

My chosen spokesman said, "I am from Illinois and my wife belongs to the W. C. T. U." Another echoed, "I am from Massachusetts; have heard you speak in my own town," and a third chimed in, "I was in your audience two nights ago at New Orleans." Of course I think well of those men; the little incident did me good for many a day and I rejoice to hope that those men think well of me!

A HINT AT A LOVE STORY

In her *Glimpses of Fifty Years*, Miss Willard hints at several passages at arms, and one experience of real pathos. She says:

"A gifted man (who has made two women happy since) once wrote me in this wise: 'Dear friend, methinks your heart deceives you, for when we meet, though you speak kindly, you hardly look at me, and I take this as a token.' I replied: 'Dear Brother: This is the explanation. I had a clear and direct gaze until much study weakened my eyes, and I protect them now by studying the carpet.'

"Another, true and loyal, had heard through a near friend of mine that I was supposed to have a special admiration for him, whereupon he wrote a frank letter implying the truth of that hypothesis. My answer was, 'Dear Friend: You have had the misfortune to begin at the wrong end of life's most intricate equation; you have assumed the value of the unknown quantity—a sin that hath not forgiveness in this life; no, nor in that which is to come.' He sent me back a royal letter, saying he 'would never have dared write what he did, but for the encouragement of my friend's words, and he would like to know why I, of all women, might not help a man out of such a fearful quandary;' indeed, he went further, and declared that 'there was no reason in nature, grace or anything but *sin*, why a woman must stifle her heart, and a man wear his upon his sleeve.' But I had spoken once, and there the drama ended.

"In 1861-62, for three-quarters of a year I wore a ring and acknowledged an allegiance based on the supposition that an intellectual comradeship was sure to deepen into unity of heart. How grieved I was over the discovery of my mistake the journals of the epoch could reveal. Of the real romance of my life, unguessed save by a trio of close friends, these pages may not tell. When I have passed from sight I would be glad to have it known, for I believe it might contribute to a better understanding between good men and women.

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